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TWO ON A TOWER.

XVI.

AFTER this there only remained to be settled between them the practical details of the project. These were that he should leave home in a couple of days, and take lodgings either in the city of Melchester or in a convenient suburb of London, till a sufficient time should have elapsed to satisfy legal requirements; that on a fine morning at the end of this time she should hie away to the same place, and be met at the station by St. Cleeve, armed with the marriage license; whence they should at once proceed to the church fixed upon for the ceremony, returning home independently in the course of the next two or three days.

While these tactics were under discussion, the two and thirty winds of heaven continued, as before, to beat about the tower, though their onsets appeared to be somewhat lessening in force. Himself now calmed and satisfied, Swithin, as is the wont of humanity, took sener views of Nature's crushing mechanics without, and said, "The wind seems indisposed to put the tragic period to our hopes and fears that I spoke of in my momentary despair."

"The disposition of the wind is as vicious as ever," she answered, looking into his face with pausing thoughts on,

perhaps, other subjects than that discussed. "It is your mood of viewing it that has changed. 'There is nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so.'"

And, as if flatly to stultify Swithin's assumption, a circular hurricane, exceeding in violence any that had preceded it, seized hold upon Ring's-Hill Speer at that moment with the determination of a conscious agent. The first sensation of a resulting catastrophe was conveyed to their intelligence by the flapping of the candle-flame against the lantern-glass; then the wind, which hitherto they had heard rather than felt, rubbed by them like a passing fugitive. Swithin beheld around and above him, in place of the concavity of the dome, the open heaven, with its racing clouds, remote horizon, and intermittent gleam of stars. The dome that had covered the tower had been whirled off bodily, and they heard it descend, crashing, upon the trees.

Finding himself untouched, Swithin stretched out his arms towards Lady Constantine, whose apparel had been seized by the spinning air, nearly lifting her off her legs. She, too, was as yet unharmed. Each held the other for a moment, when, finding that nothing further happened, they took shelter in the staircase.

"Dearest, what an escape!" he said, still holding her.

"What is the accident?" she asked.

"Has the whole top really gone?"

"The dome has been blown off the roof."

As soon as it was practicable he relit the lantern, which had been extinguished, and they emerged again upon the leads, where the extent of the disaster became at once apparent. Saving the absence of the inclosing hemisphere, all remained the same. The dome, being constructed of wood, was light by comparison with the rest of the structure, and the wheels which allowed it horizontal, or, as Swithin expressed it, azimuth motion deprived it of a firm hold upon the walls; so that it had been lifted off them like a cover from a pot. The equatorial stood in the midst, as it had stood before.

Having executed its grotesque purpose, the wind sank to comparative mildness. Swithin took advantage of this lull by covering up the instruments with cloths, after which the betrothed ones prepared to go down-stairs. But the events of the night had not yet fully disclosed themselves. At this moment there was a sound of footsteps, and a knocking at the door below.

"It can't be for me!" said Lady Constantine. "I retired to my room before leaving the house, and told them on no account to disturb me."

She remained at the top, while Swithin went down the spiral. In the gloom he beheld Hannah.

"Oh, Master Swithin, can ye come home! The wind have blowed down the chimley that don't smoke, and the gable with it; and the old ancient house, chat have been in your family so long as the memory of man, is bare to the wide world. It is a mercy that your grammer were not killed, sitting by the hearth, poor old soul, and not long to be with us, — for 'a's getting feeble on her pins, Mr. Swithin, as folks do. As

I say, 'a was all but murdered by the open elements, and doing no more harm than the babe in the wood, nor speaking one harmful word; and the fire and smoke were blowed all across the room like a chapter in Revelation; and your poor reverent father's features bescorched to flakes, looking like the vilest ruffian, and the gilt frame spoiled. Every fitch, every eye-piece, and every chop is buried under the walling; and I fed them pigs with my own hands, Master Swithin, little thinking they would come to this unnatural end. Do ye collect yourself, Mr. Swithin, and come at once!"

"I will, — I will. I'll follow you in a moment. Do you hasten back again and assist."

When Hannah had departed, the young man ran up to Lady Constantine, to whom he explained the accident. After sympathizing with old Mrs. Martin, Lady Constantine said, "I thought something would occur to mar our scheme!"

"I am not quite sure of that yet."

On a short consideration with him, she agreed to wait at the top of the tower till he could come back and inform her if the accident were really so serious as to interfere with his plan for departure. He then left her, and there she sat in the dark, alone, looking over the parapet, and straining her eyes in the direction of the homestead.

At first all was obscurity; but when he had been gone about ten minutes lights began to move to and fro in the hollow where the house stood, and shouts occasionally mingled with the wind, which retained some violence yet, playing over the trees beneath her as on the pipes of an organ. But not a bough of them was visible, a cloak of blackness covering everything netherward; while overhead the broad winy sky looked down with a strange, disguised face, the three or four stars that alone were visible being so dissociated

by clouds that she knew not which they were.

Under any other circumstances Lady Constantine might have felt a nameless fear in thus sitting aloft on a lonely column, with a forest groaning under her feet, and palæolithic dead men feeding its roots; but the recent passionate decision stirred her pulses to an intensity beside which the ordinary tremors of feminine existence asserted themselves in vain. The apocalyptic effect of the scene surrounding her was, indeed, not inharmonious, and afforded an appropriate background to her intentions.

After what seemed to her an interminable space of time, quick steps in the staircase became audible above the roar of the firs, and in a few instants St. Cleeve again stood beside her. The case of the homestead was serious. Hannal's account had not been exaggerated in substance: the gable end of the house was open to the garden; the joists, left without support, had dropped, and with them the upper floor. By the help of some laborers, who lived near, and Lady Constantine's man Anthony, who was passing at the time, the homestead had been propped up, and protected for the night by some rick cloths; but Swithin felt that it would be selfish in the highest degree to leave two lonely old women to themselves at this juncture. "In short," he concluded despondently, "I cannot go to stay in Melchester or London just now; perhaps not for another fortnight!"

"Never mind," she said cheerfully. "A fortnight hence will do as well."

"And I have these for you," he continued. "Your man Green was passing my grandmother's, on his way back from Warborne, where he had been, he says, for any letters that had come for you by the evening post. As he stayed to assist the other men, I told him I would go on to your house with the letters he had brought. Of course I did not tell him I should see you here."

"Thank you. Of course not. Now I'll return at once."

In descending the column her eye fell upon the superscription of one of the letters, and she opened and glanced over it by the lantern light. She seemed startled, and, musing, said, "The postponement of our — intention must be, I fear, for a long time. I find that after the end of this month I cannot leave home safely, even for a day." Perceiving that he was about to ask why, she added, "I will not trouble you with the reason now; it would only harass you. It is only a family business, and cannot be helped."

"Then we cannot be married till — God knows when!" said Swithin blankly. "I cannot leave home till after the next week or two; you cannot leave home unless within that time. So what are we to do?"

"I do not know."

"My dear, dear one, don't let us be beaten like this! Don't let a well-considered plan be overthrown by a mere accident! Here's a remedy. *Do you go* and stay the requisite time in the parish we are to be married in, instead of me. When my grandmother is again well housed, I can come to you, instead of you to me, as we first said. Then it can be done within the time."

Reluctantly, shyly, and yet with a certain gladness of heart, she gave way to his proposal that they should change places in the programme. There was much that she did not like in it, she said. It seemed to her as if she were taking the initiative by going and attending to the preliminaries. It was the man's part to do that, in her opinion, and was usually undertaken by him.

"But," argued Swithin, "there are cases in which the woman does give the notices, and so on; that is to say, when the man is absolutely hindered from doing so; and ours is such a case. The seeming is nothing; I know the truth, and what does it matter? You do not

refuse — retract your word to be my wife, because, to avoid a sickening delay, the formalities require you to attend to them in place of me?"

She did not refuse, she said. In short she agreed to his entreaty. They had, in truth, gone so far in their dream of union that there was no drawing back now. Whichever of them was forced by circumstances to be the protagonist in the enterprise, the thing must be done. Their intention to become husband and wife, at first halting and timorous, had accumulated momentum with the lapse of hours, till it now bore down every obstacle in its course.

"Since you beg me to, — since there is no alternative between my going and a long postponement," she said, as they stood in the dark porch of Welland House before parting, — "since I am to go first, and seem to be the pioneer in this adventure, promise me, Swithin, promise your Viviette, that in years to come, when perhaps you may not love me so warmly as you do now" —

"That will never be."

"Well, hoping it will not, but supposing it should, promise me that you will never reproach me as the one who took the initiative when it should have been yourself, forgetting that it was at your request; promise that you will never say I showed immodest readiness to do so, or anything which may imply your obliviousness to the fact that I act in obedience to necessity and your earnest prayer."

Need it be said that he promised never to reproach her with that or any other thing as long as they should live? The few details of the reversed arrangement were soon settled, Melchester being the place finally decided on. Then, with a warm audacity which events had encouraged, he pressed her to his breast, and she silently entered the house. He returned to the homestead, there to attend to the unexpected duties of repairing the havoc wrought by the gale.

That night, in the solitude of her chamber, Lady Constantine reopened and read the subjoined letter, — one of those handed to her by St. Cleeve: —

— STREET, PICCADILLY, {
October 13, 18—. }

DEAR VIVETTE, — You will be surprised to learn that I am in England, and that I am again out of harness, — unless you should have seen the latter in the papers. Rio Janeiro may do for monkeys, but it won't do for me. Having resigned the appointment, I have returned here, as a preliminary step to finding another vent for my energies; in other words, another milch cow for my sustenance. I knew nothing whatever of your husband's death till two days ago; so that any letter from you on the subject, at the time it became known, must have miscarried. Hypocrisy at such a moment is worse than useless, and I therefore do not condole with you, particularly as the event, though new to a banished man like me, occurred so long since. You are better without him, Viviette, and are now just the limb for doing something for yourself, notwithstanding the threadbare state in which you seem to have been cast upon the world. You are still young, and, as I imagine (unless you have vastly altered since I beheld you), good-looking: therefore make up your mind to retrieve your position by a match with one of the local celebrities, and you would do well to begin drawing neighboring covers at once. A genial squire, with more weight than wit, more reality than weight, and more personalty than realty (considering the circumstances), would be best for you. You might make a position for us both by some such alliance; for, to tell the truth, I have had but in-and-out luck so far. I shall be with you in little more than a fortnight, when we will talk over the matter seriously, if you don't object. Your affectionate brother,

LOUIS.

It was this allusion to her brother's coming visit which had caught her eye in the tower staircase, and led to a modification in the wedding arrangement.

Having read the letter through once, Lady Constantine flung it aside with a vigor that shook the decaying old floor and casement. Its contents produced perturbation, misgiving, but not retreat. The circumambient glow of enchantment shed by the idea of a private union with her beautiful young lover killed the pale light of cold reasoning from an indifferently good relative. "Oh, no," she murmured, as she sat, covering her face with her hand. "Not for wealth untold could I give him up now!"

No argument, short of Apollo himself from the clouds, would have influenced her. She made her preparations for departure as if nothing had intervened.

XVII.

In her days of prosperity Lady Constantine had often stayed at Melchester, either frivolously, for shopping purposes, or musico-religiously, to attend choir festivals in the cathedral; so there was nothing surprising in her reverting to an old practice. That the journey might appear to be of a somewhat similar nature she took with her the servant who had been accustomed to accompany her on former occasions, though the woman, having now left her service, and settled in the village as the wife of Anthony Green, with a young child on her hands, could with some difficulty leave home. Lady Constantine overcame the anxious mother's scruples by providing that young Green should be well cared for; and knowing that she could count upon this woman's fidelity, if upon anybody's, in case of an accident (for it was chiefly Lady Constantine's exertions that had made an honest wife of Mrs. Green), she departed for a fortnight's absence.

The next day found mistress and maid settled in lodgings in an old plum-colored brick street, which a hundred years ago could boast of rank and fashion among its residents, though now the broad fan-light over each broad door admitted the sun only to the halls of a caretaker. The lamp-posts were still those that had done duty with oil lights; and rheumatic old coachmen and postilions, that once had driven and ridden gloriously from London to Land's End, ornamented with their bent persons and bow legs the pavement in front of the chief inn, in the sorry hope of earning sixpence to keep body and soul together.

"We are kept well informed on the time o' day, my lady," said Mrs. Green, as she pulled down the blinds in Lady Constantine's room, on the evening of their arrival. "There 's a church exactly at the back of us, and I hear every hour strike."

Lady Constantine said she had noticed that there was a church quite near.

"Well, it is better to have that at the back than other folks' winders. And if your ladyship wants to go there it won't be far to walk."

"That 's what occurred to me," said Lady Constantine,—"if I should want to go."

During the ensuing days she felt to the utmost the tediousness of waiting merely that time might pass. She went to and from shops, with Green as her companion. Though there were purchases to be made, they were by no means of a pressing nature, and but poorly filled up the vacancies of those strange, speculative days,—days surrounded by a penumbra of fear, yet poetized by sweet expectation.

On the fourteenth day she told Green that she was going to the cathedral close, and leaving the house she passed in under the nearest archway to that spot, where, wandering about beneath the rooks' nests till her courage was screwed

to its highest, she went round to the other side, and searched about for a certain door, which she reached just at the moment when her heart began to sink to its very lowest, rendering all the screwing up in vain.

Whether it was because the month was October, or from any other reason, the deserted aspect of the close in general sat specially on this building. Moreover, the pavement was up, and heaps of stone and gravel obstructed the footway. Nobody was coming, nobody was going, in that thoroughfare: she appeared to be the single one of the human race bent upon marriage business, which seemed to have been unanimously abandoned by all the rest of the world as proven folly. But she thought of Swithin, his blonde hair and ardent eyes and eloquent lips, and was carried onward by the very reflection.

Entering the surrogate's room, Lady Constantine managed at the last juncture to state her errand in tones so collected as to startle even herself; to which her listener replied also as if the whole thing were the most natural in the world. When it came to the affirmation that she had lived fifteen days in the parish, she said with dismay, "Oh, no! I thought the fifteen days meant the interval of residence before the marriage takes place. I have lived here only fourteen days and a half. Now I must come again!"

"Oh—well—heh-heh—I think you need not be so particular," said the surrogate. "As a matter of fact, though the letter of the law requires fifteen days' residence, many people make five sufficient. The provision is inserted, as you doubtless are aware, to hinder runaway marriages as much as possible, and secret unions, and other such objectionable practices. You need not come again."

That evening Lady Constantine wrote to Swithin St. Cleve the last letter of the fortnight:—

MY DEAREST, — Do come to me as soon as you can. By a sort of favoring blunder I have been able to shorten the time of waiting by a day. Come at once, for I am almost broken down with apprehension. It seems rather rash at moments, all this, and I wish you were here to reassure me. I did not know I should feel so alarmed. I am frightened at every footstep, and dread lest anybody who knows me should accost me, and find out why I am here. I sometimes wonder how I could have agreed to come and enact your part, but I did not realize how trying it would be. You ought not to have asked me, Swithin; upon my word, it was too cruel of you, and I will punish you for it when you come. But I won't upbraid. I hope the homestead is repaired that has cost me all this sacrifice of modesty. If it were anybody in the world but *you* in question, I would rush home, without waiting here for the end of it,—I really think I would! But, dearest, no. I must show my strength now, or let it be forever hid. The barriers of ceremony are broken down between us, and it is for the best that I am here.

And yet, at no point of this trying prelude need Lady Constantine have feared for her strength. Deeds in this connection demand the particular kind of courage that such perfervid women are endowed with; the courage of their emotions, in which young men are often lamentably deficient. Her fear was, in truth, the fear of being discovered in an unwonted position; not of the act itself. And though her letter was in its way a true exposition of her feeling, had it been necessary to go through the whole Melchester process over again, she would have been found equal to the emergency.

It had been for some days a point of anxiety with her what to do with Green during the morning of the wedding. Chance unexpectedly helped her in this

difficulty. The day before the purchase of the license, Green came to Lady Constantine with a letter in her hand from her husband, Anthony, her face as long as a fiddle.

"I hope there's nothing the matter?" said Lady Constantine.

"The child's took bad, my lady!" said Mrs. Green, with floods of water in her eyes. "I love the child better than I shall love all them that's coming put together; for he's been a good boy to his mother ever since twelve weeks afore he was born. 'T was he, a tender deary, that made Anthony marry me, and thereby turned himself from a little calamity to a little blessing! For the man were a backward man in the church part o' matrimony, my lady; though he'll do anything when he's forced a bit by his manly feelings. And now to lose the child — hoo-hoo-oo-oo — What shall I do!"

"Well, you want to go home at once, I suppose?"

Mrs. Green explained, between her sobs, that such was her desire; and though this was a day or two sooner than her mistress had wished to be left alone, she consented to Green's departure. So, during the afternoon, her woman went off, with directions to prepare for Lady Constantine's return in two or three days. But as the exact day of her return was uncertain, no carriage was to be sent to the station to meet her, her intention being to hire one from the hotel.

Lady Constantine was now left in utter solitude to await her lover's arrival.

XVIII.

A more beautiful October morning than that of the next day never beamed into the Welland valleys. The yearly dissolution of leafage was setting in apace. The foliage of the park trees, as it had rapidly resolved itself into this

complexion and that through the subtle grades of decay, reflected wet lights of such innumerable hues that it was a wonder to think their beauties only a repetition of what had been exhibited on scores of previous Octobers by predecessors, which yet had been allowed to pass away without a single dirge from the imperturbable beings who walked among them. Far in the shadows semi-opaque screens of blue haze made mysteries of the commonest gravel-pit, dingle, or recess.

The wooden cabin at the foot of Ring's-Hill Speer had been furnished by Swithin as a sitting and sleeping apartment, some little while before this time; for he had found it highly convenient, during night observations at the top of the column, to remain on the spot all night, not to disturb his grandmother by passing in and out of the house, and to save himself the labor of incessantly crossing the field.

He would much have liked to tell her the secret, and had it been his own to tell would probably have done so; but sharing it with an objector who knew not his grandmother's affection so well as he did himself, there was no alternative to holding his tongue. The more effectually to guard it he decided to sleep at the cabin during the two or three nights previous to his departure, leaving word at the homestead that in a day or two he was going on an excursion.

It was very necessary to start early. Long before the great eye of the sun was lifted high enough to dip into the Welland valley, St. Cleeve arose from his bed in the cabin and prepared to depart, cooking his breakfast upon a little stove in the corner. The young rabbits littered during the foregoing summer watched his preparations through the open door from the gray dawn without, as he bustled, half dressed, in and out under the boughs, and among the blackberries and brambles that grew around.

It was a strange place for a bridegroom to perform his toilet in, but, considering the unconventional nature of the marriage, a not inappropriate one. What events had been enacted in that earthen camp since it was first thrown up, nobody could say; but the primitive simplicity of the young man's preparations accorded well with the prehistoric spot on which they were made. Embedded under his feet were possibly even now many rude trinkets that had been worn at bridal ceremonies of the early inhabitants. Little signified those ceremonies to-day, or the happiness or otherwise of the contracting parties. That his own rite, nevertheless, signifies much is the inconsequent reasoning of many another bridegroom than Swithin; and he, like the rest, went on with his preparations, in that mood which sees in his stale repetition the possibilities of an original move.

Then through the wet cobwebs, that hung like movable diaphragms on each blade and bough, he pushed his way down to the furrow which led from the fir-tree island to the wide world beyond the field.

He was not a stranger to enterprise, and still less to the contemplation of enterprise; but an enterprise such as this, dictated by the grand passion, he had never even outlined. That his dear lady was troubled at the situation he had placed her in by not going himself on that errand he could see from her letter; but believing an immediate marriage with her to be the true way of restoring to both that equanimity necessary to serene philosophy, he held it of little account how the marriage was brought about, and happily began his journey towards her place of sojourn. Passing through a little copse before leaving the parish, the smoke from the newly lit fires of which rose like the stems of trees out of the few cottage chimneys, he heard a quick, familiar footstep in the path ahead of him, and,

turning the corner of the bushes, confronted the foot-post on his way to Welland. In answer to St. Cleeve's inquiry if there was anything for himself, the postman handed out one letter, and proceeded on his route.

Swithin opened and read the letter as he walked, till it brought him to a standstill by the sheer weight of its contents. They were enough to agitate a more phlegmatic youth than he. He leant over the wicket which came in his path, and endeavored to comprehend the sense of the whole.

The large long envelope contained, first, a letter from a solicitor in a northern town, informing him that his paternal great-uncle, who had recently returned from the Cape (whither he had gone in an attempt to repair a broken constitution), was now dead and buried. This great-uncle's name was like a new creation to Swithin. He had held no communication with the young man's branch of the family for innumerable years, — never, in fact, since the marriage of Swithin's father with the simple daughter of Welland Farm. He had been a bachelor to the end of his life, and amassed a fairly good professional fortune by a long and extensive medical practice in the smoky, dreary manufacturing town in which he had lived and died. Swithin had always been taught to think of him as the embodiment of all that was unpleasant in man. He was narrow, sarcastic, and shrewd to unseemliness. That very shrewdness had enabled him, without much professional profundity, to establish his large and lucrative connection, which lay almost entirely among a class who neither looked nor cared for drawing-room courtesies.

However, what Dr. St. Cleeve had been as a practitioner matters little. He was now dead, and the bulk of his property had been left to persons with whom this story has nothing to do. But Swithin was informed that out of it

there was a bequest of £400 a year to himself, — payment of which was to begin with his twenty-first year, and continue for his life, unless he should marry before reaching the age of twenty-five, in which precocious and objectionable event his annuity would be forfeited. The accompanying letter, said the solicitor, would explain all.

This, the second letter, was from his uncle to himself, written about a month before the former's death, and deposited with his will, to be forwarded to his nephew when that event should have taken place. Swithin read, with the solemnity that such posthumous epistles inspire, the following words from one who, during life, had never once addressed him : —

"DEAR NEPHEW, — You will doubtless experience some astonishment at receiving a communication from one whom you have never personally known, and who, when this comes into your hands, will be beyond the reach of your knowledge. Perhaps I am the loser by this life-long mutual ignorance. Perhaps I am much to blame for it; perhaps not. But such reflections are profitless at this date: I have written with quite other views than to work up a sentimental regret on such an amazingly remote hypothesis as that the fact of a particular pair of people not meeting, among the millions of other pairs of people who have never met, is a great calamity either to the world in general or to themselves.

"The occasion of my addressing you is briefly this: Nine months ago a report casually reached me that your scientific studies were pursued by you with great ability, and that you were a young man of some promise as an astronomer. My own scientific proclivities rendered the report more interesting than it might otherwise have been to me; and it came upon me quite as a surprise that any issue of your father's marriage should

have so much in him, or you might have seen more of me in former years than you are ever likely to do now. My health had then begun to fail, and I was starting for the Cape, or I should have come myself to inquire into your condition and prospects. I did not return till six months later, and, as my health had not improved, I sent a trusty friend to examine into your life, pursuits, and circumstances, without your own knowledge, and to report his observations to me. This he did. Through him I learnt, of favorable news: —

"(1.) That you worked assiduously at the science of astronomy.

"(2.) That everything was auspicious in the career you had chosen.

"Of unfavorable news: —

"(1.) That the small income at your command, even when eked out by the sum to which you would be entitled on your grandmother's death and the freehold of the homestead, would be inadequate becomingly to support you as a scientific man, whose lines of work were of a nature not calculated to produce an income for many years, if ever.

"(2.) That there was something in your path worse than narrow means, and that that something was a woman.

"To save you, if possible, from ruin on these heads, I take the preventive measures detailed below.

"The chief step is, as my solicitor will have informed you, that the sum of £400 a year be settled on you for life, provided you do not marry before reaching the age of twenty-five, — the annuity to begin at the end of the first six months after you reach the age of twenty-one; and, *vice versa*, that if you do marry before reaching that age you will receive nothing thenceforward.

"One object of my bequest is that you may have resources sufficient to enable you to travel and study the Southern constellations. When at the Cape, after hearing of your pursuits, I was much struck with the importance of

those constellations to an astronomer just pushing into notice. There is more to be made of the Southern hemisphere than ever has been made of it yet; the mine is not so thoroughly worked as the Northern, and thither your studies should tend.

"The only other preventive step in my power is that of exhortation, at which I am not an adept. Nevertheless, I say to you, Swithin St. Cleeve, don't make a fool of yourself, as your father did. If your studies are to be worth anything, believe me, they must be carried on without the help of a woman. Avoid her, and every one of the sex, if you mean to achieve any worthy thing. Eschew all of that sort for many a year yet. Moreover, I say, the lady of your acquaintance avoid in particular. I have heard nothing against her moral character hitherto; I have no doubt it has been excellent. She may have many good qualities, both of heart and of mind. But she has, in addition to her original disqualification as a companion for you (that is, that of sex) these two serious drawbacks: she is much older than yourself" —

"*Much older!*" said Swithin, resentfully.

— "and she is so impoverished that the title she derives from her late husband is a positive objection. Beyond this, frankly, I don't think well of her. I don't think well of any woman who dotes upon a man younger than herself. She's half, or quarter, a foreigner, is she not? — or is it only her name? To care to be the first fancy of a young fellow like you shows no great common sense in her. If she were worth her salt, she would have too much pride to be intimate with a youth in your unassured position, to say no worse. She is old enough to know that a *liaison* with her may, and almost certainly would, be your ruin; and, on the other hand, that a marriage would be preposterous, — unless she is a complete fool, and in that

case there is even more reason for avoiding her than if she were in her few senses.

"A woman of honorable feeling, nephew, would be careful to do nothing to hinder you in your career, as this putting of herself in your way most certainly will. Yet I hear that she professes a great anxiety on this same future of yours as a physicist. The best way in which she can show the reality of her anxiety is by leaving you to yourself. Perhaps she persuades herself that she is doing you no harm. Well, let her have the benefit of the possible belief; but depend upon it that in truth she gives the lie to her conscience by maintaining such a transparent fallacy. Women's brains are not formed for assisting at any profound science: they lack the power to see things except in the concrete. She'll blab your most secret plans and theories to every one of her acquaintance" —

"She's got none!" said Swithin, beginning to get warm.

— "and make them appear ridiculous by announcing them before they are matured. If you attempt to study with a woman, you'll be ruled by her to entertain fancies instead of theories, air-castles instead of intentions, qualms instead of opinions, sickly prepossessions instead of reasoned conclusions. Your wide heaven of study, young man, will soon reduce itself to the miserable narrow expanse of her face, and your myriad of stars to her two trumpery eyes.

"A woman waking your passions just at a moment when you are endeavoring to shine intellectually is like stirring up the mud at the bottom of a clear brook. All your brightness and sparkle are taken away; you become moping and thick-headed; obstructions that before only brought out your brilliancies now distort and disfigure your each dull attempt to surmount them.

"Like a certain philosopher, I would, upon my soul, have all young men from

eighteen to five-and-twenty kept under barrels: seeing how often, in the lack of some such sequestering process, the woman sits down before each as his destiny, and too frequently enervates his purpose, till he abandons the most promising course ever conceived.

"But no more. I now leave your fate in your own hands. Your well-wishing relative,

"JOCELYN ST. CLEEVE,

"Doctor in Medicine."

As coming from a bachelor and hardened misogynist of seventy-two, the opinions herein contained were nothing remarkable; but their practical result in restricting the sudden endowment of Swithin's researches by conditions which turned the favor into a harassment was, at this unique moment, discomfiting and distracting in the highest degree.

Sensational, however, as the letter was, the passionate intention of the day was not hazarded for more than a few minutes thereby. The truth was, the caution and bribe came too late, too unexpectedly, to be of influence. They were the sort of thing which required fermentation to render them effective. Had St. Cleeve received the exhortation a month earlier; had he been able to run over in his mind, at every wakeful hour of thirty consecutive nights, a private catechism on the possibilities opened up by this annuity, there is no telling what might have been the stress of such a web of perplexity upon him, — a young man whose love for celestial physics was second to none. But to have held before him, at the last moment, the picture of a future advantage that he had never once thought of, or discounted for present staying power, it affected him about as much as the view of horizons shown by sheet-lightning. He saw an immense prospect; it went, and the world was as before.

He caught the train at Warborne, and moved rapidly towards Melchester; not

precisely in the same key as when he had dressed in the hut at dawn, but, as regarded the mechanical furtherances of the journey, as unhesitating as before. And with the change of scene even his gloom left him; his bosom's lord sat lightly in his throne. St. Cleeve was not sufficiently in mind of poetical literature to remember that wise poets are accustomed to read that lightness inversely. Swithin thought it an omen of good fortune, and as thinking is causing in not a few such cases he was perhaps, in spite of poets, right.

XIX.

At the station Lady Constantine appeared, standing expectant; he saw her face from the window of the carriage long before she saw him. He no sooner saw her than he was satisfied to his heart's content with his prize. If his great-uncle had offered him, from the grave, a kingdom instead of her, he would not have accepted it. Swithin jumped out, and nature never painted in a woman's face more devotion than appeared in my lady's at that moment. To both the situation seemed like a beautiful allegory, not to be examined too closely, lest its defects of correspondence with real life should be apparent.

They almost feared to shake hands in public, so much depended upon their passing that morning without molestation. A fly was called, and they drove away.

"Take this," she said, handing him a folded paper. "It belongs to you rather than to me."

At crossings, and other occasional pauses, pedestrians turned their faces and looked at the pair (for no reason but that, among so many, there were necessarily a few of the sort who have eyes to note what incidents chance holds before them as they plod on); but the two in the vehicle could not but fear

that these innocent beholders had special detective designs on them.

While driving round the close a fine-looking man, of middle age, came from the palace gates, and struck across the grass by a footpath. He wore a corded shovel hat of glossy beaver, and black breeches.

"Who is he? The bishop, I suppose," said Swithin.

"Yes," Lady Constantine replied. "Dr. Helmsdale. I have seen him two or three times since my arrival. He is but lately consecrated, as you know."

Nothing further happened, and they were set down opposite a shop, about fifty yards from the church door, at five minutes to eleven.

"We will dismiss the fly," she said. "It will only attract idlers."

On turning the corner and reaching the church, they found the door ajar; but the building contained only two persons, a man and a woman, — the clerk and his wife, as they learnt. Swithin asked when the clergyman would arrive.

The clerk looked at his watch, and said, "At just on eleven o'clock."

"He ought to be here," said Swithin.

"Yes," replied the clerk, as the hour struck. "The fact is, sir, he is a deputy, and apt to be rather wandering in his understanding as regards time and such like, which he's stood in the way of the man's getting a benefit. But no doubt he'll come."

"The regular incumbent is away, then?"

"He's gone for his bare pa'son's fortnight, — that's all; and was forced to put up with a weak-talented man or none. I'll tell ye what, sir: I think I'd better run round to the gentleman's lodgings, and try to find him."

"Pray do," said Lady Constantine.

The clerk left the church; his wife busied herself with dusting at the further end, and Swithin and Viviette were left to themselves. The imagination travels so rapidly, and a woman's fore-

thought is so assumptive, that the clerk's departure had no sooner doomed them to inaction than it was borne in upon Lady Constantine's mind that she would not become the wife of Swithin St. Cleeve, either to-day or on any other day. Her divinations were continually misleading her, she knew; but a hitch at the moment of marriage surely had a meaning in it.

"Ah, — the marriage is not to be!" she said to herself. "This is a fatality."

It was twenty minutes past, and no parson had arrived. Swithin took her hand. "If it cannot be to-day, it can be to-morrow," he whispered.

"I cannot say," she answered. "Something tells me no."

It was almost impossible that she could know anything of the deterrent force exercised on Swithin by his dead uncle that morning. Yet her manner tallied so curiously well with such knowledge that he was struck by it, and remained silent.

"You have a black tie," she continued, looking at him.

"Yes," replied Swithin. "I bought it on my way here."

"Why could it not have been less sombre in color?"

"My great-uncle is dead."

"You had a great uncle? You never told me."

"I never saw him in my life. I have only heard about him since his death." He spoke in as quiet and measured a way as he could, but his heart was sinking. She would go on questioning; he could not tell her an untruth. She would discover particulars of that great uncle's provision for him, which he, Swithin, was throwing away for her sake, and she would refuse to be his for his own sake. His conclusion at this moment was precisely what hers had been five minutes sooner: they were never to be husband and wife.

But she did not continue her ques-

tions, for the simplest of all reasons: hasty footsteps were audible in the entrance, and the parson was seen coming up the aisle, the clerk behind him wiping the beads of perspiration from his face. The somewhat sorry clerical specimen shook hands with them, and entered the vestry; and the clerk came up and opened the book.

"The poor gentleman's memory is a bit topsy-turvy," whispered the latter. "He had got it in his mind that 't were a funeral, and I found him wandering about the cemetery a looking for us. However, all 's well as ends well." And the clerk wiped his forehead again.

"How ill-omened!" murmured Viviette. But the parson came out robed at this moment, and the clerk put on his ecclesiastical countenance and looked in his book. Lady Constantine's momentary languor passed; her blood resumed its courses with a new spring. The subdued thunder of the church then rolled out upon the palpitating pair, and no couple ever joined their whispers thereto with more fervency than they.

Lady Constantine (as she for some time continued to be called by the outside world, and may therefore be still called here) had told Green that she might be expected at Welland in a day, or two, or three, as circumstances should dictate. Though the time of return was thus left open, it was deemed advisable, by both Swithin and herself, that her journey back should not be deferred after the next day, in case any suspicions might be aroused. As for St. Cleeve, his comings and goings were of no consequence. It was seldom known whether he was at home or abroad, by reason of his frequent seclusion at the column.

Late in the afternoon of the next day he accompanied her to the Melchester station, intending himself to remain in that city till the following morning. But when a man or youth has such a tender article on his hands as a thirty-

hour bride, it is hardly in the power of his strongest reason to set her down at a railway, and send her off like a superfluous portmanteau; wherefore, the experiment of parting so soon after their union proved excruciatingly severe to these. The evening was dull; the breeze of autumn crept fitfully through every slit and aperture in the town; not a soul in the world seemed to notice or care about anything they did. Lady Constantine sighed; and there was no resisting it,—he could not leave her thus. He decided to get into the train with her, and keep her company for at least a few stations on her way.

It drew on to be a dark night, and, seeing that there was no serious risk, after all, he prolonged his journey with her so far as to the junction at which the branch line to Warborne forked off. Here it was necessary to wait a few minutes, before either he could go back or she could go on. They wandered outside the station doorway into the gloom of the road, and there agreed to part.

While she yet stood holding his arm a phaeton sped up to the station entrance, where, in wheeling round, the horse suddenly jibbed. The gentleman who was driving, being either impatient, or possessed of a theory that all jibbers may be started by severe whipping, because that plan had answered with one in fifty, applied the lash; as a result of it, the horse thrust round the carriage to where they stood, and the end of the driver's sweeping whip cut across Lady Constantine's face with such severity as to cause her an involuntary cry. Swithin turned her round to the lamplight, and discerned a streak of blood on her cheek.

By this time the gentleman who had done the mischief, with many words of regret, had given the reins to his man and dismounted.

"I will go to the waiting-room for a moment," whispered Viviette, hurriedly; and, loosing her hand from his arm, she

pulled down her veil and vanished inside the building.

The stranger came forward and raised his hat. He was a slightly built and apparently town-bred man, of twenty-eight or thirty; his manner of address was at once careless and conciliatory. "I am greatly concerned at what I have done," he said. "I sincerely trust that your wife"—but observing the youthfulness of Swithin, he withdrew the word suggested by the manner of Swithin towards Lady Constantine—"I trust the young lady was not seriously cut?"

"I trust not," said Swithin, with some vexation.

"Where did the lash touch her?"

"Straight down her cheek."

"Let me go to her and humbly apologize."

"I'll inquire." He went to the ladies' room, in which Viviette had taken refuge. She met him at the door, her handkerchief to her cheek, and Swithin explained that the driver of the phaeton had sent to make inquiries.

"I cannot see him!" she whispered.

"He is my brother Louis! He is, no doubt, going on by the train to my house. We must wait till he is gone."

Swithin, thereupon, went out again, and telling the young man that the cut on her face was not serious, but that she could not see him, after a few words they parted. St. Cleeve then heard him ask for a ticket for Warborne, which confirmed Lady Constantine's view that he was going on to her house. When the branch train had moved off, Swithin returned to his bride, who waited in a trembling state within.

"Is he gone?" she asked; and on being informed that he had departed showed herself much relieved.

"Where does your brother come from?" said Swithin.

"From London, immediately. Rio before that. He has a friend or two in this neighborhood, and visits here occasionally. I have seldom or never spoken

to you of him, because of his long absence."

"Is he going to settle near you?"

"No, nor anywhere, I fear. He is, or rather was, in the diplomatic service. He was first a clerk in the foreign office, and was afterwards appointed attaché at Rio Janeiro. But he has resigned the appointment. I wish he had not."

"Why did he resign?"

"He complained of the banishment, and the climate, and everything that people complain of who are determined to be dissatisfied,—though, poor fellow, there is some ground for his complaints. Perhaps some people would say that he is idle. But he is scarcely that; he is rather restless than idle, so that he never persists in anything. Yet if a subject takes his fancy he will follow it up with exemplary patience till something diverts him."

"He is not kind to you, is he, dearest?"

"Why do you think that?"

"Your manner seems to say so."

"Well, he may not always be kind. But look at my face; does the mark show?"

A streak, straight as a meridian, was visible down her cheek. The blood had been brought almost to the surface, but was not quite through, that which had originally appeared thereon having possibly come from the horse. It signified that to-morrow the red line would be a black one.

Swithin informed her that her brother had taken a ticket for Warborne, and she at once perceived that he was going on to visit her at Welland, though from his letter she had not expected him so soon by a few days. "Meanwhile," continued Swithin, "you can now get home only by the late train, having missed that one."

"But, Swithin, don't you see my new trouble? If I go to Welland House to-night, and find my brother just arrived

there, and he sees this cut on my face, — which I suppose you described to him ” —

“ I did.”

— “ he will know I was the lady with you ! ”

“ Whom he called my wife. I wonder why we look husband and wife already ! ”

• “ Then what am I to do ? For the ensuing three or four days I bear in my face a clew to his discovery of our secret.”

“ Then you must not be seen. We must stay at an inn here.”

“ Oh, no ! ” she said timidly. “ It is too near home to be quite safe. We might not be known ; but *if* we were ! ”

“ We can’t go back to Melchester now. I’ll tell you, dear Viviette, what we must do. We’ll go on to Warborne in separate carriages ; we’ll meet outside the station ; thence we’ll walk to the column in the dark, and I’ll keep you a captive in the cabin, till the scar has disappeared.”

As there was nothing which better recommended itself, this course was decided on ; and after taking from her trunks the articles that might be required for an incarceration of two or three days, they left the said trunks at the cloak-room, and went on by the last train, which reached Warborne about ten o’clock. It was only necessary for Lady Constantine to cover her face with the thick veil that she had provided for this escapade, to walk out of the station without fear of recognition. St. Cleeve came forth from another compartment, and they did not rejoin each other till they had reached a shadowy bend in the old turnpike road, beyond the irradiation of the Warborne lamplight.

The walk to Welland was long. It was the walk which Swithin had taken in the rain when he had learnt the fatal forestallment of his stellar discovery ; but now he was moved by a less desperate mood, and blamed neither God nor

man. They were not bound for time, and passed along the silent, lonely way with that sense rather of predestination than of choice in their proceedings which the presence of night sometimes imparts. Reaching the park gate, they found it open, and from this they inferred that her brother Louis had arrived.

Leaving the house and park on their right, they traced the highway yet a little further, and, plunging through the stubble of the opposite field, drew near the isolated earthwork bearing the plantation and tower, which, together, rose like a flattened dome and lantern from the lighter-hued plain of stubble. It was far too dark to distinguish firs from other trees by the eye alone, but the peculiar dialect of sylvan language which the piny conclave used would have been enough to proclaim their quality at any time. In the lovers’ stealthy progress up the slopes a dry stick here and there snapped beneath their feet, seeming like a shot of alarm.

On being unlocked, the hut was found precisely as Swithin had left it two days before. Lady Constantine was thoroughly wearied, and sat down, while he gathered a handful of twigs and spikelets from the masses strewn without, and lit a small fire, first taking the precaution to blind the little window and relock the door. Lady Constantine looked curiously around by the light of the blaze. The hut was small as the prophet’s chamber provided by the Shunammite : its size was about seven feet by eleven ; in one corner stood the stove, with a little table and chair, a small cupboard hard by, a pitcher of water, a rack overhead, with various articles, including a kettle and gridiron ; while the other end of the room was fitted out as a dormitory, for Swithin’s use during late observations in the tower overhead.

“ It is not much of a palace to offer you,” he remarked, smiling. “ But at any rate, it is a refuge.”

The cheerful firelight dispersed in some measure Lady Constantine's anxieties. "If we only had something to eat!" she said.

"Dear me," cried St. Cleeve, blankly. "That's a thing I never thought of."

"Nor I, till now," she replied.

He reflected with misgiving. "Beyond a small loaf of bread in the cupboard, I have nothing. However, just outside the door there are lots of those little rabbits, about the size of rats, that the keepers call runners. And they are as tame as possible. But I fear I could not catch one now. Yet, dear Viviette, wait a minute; I'll try. You must not be starved."

He softly let himself out, and was gone some time. When he reappeared, he produced, not a rabbit, but four sparrows and a thrush. "I could do nothing in the way of a rabbit without setting a wire," he said. "But I have managed to get these by knowing where they roost."

He showed her how to prepare the birds, and, having set her to roast them by the fire, departed with the pitcher, to replenish it at the brook which flowed near the homestead in the neighboring Bottom.

"They are all asleep at my grandmother's," he informed her, when he re-entered, panting, with the dripping pitcher. "They imagine me to be sixty miles off."

The birds were now ready, and the table was spread. With this fare, eked out by dry toast from the loaf, and moistened with cups of water from the pitcher, to which Swithin added a little wine from the flask he had carried on his journey, they were forced to be content for their supper.

XX.

When Lady Constantine awoke, the next morning, Swithin was nowhere to

be seen. Before she was quite ready for breakfast she heard the key turn in the door, and felt startled, till she remembered that the comer could hardly be anybody but he. He brought a basket with provisions, an extra cup and saucer, and so on. In a short space of time the kettle began singing on the stove, and the morning meal was begun. The sweet resinous air from the fire blew in upon them, as they sat at breakfast; the birds hopped round the door (which, somewhat riskily, they ventured to keep open); and at their elbow rose the tall, lank column into a realm of sunlight, which only reached them in fitful darts and flashes.

"I could be happy here forever," said she, clasping his hand. "I wish I could never see my great gloomy house again, since I am not rich enough to throw it open, and live there as I ought to do. Poverty of this sort is not unpleasant, at any rate. What are you thinking of?"

"I am thinking about my outing this morning. On reaching my grandmother's, she was only a little surprised to see me. I was obliged to breakfast there, or appear to do so, to divert suspicion; and this food is supposed to be wanted for my dinner and supper. There will of course be no difficulty in my obtaining an ample supply for any length of time, as I can take what I like from the buttery without observation. But as I looked in my grandmother's face this morning, and saw her looking affectionately in mine, and thought how she had never concealed anything from me, and had always had my welfare at heart, I felt—that I should like to tell her what we have done."

"Oh, no,—please not, Swithin!" she exclaimed piteously.

"Very well," he answered. "On no consideration will I do so without your assent." And no more was said on the matter.

The morning was passed in applying wet rag and other remedies to the pur-

ple line on Viviette's cheek; and in the afternoon they set up the equatorial under the replaced dome, to have it in order for night observations.

The evening was clear, dry, and remarkably cold by comparison with the day-time weather. After a frugal supper, they replenished the stove with charcoal from the homestead, which they also burnt during the day, — an idea of Viviette's, that the smoke from a wood fire might not be seen more frequently than was consistent with the occasional occupation of the cabin by Swithin, as heretofore.

At eight o'clock she insisted upon his ascending the tower for observations, in strict pursuance of the idea on which their marriage had been based, namely, that of restoring regularity to his studies.

The sky had a new and startling beauty that night. A broad, fluctuating, semicircular arch of vivid white light spanned the northern quarter of the heavens, reaching from the horizon to the star Eta in the Great Bear. It was the Aurora Borealis, just risen up for the winter season out of the freezing seas of the north, where every autumn vapor was now undergoing rapid congelation.

"Oh, let us sit and look at it!" she said; and they turned their backs upon the equatorial and the southern glories of the heavens to this new beauty in a quarter which they seldom contemplated. The lustre of the fixed stars was diminished to a sort of blueness. Little by little the arch grew higher against the dark void, like the form of the spirit-maiden in the shades of Glenfinlas, till its crown drew near the zenith, and threw a tissue over the whole wagon and horses of the great northern constellation. Brilliant shafts radiated from the convexity of the arch, coming and going silently. The temperature fell, and Lady Constantine drew her wrap more closely around her.

"We 'll go down," said Swithin. "The cabin is beautifully warm. Why should we try to observe to-night? Indeed, we cannot; the Aurora light overpowers everything."

"Very well. To-morrow night there will be no interruption. I shall be gone."

"You leave me to-morrow, Viviette?"

"Yes; to-morrow morning."

Indeed, with the progress of the hours and days, the conviction was borne in upon Viviette more and more forcibly that not for kingdoms and principalities could she afford to risk the discovery of her presence here by any living soul.

"But let me see your face, dearest," he said. "I don't think it will be safe for you to meet your brother yet."

As it was too dark to see her face on the summit where they sat, they descended the winding staircase; and in the cabin Swithin examined the damaged cheek. The line, though broken up into dashes, and so far attenuated as not to be observable by any one but an intimate, had not quite disappeared. But in consequence of her reiterated and almost tearful anxiety to go, and as there was a strong probability that her brother had left the house, Swithin decided to call at Welland next morning, and reconnoitre with a view to her return.

Locking her in, he crossed the dewy stubble into the park. The house was silent and deserted; and only one tall stalk of smoke ascended from the chimneys. Notwithstanding that the hour was hardly nine, he knocked at the door.

"Is Lady Constantine at home?" asked Swithin, with a disingenuousness now habitual, yet unknown to him six months before.

"No, Mr. St. Cleve; my lady has not returned from Melchester. We expect her every day."

"Nobody staying in the house?"

"My lady's brother has been here; but he is gone on to Budmouth. He will come again in two or three weeks, I understand."

This was enough. Swithin said he would call again, and returned to the cabin, where, waking Viviette, who was not by nature an early riser, he waited on the column till she was ready to breakfast. When this had been shared they prepared to start.

A long walk was before them. Warborne station lay five miles distant, and the next station above that nine miles. They were bound for the latter; their plan being that she should there take the train to Filton Junction (where the whip accident had occurred), claim her luggage, and return with it to Warborne, as if from Melchester. The morning was cool, and the walk not wearisome. When once they had left the stubble-field of their environment and the parish of Welland behind, they sauntered on comfortably, Lady Constantine's spirits rising as she withdrew further from danger.

They parted by a little brook, about half a mile from the station; Swithin to return to Welland by the way he had come.

Lady Constantine telegraphed from Filton to Warborne for a carriage to be in readiness to meet her on her arrival; and then, waiting for the down train, she traveled smoothly home, reaching Welland House about five minutes sooner than Swithin reached the column hard by, after footing it all the way from where they had parted.

XXI.

From that day forward their life resumed its old channel in general outward aspect. Perhaps the most remarkable feature in their romantic exploit was its comparative effectiveness as an expedient for the end designed,—that of restoring calm assiduity to the studies of these astronomers. Swithin took up his old position as the lonely philosopher at the column, and Lady Constantine

lapsed back to immured existence at the house, with apparently not a friend in the parish. The enforced narrowness of life which her limited resources necessitated was now an additional safeguard against the discovery of her relationship with St. Cleeve. Her neighbors seldom troubled her; as much, it must be owned, from a tacit understanding that she was not in a position to return invitations as from any selfish coldness engendered by her want of wealth.

At the first meeting of the secretly united pair after their short honeymoon, they were compelled to behave as strangers to each other. It occurred in the only part of Welland which deserved the name of a village street, and all the laborers were returning to their midday meal, with those of their wives who assisted at out-door work. Before the eyes of this innocent though quite untrustworthy group, Swithin and his Viviette could only shake hands in passing, though she continued to say to him in an undertone, "My brother does not return yet for some time. He has gone to Paris. I will be on the lawn this evening, if you can come." It was a fluttered smile that she bestowed on him, and there was no doubt that every fibre of her heart vibrated afresh at meeting, with such reserve, one who stood in his intimate relation to her.

The shades of night fell early now, and Swithin was at the spot of appointment about the time that he knew her dinner would be over. It was just where they had met at the beginning of the year, but many changes had resulted since then. The flower-beds that had used to be so neatly edged were now jagged and leafy; black stars appeared on the pale surface of the gravel walks, denoting tufts of grass that grew unmo-lested there. Lady Constantine's external affairs were just that aspect which suggests that new blood may be advantageously introduced into the line; and new blood had been introduced, in good

sooth, — with what result remained to be seen.

She silently entered on the scene from the same window which had given her passage in months gone by. They met with a concerted embrace, and St. Cleeve spoke his greeting in whispers.

"We are quite safe, dearest," said she.

"But the servants?"

"My meagre staff consists of only two and the boy; and they are away in the other wing. I thought you would like to see the inside of my house, after showing me the inside of yours. So we will walk through it instead of staying out here."

She let him in through the casement, and they strolled forward softly, Swithin never before having gone beyond the library. The whole western side of the house was at this time shut up, her life being confined to two or three small rooms in the southeast corner. The great apartments through which they now whisperingly walked were already that funereal aspect that comes from disuse and inattention. Triangular cobwebs already formed little hammocks for the dust in corners of the wainscot, and a close smell of wood and leather, seasoned with mouse-droppings, pervaded the atmosphere. So seldom was the solitude of these chambers intruded on by human feet that more than once a mouse stood and looked the twain in the face from the arm of a sofa, or the top of a cabinet, without any great fear.

Swithin had no residential ambition whatever, but he was interested in the place. "Will the house ever be thrown open to gayety, as it was in old times?" said he.

"Not unless you make a fortune," she replied laughingly. "It is mine for my life, as you know; but the estate is so terribly saddled with annuities to Sir Blount's distant relatives, one of whom will succeed me here, that I have practically no more than my own little private income to exist on."

"And are you bound to occupy the house?"

"Yes; that was one of the capricious conditions."

"And was there any stipulation in the event of your remarriage?"

"It was not mentioned."

"It is satisfactory to find that you lose nothing by marrying me, at all events, dear Viviette."

"I hope you lose nothing, either, — at least, of consequence."

"What have I to lose?"

"I meant your liberty. Suppose you become a popular physicist (popularity seems cooling towards art and coquetting with science nowadays), and a better chance offers, and one who would make you a newer and brighter wife than I am comes in your way: will you never regret this? Will you never despise me?"

Swithin answered by a kiss, and they again went on; proceeding like a couple of burglars, lest they should attract the attention of the cook or Green.

In one of the upper rooms his eyes were attracted by an old chamber organ, which had once been lent for use in the church. He mentioned his recollection of the same, which led her to say, "That reminds me of something! There is to be a confirmation in our parish in the spring, and you once told me that you had never been confirmed. What shocking neglect! Why was it?"

"I hardly know. The confusion resulting from my father's death caused it to be forgotten, I suppose."

"Now, dear Swithin, you will do this to please me, — be confirmed on the present occasion."

"Since I have done without the virtue of it so long, might I not do without it altogether?"

"No, no!" she said earnestly. "I do wish it, indeed. I am made unhappy when I think you don't care about such serious matters. Without the church to cling to, what have we?"

"Each other. But, seriously, I should be inverting the established order of spiritual things; people ought to be confirmed before they are married."

"That's really of minor consequence. Now, don't think slightly of what so many good men have laid down as necessary to be done. And, dear Swithin, I somehow feel that a certain levity which has perhaps shown itself in our treatment of the sacrament of marriage — by making a clandestine adventure of what is, after all, a solemn rite — would be well atoned for by a due seriousness in other points of religious observance. This opportunity should therefore not be passed over. I thought of it all last night; and you are a parson's son, remember. In short, Swithin, do be a good boy, and observe the church's ordinances."

Lady Constantine, by virtue of her temperament, was necessarily either lover or *dévoté*, and she vibrated so gracefully between these two conditions that nobody who had known the circumstances could have condemned her inconsistencies. To be led into difficulties by those mastering emotions of hers, to aim at escape by turning round and seizing the apparatus of religion (which, however, could only rightly be worked by those emotions already bestowed elsewhere), — it was, after all, but Nature's well-meaning attempt to preserve the honor of her daughter's

conscience in the trying quandary to which the conditions of sex had given birth. As Viviette could not be confirmed herself, and as the first Sunday in the month was a long way off, she urged Swithin thus.

"And the new bishop is such a good man," she continued. "Do you remember seeing him in the cathedral close? I liked the look of him much."

"Very well, dearest. To please you I'll be confirmed. My grandmother, too, will be delighted, no doubt."

They continued their ramble; Lady Constantine first advancing into rooms with the candle, to assure herself that all was empty, and then calling him forward in a whisper. The stillness was broken only by these whispers, or the occasional crack of a floor-board beneath their tread. At last they sat down, and, shading the candle with a screen, she showed him the faded contents of this and that drawer or cabinet, or the wardrobe of some member of the family who had died young early in the century, when muslin reigned supreme, when waists were close to arm-pits, and muffs as large as smugglers' tubs.

These researches among habilimental hulls and husks, whose human kernels had long ago perished, had gone on about half an hour, when the companions were startled by a loud ringing at the front door bell.

Thomas Hardy.

[Copyright.]

AT THE SUMMIT.

SISTER, we bid you welcome, — we who stand
 On the high table-land;
 We who have climbed life's slippery Alpine slope,
 And rest, still leaning on the staff of hope,
 Looking along the silent Mer de Glace,
 Leading our footsteps where the dark crevasse
 Yawns in the frozen sea we all must pass, —
 Sister, we clasp your hand!

Rest with us in the hour that Heaven has lent
 Before the swift descent.
 Look! the warm sunbeams kiss the glittering ice;
 See! next the snow-drift blooms the edelweiss;
 The mated eagles fan the frosty air;
 Life, beauty, love, around us everywhere,
 And, in their time, the darkening hours that bear
 Sweet memories, peace, content.

Thrice welcome! shining names our missals shew
 Amid their rubrics' glow,
 But search the blazoned record's starry line,
 What halo's radiance fills the page like thine?
 Thou who by some celestial clew couldst find
 The way to all the hearts of all mankind,
 On thee, already canonized, enshrined,
 What more can Heaven bestow?

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

ACROSS AFRICA.

WHEN we determined to cross the Dark Continent, we wisely chose one of the narrowest parts of it. This feat has become so common in these days that one feels like apologizing for engaging in it, and still more for describing it. But it may mitigate the offense by confessing, in advance, that our adventure involves neither perils nor geographical surprises, and did not have for its object the opening of new channels for the cottons and Christianity of Manchester or Lowell.

We selected for our passage that portion of Morocco which lies between Cape Spartel and the Bay of Tetuan; but as we were already at the city of Tangier, it would have been mere bravado to begin our journey at the lighthouse on the cape. We saved a ride of two hours by starting from Tangier. The mule path from Tangier to Cape Spartel is over breezy downs, through Moslem cemeteries and fields of cactus and hedges of aloes, and winds along the side of Mount Washington, with

the broad expanse of the Atlantic always in view. The accomplished linguist who acted as guide informed us that Mount Washington takes its name from the fact that the women of the vicinity resort to the streams that flow from it to do their washing. It is certain that the landscape owes much of its picturesqueness to the women who are pounding clothes and chattering on every stream, or strolling along the white paths in easy-going groups. Draped in flowing white garments, with shawls drawn obliquely across the face, these dark-eyed, creamy-skinned daughters of the desert, loitering along the highway in clusters perpetually shifting as they go, embody much of the grace, the leisure, and the mystery of the Orient.

No sooner does one land in Africa than he passes into a sphere of tranquillity, and enjoys a state of rest and calm to which all parts of Europe are strangers. The haste and flurry of life fall off, like an irksome garment shed on a hot day; time is of no more account;

and worry is impossible amidst a population which moves with dignified slowness, and defers all unnecessary exertion till to-morrow. Whatever may be the bustle of arrival, the clamor of boatmen, the indescribable noise and tumult and vociferation of the swarm that assails the stranger, seizes his property with a hundred hands, and threatens to scatter it all over Morocco; whatever may be the tumult of the market-place, with its camels, and donkeys, and dervishes, and conjurers, and beggars in clouds, sellers of lentils and greens, and bundles of stick for firewood, grain, sugar-candy, dates, oranges, pottery, and "truck" of all sorts powdered with dust; whatever may be the importunity of sellers, and the eagerness to act as guides of bright-eyed boys, who have a smattering of half a dozen languages, and often the courtly manner of young princes, there is, nevertheless, in all this noise and rout a sense of underlying calm, of absence of hurry, very grateful to Europeans, whose nerves, in the development of civilization, have all worked out upon the surface. There is even something soothing in the ceaseless and monotonous tom-tom of the drums, and the skirmishing and plaintive attempts of the flutes to suggest the minor air they are too lazy to play, and in the spasmodic and die-away ejaculations of the musicians, who sit upon the ground, worrying away at the tunes that are a thousand years old, and will be played with the same industrious idleness a thousand years hence. It requires less energy for the performers to go on with this sort of music than to stop.

It was difficult to summon resolution enough to break this contagious spell of repose, and make the journey to Tetuan. For the trip is not an easy one, and can always be performed better to-morrow than to-day. Tetuan is forty-five English miles from Tangier. The road is a model one for Morocco, and there is no decent halting-place on the way for

the night. It is necessary, therefore, to push through between sunrise and sunset. With a good road and good horses this would be no hardship. But the government refuses to make the one, and circumstances denied us the other.

It was the time of the year for the annual pilgrimage of the European legations to the court of the emperor at Morocco. Each legation travels across the desert with considerable state and pomp, requiring for its train a large number of riding animals and beasts of burden, horses, mules, and camels. These caravans move very slowly, and consume nearly a month in the journey, making usually not more than fifteen miles a day on the march. As the legations remain at the court several weeks, about three months are spent in the trip. The caravans are furnished with tents and all the luxuries attainable, and, the march being slow, the excursion is much liked by the ladies of the different legations. The novelty of the desert journey and the visit to the thoroughly Oriental city of Morocco are pleasing inducements, but not the least of the attractions are the presents expected from the emperor to the individuals of the suites, in return for the costly gifts of arms and goods which the European governments send the emperor by the legations. The emperor's presents are not always judiciously chosen. Last year one of the attachés of the Spanish legation so wormed himself into the favor of the emperor that he received a couple of superb pearl necklaces, of great value. On his return, the thrifty Spaniard, instead of giving one or both to his wife, turned them both into hard cash in the market. My informant, a Portuguese lady, who made the journey, received from the Morocco sultan a mule.

The expense of these costly expeditions, so far as transport is concerned, is borne, I was told, by the Morocco government; that is to say, the poor people have to be taxed for them. Their

fitting-out sweeps off from Tangier and the region all the good saddle horses and mules. The English and some other legations had already gone, and the Italian was about to start. I saw at the Italian camp, outside the city, many fine horses and mules; the requisition for them made it impossible for us to procure decent riding animals for Tetuan. As we have only a consul-general in Morocco, the American government is not represented in these pilgrimages. If our government had any care for deserving travelers, it would furnish us the means of visiting the interesting city of Morocco in style befitting the citizens of the republic.

The government undertakes only to secure the safety of foreign travelers to Tetuan who are under escort of a soldier. This arrangement gives the soldier a dollar a day, which is paid by the traveler, throws around the latter the panoply of the law, and adds a certain state to his movements. The necessity of putting ourselves under the protection of the army was pleasing to us, and we commissioned our landlord to furnish us a man of war for our caravan. Our host assured us that he had procured the best beasts and equipments for our cavalcade, and we awoke early on the morning of our start, with excited anticipations of state and show.

When I glanced out of my windows at dawn, the view disclosed was exquisitely lovely. The comfortable hotel of M. Bruzeaud, where we stayed, is on a hill outside the Bab-el-Sok, or gate of the market-place, and above that busy exchange. One of my windows looked out on the garden, and the other upon the town and harbor. The garden is an orderly wilderness, a series of terraces of fruit-bearing trees, — oranges, lemons, figs, and palms; of flowering shrubs, — acacias, geraniums, carnations, pepper-trees, and rose-bushes, heavy with the weight of every form and color of this queen of the flowers. As soon as I had

opened my window there came in a flood of sweet odors and a gush of bird notes. On the seats under the gigantic, wide-spreading sycamore that shades the front terrace were lounging three or four turbaned idlers, praising Allah, I hope, for the freshness of the morning, while they waited the advent of their prey, the foreigner.

From the seaward window the prospect was wide, varied, and most charming. Indeed, I scarcely know anywhere so pleasing a morning picture. The flat-topped roofs of the white-housed town, the even lines broken by a few pointed towers and minarets, and rising on the left to the ancient portions and castle, with the Alcazar; the little harbor, green and blue in patches, in the early light, with half a dozen sailing vessels and a steamer or two; to the left, the open Mediterranean and the high coast of Spain, and to the right the sand-hills of Morocco, rising by gradations and lofty mountains, over which the dawn was reddening, — this picture, for outline, color, repose, and Oriental suggestion, can hardly be equaled elsewhere. I think one might be content to spend a winter amid the color and perfume of this garden, with such a view to rest his tired senses. Already, as I looked, the life of the place was beginning to stir: trains of camels were vending their way up the hill into the country; donkeys, with bundles of fagots and country produce, driven by women, or lazily bestrode by bare-legged men, were drifting into the market-place, where the crowd began to swarm, and buzz, and shift about like the occupants of an ant-hill; and I could hear the confused murmur and stir of beggars, and traffickers, and sluggards, unrolling themselves from their bundles of rags, in which they had slept beside their patient beasts. It was a market-day, and before I was dressed the idle business of the day had begun, and a circle was already formed about the snake-charmer, called together by

the throb of the rude drum. If the Orientals go to rest with the sun, they rise with it.

It was five o'clock when we descended to the court-yard to mount. The cavalcade was ready: the beasts nodding with their heads against the wall,—mules and donkeys appear to be always asleep,—and our attendants squatting about in angles of the inclosure, not in the least impatient to go, wrapped in their burnouses against the fresh morning air. Whatever notion I may have formed of this outfit, I must have been disappointed. There were three mules for our party; a horse to carry the guide and the baggage; a footman, a tall, handsome-featured, bare-legged Arab, to run along and "whack" the mules; and the Morocco soldier, with his barbed steed. The mules were small, ill-conditioned beasts, with rickety saddles; the one I mounted was intended to be of a mouse color, but he had not been cleaned since he was a mule.

The soldier, however, came up to my ideas of military grandeur in Morocco. Seated on the ground, he was a mere bundle of dingy white garments, the capote of his burnous drawn over his turban. Gun he had none, and we felt wronged by the absence of this long and showy weapon. The idea of a soldier without arms seemed to us undignified. No doubt our safety was increased, but our pride of appearance was touched. His steed was a piebald animal resembling those hairless purple horses that you may see performing at an English country fair. When our soldier rose, we perceived that he was bare-legged, but wore ruined slippers; and when he climbed into his broad saddle, elevated on a pile of rugs, we noticed with rising spirits that his gown protruded, and the red end of a sword scabbard showed out of his garb of peace. This bundle of soiled rags on horseback, and armed symbol of peace and good will to men, slowly led the way out of the court-yard

and down the cactus-covered hill, never looking behind him, and we meekly followed in his train. I think it was the sorriest cavalcade that ever crossed Africa. The west wind was blowing softly and sweet, the air was full of life, the sea sparkled, the white town glistened, as we rode down through the now swarming market-place, and through the narrow, ill-paved streets of the city, in search of adventure. I do not know why it was that our man of war reminded me of the mounted trooper who sits immovably at the Life Guards gate in Westminster. Both figures are my ideal of a soldier. Neither is of the slightest use, except to assert the presence of the law, and both, I presume, are harmless. Our Life Guardsman moved on at a snail's pace, till we were free of the town, over the wide sandy beach of the harbor, and turned southward into a broad valley that winds among the low hills.

There are old Roman remains on the bay opposite the city, and a bridge of the solid architecture of the Roman period. Probably the ancient conquerors built roads and kept open good highways through this fertile country, but now there is not a road worthy of the name in all Morocco. If good roads are a sure sign of civilization, then Morocco is no more civilized than some parts of our own country. Perhaps the Moorish government is not altogether to blame for this want, though it is certainly unwilling to spend anything on highways or on the streets of the cities. For there is no popular demand for roads; if roads were made, it would be long before the people procured vehicles to run on them; they prefer the ancient method of transport by asses and camels. The way to Tetuan is exactly such a way as used to be made over our Western prairies, when every traveler found a path to suit himself, avoiding the corn and wheat fields, and describing a circuit to get over the marshy streams; that is, there are lines of wandering foot-paths, some of them

deeply worn by ages of travel. In the rainy season the donkeys and camels make new paths, diverging here and there for firmer footing, so that the country is gridironed by chance roads.

The scene is animated as we advance. We meet hundreds of country people, in groups of twos and threes and dozens, with laden donkeys, on their way to town; all the women, however ugly and shabby and bare-legged, making a pretense of drawing their shawls over their faces as we pass. There are wide expanses of wheat, green and waving; flocks of sheep and herds of goats are grazing on the downs, and large numbers of the small cattle of the country, — the sort that takes nineteen to make a dozen, — such as are shipped to Gibraltar for beef. You may see them transferred from small boats to the steamers in the shallow harbor of Tangier, swung on board by a rope around the horns.

The land is vocal with the singing of innumerable birds; a very pretty warbler is a brown bird, the size of a meadow lark, with a peaked top-knot; flocks of ravens are circling about; and here and there in the fields stands a tall black and white bird, with red legs, a species of stork, the *sigñana* in Spanish. These domestic birds have their homes on the huts of a straggling Arab village, high up on a hill, which we pass, — thatched huts of brown earth, half hidden in the vast fields of luxuriant cactus.

After we pass this town on its high perch, the country is still largely cultivated, animated with the sounds of labor and the presence of flocks and herds, but there are no signs of habitations. Where do the people live who own these flocks and cultivate the ground? The absence of fences, or boundary hedges, and of houses makes the picture a strange one to Western eyes. For hours we saw only two or three brown hovels.

The country is rolling, like a Western prairie, but the soil is stony, and before

us, to the south, are lines of serrated mountains. We pass over miles of the monotonous route, where the only verdure consists of stiff patches of palmetto, varied occasionally by yellow broom and gorse in bloom, and again interminable oleanders, budding, but not yet in flower, which grow as profusely as alders on the banks of our meadow brooks. Two weeks later their crimson blossoms, contrasted with the vivid yellow of the gorse, must make a brilliant show.

Is that a caravan wandering over the plain before us? As we approach, the procession resolves itself into a couple of dozen of camels, without loads, and with only two drivers, leisurely returning to Tetuan. The beasts are shambling along in their ungainly fashion; craning their long necks, nipping bits of grass, strolling about in a dozen paths, in no order of march. They do not march, but flow along, changing places, falling behind, and moving ahead, like figures in a kaleidoscope. I have noticed that a group of Orientals on the road saunters along in the same shifting order. The ancients of days lift up their supercilious heads, and disdainfully regard us as we pass by.

Notwithstanding that large tracts of the stony land are neglected, we are never long out of sight of cattle, sheep, and people, and cultivated fields. Occasionally there are olive-trees, but for the most part the land is treeless. From the slopes, however, come the cheerful notes of labor: workmen are calling to each other, or singing the plaintive minor songs of Egypt. Plowing is going on. The plow is the primitive stick of wood, with an iron point, that only scratches up the soil on the surface. The motive power is a couple of small bulls, yoked wide apart, — the yoke in front of the horns instead of on the neck; and progress is made by as much noise and clamor as is needed to move a house by rollers and handspikes elsewhere.

The man of war rides through all this with imperturbable gravity and slowness. Much of the way has been fair trotting-ground; it is necessary to make speed when we can, but the soldier is moving under the accumulated weight of three thousand years of leisure. When I urge him to advance, and push my mule upon him, — an effort which causes me much pounding and exhortation, — the Old Tortoise will raise his lumpy bulk in the saddle, lean forward like an old woman, and lift himself in his stirrups so as not to feel the jar; whereupon his steed will swing into a slow jog, which, slow as it is, seems very distasteful to our brave defender. At such times the red point of his scabbard sticks up behind in a military manner, lifting his bur-nouse, the bundle of clothes is animated by motion, and, as I urge on my mule with whacks and ejaculations of encouragement, we present for a moment a martial appearance. But it is only for a moment. The seat of this hardy defender of his country, protected as it is by piles of rugs, is not inured to this sort of violent campaigning, and he soon subsides into a walk. It is only by taking the lead, and forcing the train to follow my forced pace, that we get over the ground at all.

We have been several hours in the saddle, the sun is hot, the morning breeze has ceased, the scenery has become monotonous, when our spirits are raised by the sight of the Fondak, where we are to take our luncheon and mid-day rest, — a white building on the side of the mountain, in the jaws of the pass we are to scramble through. It seems very near, but we ride an hour and a half, through hot gullies and stony ravines and over steep paths, before we reach it. After five hours of this sort of work we are quite willing to throw ourselves on the ground under the scant shade afforded by a fine old ilex-tree at midday.

Our halting-place was not the Fon-

dak, which is half a mile beyond, but the spring, which is the resort of all the people and the cattle of the region. The place is wild and rugged, and not picturesque, but the view from it over the rolling country we had traversed, and the mountains beyond, was fine. This might be made, with a little trouble, a pleasant resting-place, and one would think that on a highway so frequented as this some pains would be taken to make it comfortable. It is, however, like every Oriental place of the sort, shabby and dirty.

The Fondak itself, which has no water near it, is worse, although natives and Spanish men and women, who are no more fastidious, do spend one night there. The Fondak would be called in New England a cow-yard. It is simply a large square inclosure, built of stone and whitewashed. Within are some open arches, that afford a slight shelter to man and beast in stormy weather. A couple of the arches are inclosed, forming dark chambers, where we are told people sleep. Like the rest of the place, these rooms are full of vermin, filth, and fleas. This is, and has been, I suppose, for ages, the only sort of resting-place between two large cities that have daily communication and considerable commerce. We met, on our return, a gay cavalcade, Spanish ladies and gentlemen, going down to visit the consul at Tetuan, who had spent the night in this khan; also a company of Jews, among them some very handsome women, who had also passed the night in that filthy place. Oriental and Spanish women can do this sort of thing, and still look pretty, — look even like the painted rose.

It was two hours and a half after midday when we aroused our nodding train, and the Life Guardsman put himself again valiantly in the advance. The beasts had not been fed. It is a piece of Oriental cruelty to let working animals toil all day without food. The

path was as rugged as it could be, and be a path, like the bed of a mountain torrent, up and down sharp hills and through desert ravines. The old bridle path up Mount Washington in its best days was not so bad. We went on miles and miles, stumbling and sliding over the rocks; and I had always before me that hateful bundle of soldier, with his capote down over his head, having only this one trait of a great soldier, that he was as silent as a fish. The only exclamation he made all the afternoon was when we came to the summit of a sharp ridge. Turning in his saddle, and pointing forward, he cried out, "Tetuan!" And there, over the intervening mountains, like a vision in the sky, was the fair town of our pilgrimage, lifted up on a mountain ridge, a long, white streak, white as chalk, and beyond it the sapphire blue sea. Even at this distance — and we must have been over fifteen miles away — the walls and houses of the town shone dazzling white, and hung in the sky like a city dropped out of heaven. Not so glorious for situation as the New Jerusalem, doubtless, but more glorious than the old Jerusalem from any point of view I ever beheld it. We were so elevated that the sea beyond it seemed close to its walls, and we did not know then that between the city and the sea lay a flat plain, at least six miles across.

Inspired by this glorious picture, we felt that we were almost at our journey's end; but the sight was like a cup of cool water presented to the lips of a thirsty traveler, and then withdrawn. The city disappeared as we plunged down the steep path, and it was weary hours before we saw it again.

The sun was getting low when we emerged into a windy plain, cultivated, and traversed by a considerable stream. Here were signs of life again: laborers on foot and on donkeys were moving over the plain, and groups of women and girls in white garments, idling by

the stream, told us that we were near habitations. On the spur of a mountain opposite appeared the white houses of a Moorish village. We must be near Tetuan at last. On this plain was fought the last battle between the Spaniards and the Moors, in the war of 1860-61, and before the capture of Tetuan. I urged the Old Turtle over it at a livelier gait, much against his will. We crossed a substantial bridge with Moorish arches, turned the spur of the mountain that we had been approaching for hours, and again beheld Tetuan, a long, white mass on its hill, apparently close at hand. In a few moments we should enter its white gates, and, thanks to the protection of our dollar-a-day Moslem knight, be safe from the numerous wild boars, monkeys, hyenas, jackals, gazelles, and ostriches promised us as sure to be encountered on the way, by the guide-book, — none of which, owing to our protector, had put in an appearance. The plain on which we had now entered, a rich bottom land, watered by a winding river, and inclosed on every side by high mountains, seemed one continuous wheat field, — an emerald in a gray setting. Here and there on the hills to the right were white villas, and at the southern end the white town rose beautified in the slanting rays of the sun.

The plain proved of vaster extent than we supposed. Our road along the hillside was far from level. We descended into gorges and emerged again, we caught sight of the town and lost it again and again, until, in our weariness, it seemed a very will-o'-the-wisp of a city, shown to us and removed by the enchantment of a genius. It was over an hour and a half from the time of striking the plain that the road became so cut up and utterly abominable that we knew we must be near a large city. We were now involved in cactus lanes, and splashing along through muddy pools; crowded and jostled by laborers and

donkeys, and herds of cattle and sheep being driven inside the walls for the night. Within the outer wall of all these Oriental cities and the first row of houses is usually a vacant space for the herding of cattle.

Ascending the last slippery slope, we found ourselves under the high city wall. Behind and above the town on the hill rose a harmless-looking citadel. On our left, projecting from the wall, was what is called a battery, which looked like a school-house with guns in the second story. We followed the wall to the right, and entered by a great gate, in which a lot of loafers playing soldier were lounging. They hailed us and ran after us, demanding an entrance fee; but we took no heed of their necessities, pushed on through the herds of cattle, entered, and crossed the big market square of the city, surrounded by shabby buildings and resembling a stock-yard, — a place humming with Oriental life, with whose fantastic squalor and picturesqueness all travelers in the East are familiar. We turned from this square into a narrow street, into other and yet other narrow streets, lined with little shops and dens where human beings labor and sleep, into a region swarming with life, swimming in grease, and over cobble-stone pavements slippery with refuse, into the quarter of the Jews, and alighted at the house of Isaac Nahon, Jew by religion, British vice-consul by title, keeper of a house of entertainment by occupation. O Tetuan, Tetuan, we said, that shone so white and pure in the distance, what a whited sepulchre you are!

But the street and the house of Isaac were clean. We were admitted (the mules, for a wonder, staying outside) into a house thoroughly Moorish in design, — a court in the centre, open up to the stars above, upon which all the rooms in all the stories opened. From the gallery on the second floor, upon which our rooms opened, we talked with

the family in the court below, and held communication with the kitchen. Our rooms were long, narrow, and high, with little windows at one end (for these houses are built to exclude the sun), Moorish-arch doorways and hangings, and the walls ornamented with strips of the painted wood, cut in Arabic designs, for the manufacture of which Tetuan has a reputation. In the morning I was surprised to see how much light came in at my diminutive window, but the secret of it was explained when I looked out. All the houses are white-washed; all the flat roofs, every inch of them, are whitewashed; and this reflected glare of the sun makes every room luminous to which a ray of light is admitted.

The charms of Tetuan, which is a city of about twenty-five thousand inhabitants, exist somewhat in the imagination. Only a little over half the people are Moors; there are resident here several hundred Spaniards, and some eight thousand Jews. But Tetuan is the city of Barbary most romantically connected with Spain. In every city of Andalusia is a street called Tetuan. Tetuan was in fact founded by the Moors when they were finally expelled from Granada by the religious zeal of Ferdinand and Isabella, — a loss of skillful artificers and chivalrous poetical people from which Granada has never recovered. The only things in Granada worthy of the traveler's interest are the reminiscences of the Moors. It is always said that the expelled Moors, who carried away with them such wealth as they could save from the rapacious Spaniards, and endeavored to reproduce their luxurious houses in Tetuan, expected some day to return to Granada and the Alhambra. We are told that their descendants to-day cherish the same hope, and that they preserve the title-deeds to their Spanish possessions, and the keys to their houses in Granada. I think the latter part of the statement is apocry

phal. It is hardly probable that keys would be preserved hundreds of years, in the hope of using them, to houses that have not existed for centuries; and it is doubtful if the intelligent Moors of Morocco have to-day any higher ambition than getting what they can out of the government, escaping taxation, and living at ease.

When one sees the beggars and the commonplace and shabby condition of Spanish Granada, and regrets the expulsion of the Moors, he may perhaps give a new turn to his reflections by visiting Tetuan. What have the Moors done since they left Granada? Have they not retrograded in every art and refinement of life? Had the race not culminated in the splendor of the Alhambra? Had not the Moorish civilization run its natural career, and come near to its close at the time of the conquest? What have the Moors ever done since, anywhere, that has been of the least service to the world? Moors and Spaniards alike went into a decline after the brilliant epoch of the conquest and of discovery; and if Spain recovers, it will be owing wholly to the actual contact with modern civilization, which has been wanting to the Moors. If, when the Moors departed, the stately and luxurious Alhambra could have been locked up, saved from the destruction and the neglect of the Spaniards, and preserved to modern curiosity and intelligence, the traveler might be content, and regret neither the expulsion of the Moslems nor the occupation of the Christians.

The street where we lodged was, as I have said, clean; but it was very narrow, and the line of high whitewashed houses on either side, presenting a surface of solid wall broken only by small grated windows, was entirely Moorish in its character. Few other portions of the compact city were so clean. It was market-day, the day we spent in Tetuan, and the best occasion for seeing the country people and the life of the place.

The open squares and streets of shops swarmed with buyers and sellers and calm waiters on Providence. The crowd had a certain picturesqueness, but it wanted the color of many Oriental populations, for the uniform dress is white, or dirty white and dirty brown, and of very coarse material. The exceptions are the Jews, who wear, as in Tangier, black skull-caps, and the few Moorish gentlemen and rich shop-keepers, whose voluminous turbans and amply flowing robes of spotless silk and linen present the true Oriental type of luxurious magnificence.

The guide-books are always beseeching the traveler to admire the Jewesses of Tangier and Tetuan. As these women go unveiled, it is easy to do so. They use color in their street apparel, a sort of broad embroidered bands worn longitudinally on the dress. Those past youth are usually rather gross in form and face, but the young women have regular features,—some of them a faultless form, fine eyes, and a good complexion; and all of them are many shades lighter than the men. A really handsome woman, however, is usually such a surprise to the traveler in Africa, as she is in Southern Spain, that he is apt to fall into an extravagance of gratitude for the sight. The Moorish women may be equally alluring, but they cover all of the face except the eyes. I noticed here, as I had noticed on the plain the evening before, that the women wore short leggins of red leather. These are survivals of the Roman *fascia*, and are exactly such as were worn by the Moorish women of Granada, as may be seen in a curious bas-relief representing the baptism of Moslem women, after the conquest, in the chapel of Ferdinand and Isabella, at Granada.

Tetuan has not many good shops, though it has in one quarter a nest of narrow streets lined with tiny rooms, just big enough to hold the dealer and his stuffs, and roofed over by trellises

covered with grape-vines, which will pass for a bazar. It is a cool and agreeable retreat out of the glare of the sun and the dust and clamor of the market squares, and it is a pleasure to sit down and bargain with a coolly dressed, regular-featured Moslem, who is in no haste to sell, and whose courtesy is rather that of the gentleman than the shop-keeper. These dealers have intercourse with Rabat, Fez, Timbuctoo, and other towns in the interior, and can offer you barbarous embroideries and other curiosities. Tetuan is famous also as a manufactory of red and yellow bags of the soft leather which takes its name of morocco from this country in which it is made. Part of the traffic on market-day is done by auctioneers, who carry their goods upon their arms, and push about in the crowd, asking for bids. They repeat continually their last offer, and sell only when their price is obtained. If the original bidder desires to raise his bid and compete for the article, he must follow the auctioneer. I believe the fellows are quite honest in stating the latest offer.

Tetuan is no more pleasing interiorly than any other Oriental town. It is a mass of lanes, abominably paved, and presents to the sight-seer only dead walls, with here and there a door. But looking up the narrow streets, we saw, above the flat roofs, the sharp mountain peaks, which seemed in the clear air very near, and reminded us of the situation of Innsbruck in the Tyrol. One might walk the streets forever, and have no hint of the luxury and even magnificence of the dwellings masked by the dead walls. The opening of a door, and the passage of a winding entrance, tiled and decorated, may admit one to an earthly paradise, — a palace amid gardens sometimes occupying an entire square. By the courtesy of the Spanish consul, whose residence and garden are of considerable extent in the heart of the town, we were taken to see some of

the best Moorish palaces. For spaciousness, elegance, and sumptuousness there is nothing comparable to them in Tangier. One was a specimen of the best old Moorish houses: open courts with fountains, surrounded by light colonnades, and galleries above; cool recessed apartments, open to the air and the sight of falling water, and yet shaded from the sun, — apartments with the dado of slightly lusted tiles, the walls painted in toned colors, the ceilings of carved old wood, gilded and softly colored, furnished with divans and luxurious rugs. The courtly old Moor who showed us his apartments, and did not offer to show us his harem, looked as if he had passed a long and useful life in voluptuous repose. As we went about the house — time had been given, while we waited in the vestibule, to warn the women — we could hear scurrying of slipped feet, and there was a great opening and shutting of doors, through the openings of which we saw curious female eyes peering at the foreigners. But the proprietor did not think it necessary to hide from our view the numerous female slaves, who had charge of the children, or were engaged in other domestic work. The house contained many delightful pieces of the old wood-work, ancient inlaid doors and latticed windows. The charm of the house was completed by a large walled garden, delicious to the senses with the odors of the orange, the lemon, the jessamine, and the rose, and marble ponds and fountains of sparkling water.

Another Moorish house that we visited was quite new, and built and occupied by the late finance minister of the emperor, whose finances had thrived, whatever had happened to his master's. The house was equal in extent and stateliness to the old one, but lacked the subdued taste in decoration. It was over-gilded and over-splendid, and its noblest apartments were incongruously furnished with French clocks, French

chairs, rows of mirrors, and staring rugs. Yet one of its long and gilded apartments, notwithstanding its somewhat oppressive luxury, would be a charming retreat in the warm season. Through its arches on one side we saw the open pillared court and the fountain, while from a row of windows level to the floor, on the other side, we looked over the vast extent of green plain to the blue Mediterranean, from which a refreshing breeze entered this abode of luxury, the owner of which probably never troubled himself with the query, *Is Life Worth Living?*

We ascended the hillside to the citadel, which commands the town. The city spread out below us, and was larger than we thought it when looking at it from without; and the entire prospect was one of the most interesting to be beheld anywhere. The uniform flat roofs of the entire city and its dazzling whiteness were broken only by a few towers and a dozen minarets, some of them octagonal and covered with green tiles. We stood upon the end of a long spur of the Riff Mountains. Fertile plains spread away on either side, bounded by the blue sea and by bold serrated hills.

When we descended the steep and winding streets we had a fleeting vision of beauty. From a high window, just large enough to frame her face, looked out a Moorish woman, with dark eyes of fascination and perhaps of sin; for no woman of a well-regulated harem will show her face to a man. If she was as handsome as she was painted, she was a dangerous person. The native women of Tetuan, our guide said, are famous for their beauty, and the town lends itself to adventure. Over the flat roofs one can with ease and security go all over the city, and the Moorish girls not seldom evade the watch of doors and windows, and cross the house-tops at night to keep appointments with their lovers.

Still descending, we encountered in a

narrow street, for contrast, a funeral procession. The body of a woman, scantily wrapped in a white cloth, and resting on a light, rude bier, was borne upon the shoulders of men, who advanced at a rapid pace. The bier was followed by a motley procession of men and women, chanting a lament in an unearthly, shrill, minor key. The haste, the shabbiness, the mournful notes, were fit to wring one's heart, breaking in as they did upon the careless life of the buzzing streets, and it was long before the sad refrain passed out of our memory.

The house of Nahon, the Jew, was a pleasant place of shelter, in our brief stay. Although it is Moorish in style, and the iridescent tiles of the interior doorways recall the skill of another race than the Jewish, there is a Hebrew atmosphere throughout. On the side of the doorways to two of our rooms, I discovered a tiny recess, not more than three inches long and an inch deep. It contained a little roll of parchment, transcribed with Hebrew, and I remembered the injunction of Jehovah to this ancient people: *Write my words on thy doorposts.*

With our dessert at dinner we were served with a new confection, — orange blossoms cooked in honey. Nothing could be more appetizing in the sound than this truly Oriental sweetmeat; it tasted like sweetened turpentine. The house of Nahon, like other houses in the city, distills a great quantity of orange-flower water from the blossoms. The oranges of Tetuan are very large, fine of skin and firm of flesh, and delicious. After eating the sour fruit of Southern Italy and Sicily, one appreciates the luscious oranges of Malta and Barbary.

We were off at an early hour for Tangier, for we had before us the endurance of eleven hours in the saddle, exclusive of the noon siesta, over a route which had lost its charm of novelty. The Life Guardsman, whom we had not seen since he came in the morning

after our arrival to kiss our hands, — a truly knightly hint for backsheesh, — turned up, smiling, after a day of repose from the actual hardships of war of the first day. But to our disgust, when he mounted and led the way out of town, we saw that his fiery military ardor had abated. He no longer wore his sword, — our sole dignity of appearance, — but had given it to the mule driver to carry. I had the curiosity to examine this weapon of war, upon which we had relied. It took the united and prolonged effort of the guide and myself to draw it from its scabbard, in which it was firmly rusted. I do not suppose it had been drawn before in all the wars our brave trooper had engaged in. With the sword in the hands of the mule driver, our martial appearance fell to zero.

We were five hours in reaching the Fondak. The Turtle had evidently made up his mind that his carcass should not be jolted by a trot in returning. The only new objects we saw during the morning were a species of bird, that kept close to the cattle in the plain where the natives were plowing. The Arabs call them cow-birds, because they always attend the cattle, as the crocodile-birds do the Egyptian saurians.

Before setting out, after our halt of one hour and a half at the Fondak, I insisted that the mules, who had drank nothing since morning, should be watered. The soldier refused to permit it, and moved off. I asked the reason, and was told that the beasts were too warm, and that they could be watered in the river, which was just ahead. Knowing that Orientals seldom give the true reason for anything, I asked again. The reply was that the water in the spring was too low, but they would get water directly. I could not see how the mules would be any cooler with more travel in the heat, but I was obliged to yield, although my animal was evidently distressed for drink. It was over an hour

and a half before we reached the river, and there the animals had to drink from a stagnant pool. Why this cruelty was practiced, I could not understand.

When we set out from the Fondak we took a different route from the one we had come by. I inquired the reason, and the answer was that this route was shorter and better. It was the track I had noticed as diverging from ours, on the morning we left Tangier. I then asked where it led, and was told that it went to Tetuan, but that it was a longer and more difficult road! This was Orientalism, pure and simple. This return route, we found, was in fact an hour longer; it was hilly and stony, with hardly a rod of it that we could trot over. I have no doubt that our protector took this long and rough way out of revenge, because I had pushed his pace on the journey out, and because it was impossible to move over it faster than a walk.

I was never so tired of anything as I was of that soldier's back. But there is an end to everything, says the proverb, except the tongue of woman, and before sunset we came out upon the vast and lovely plain near Tangier. The western sky was flecked with light clouds of burnished crimson and gold. The broad fields of wheat waved green in many shifting shades, interspersed with patches of a yellow bloom, in the slanting rays. It was a marvelous effect of color. Long shadows were cast over the plain by the flocks of sheep, goats, and cattle, and the slowly moving groups of peasants, returning from labor to the Arab village on the hill, upon the roofs of which the storks were already perched for evening meditation. Good-by, lazy, picturesque Africa!

As we rounded the last ridge, there were the sea beach, the sands of gold burning in the light, the waves white-capped and racing before an eastern breeze, and, beyond, the purple mountains of Spain.

Charles Dudley Warner.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THOMAS TUCKER.

"Whom now seeking, O Diogenes! have I found: ye Sunne's shine Beinge more Discoverable untoe that whiche is Sunne-like, than Thy poore Blinkinge Lanthorne."

MARRIAGES OF YE DEADE.

AMASA TUCKER and his wife lived on a lonely farm in Vermont, remote from villages or neighbors. Amasa's work was that hardest of all work, forcing from rocky and reluctant fields enough produce to feed and clothe his family; to do more, with the most strenuous exertion, was impossible, and he did not expect it. To him life was a brief and bitter pilgrimage toward heaven. If it had amenities, they were snares; its pleasures were unknown to him. Rugged, stern, hard as the granite rocks beneath the sward he tilled, he found no consolations in the outer world, on which he walked as they that have eyes and see not, ears and hear not, nor even human interests to cloud their awed and reverent look into the world which is to come. Alone in his arid fields, Amasa Tucker revolved within himself the vast problems of theology, — free-will, election, infant damnation, the origin of evil, and like dogmas; for to such thoughts had he been trained from childhood by the widowed mother who owned and inhabited this solitary mountain farm. Duty was ground into the very bone and sinew of his life. He walked always between a dreadful hell and an awful heaven, set aside from the ordinary temptations of life, and taught to believe that every leaning toward transgression was the whisper of an omnipresent devil, eager to enlist him in his own service; and learning to feel that untruth, disobedience, a thought he could not utter to his mother, or a wish that could not be uplifted to God, were crimes of total and fatal depravity.

He plowed the brown sod of the sad New England hills under the full force

of the primeval curse: uncomplaining, because Adam had sinned for him, and he must bear the doom; and unquestioning, because Job, under a worse pressure of suffering, had taught him that he who challenges the will of God does so in vain.

He saw the sun rise above the purple mountains, and wheel its splendid way through the sky, life-giving and wonderful, with only a sombre thought of that impending day when the sun shall be turned into darkness and the moon into blood, for which it behooved him to be ready and waiting. The melancholy glory of the moon and the keen sparkle of the starry heavens gave him no joy; their story was alone of that creative and judging Lord who should roll them away as a scroll. To him the fear of God was not only the beginning of wisdom, but its course and end; the perfect love that casteth out fear was strange to him as heaven; he knew not its soft steppings about him, nor its clear shining in the beauty that beset his path. He lived only to prepare for death, and to see that his kindred followed in that straight way.

Philura, whom he had married from a sense of the fitness of things, was a meek, spiritless creature, with no sentiment and little feeling; always conscious that she was an unprofitable servant, afraid to love her children lest it should be idolatry, and struck with as keen a pang as her slender nature could know if her butter was streaky or her cheese crumbled.

She considered her husband lord and head, after the old-fashioned Scriptural order, and listened to his daily prayers with deep reverence for such striking piety; though she knew very well that Amasa was a hard man, gathering where he had not strewed, and reaping where

he had not sown, and a tyrant where a man can be tyrannical in safety,—in his own home.

Two children out of ten survived to this pair. Abundant dosing, insufficient food, and a neglected sink drain had killed all the others who outlived their earliest infancy; but these two evaded the doom that had fallen on their brothers and sisters by the fate which modern science calls the survival of the fittest, and spindled up among the mullein-stalks of their stone-strewn pastures as gray, lank, dry, and forlorn as the mulleins themselves, with pale eyes, straight white hair, shallow faces, and the shy aspect of creatures who live in the woods, and are startled at a strange foot-step.

They were taught to work as soon as they could walk, to consider sin and holiness the only things worth consideration, to attend meeting as a necessity, and take deserved punishment in silence. To obedience and endurance their physical training, or want of training, conduced also; alternate pie and pork are not an enlivening diet to soul or body, and play was an unknown factor in their dreary existence. Keziah grew up a repetition of her mother, dull, simple, and dutiful; but Thomas, from the moment he entered the little red school-house, two miles away, to complete the education his father had begun by the evening fire at home, showed a hunger for books and knowledge that amounted to a passion.

Not a particle did he care for the girls who laughed at him, or the boys who tried to torment him. His soul was filled with the joy of the born student, to whom every fresh study is a rapture that never palls, every new book a possession outvaluing gold; to whom the daily needs and pangs of life are as a tale that is told.

It was but a very little while before Thomas knew all his teacher could impart far better than the teacher herself

knew it, but his thirst was scarcely appeased. He longed for ampler opportunity, for better instruction, as earnestly as Amasa longed for the kingdom of heaven, and at last plucked up shame-faced courage enough to beg his father that he might go to the Academy at Bantam, ten miles down the valley.

If one of his oxen had made a like request, Amasa Tucker could not have been more astounded. What his boy could want with more knowledge than sufficed himself was past his imagining. To farm an upland in Vermont, after the hereditary fashion of those lonely hills, did not seem to him to require any especial science. Hard work, perpetual battle with the elements and the soil, primarily doomed to bear thorns and thistles,—surely this could be carried on with no higher education!

Yet, though he neither answered the boy's request nor the entreating look in his eyes, his inmost heart softened with pride in his son. No genuine New Englander ever despises a desire for knowledge, or sneers at learning without an inward feeling of having been profane; and Amasa Tucker was a typical New Englander of the old sort, now so fast passing away.

When Thomas turned back to his work, in that habit of dumb obedience which is stronger than nature, he did not know that he had dropped into his father's mind a seed that would take root and grow as surely as the corn he had just dropped into the furrow, or that the harvest of its planting would be for him; and it was not till that corn had sprouted, grown to rustling, glittering blades, tasseled out, ripened, been husked, and heaped in shining golden ears in the corn-house, till the apples were brought in to their long bins, and purple-streaked turnips and yellow carrots stored in the barn cellar, that the boy knew how this other grain had at last come to the full ear.

One Saturday night, as they put the

last cow into the stanchions after milking was done, his father said, grimly,

"Thomas, ef you want more edication than what you have had, and can pay your way to go to Bantam 'Cademy this winter, why I'll give ye your time."

Thomas was not demonstrative; the dark blood rushed up to his face, and it seemed to him as if the sudden joy seized him by the throat; but he only answered, "I'll try."

So the next week he walked down to Bantam, applied at once to Parson Lathrop for advice, and, arriving at the nick of time, when Semanthy Pratt, the parson's old housekeeper, was threatened with her annual attack of "rheumatiz," he was taken at once into the minister's house to "do chores" for his board. His schooling was free, since he lived in the county of which Bantam was the shire town; for Parsons Academy was an endowed school, and only pupils from other counties paid for instruction; and there were many such, for the school had a wide reputation.

Perhaps Thomas was not the best chore-boy in the world. Absorbed in pure mathematics, Greek roots, or the proportions and problems of chemistry, he too often forgot the kindlings, or neglected to comb and curry the old white horse. But then he never went out nights; no husking, or apple-bee, or quilting frolic, no sleigh-ride or turkey-shoot, tempted him from his beloved books.

If anybody complained of him it was Semanthy, who declared to her cronies, "Well, he's good enough, for 't I know. He don't fault his vittles, nor yet he don't set by 'em no great. He's as big a dreamer as Joseph in the Bible. I don't more 'n half believe he knows what he doos eat. But land! he ain't no company; you might as well set down along of a rake-tail, an' try to visit with it; he's dumber 'n a dumb critter, for they do make a sound. I say, mabbe, 'Come, Thomas, you fetch me in

a pail o' water, real spry; and take that air squash off 'n the hooks, and get me a piggin o' soft soap down sullar.' Well, he'll lay down his book, and fetch them things slow as molasses, — not a peep nor mutter, — and smack right to ag'in at that book o' his'n, and peg away at it till bed-time. I do mistrust he takes it to bed along with him; he would ef I'd let him have a taller dip! I'd jest as lives have old Bose around, as fur as talkin' goes; p'raps ruther, for he does wag his tail real knowin', jest as though he'd speak ef he could; but Thomas, he would n't ef he could, now I tell ye!"

Parson Lathrop grew interested in the lad because he was such a student, for there was nothing lovable about Thomas. His aspect was more ungainly than ever since age had added to his height, without rounding or filling out his lank and angular figure; and by long study in imperfect light — for Semanthy's "taller dips" served for little more than to show the darkness — he had become very near-sighted, winking and blinking like an owl when he looked away from his book, and wearing the perpetual anxious frown of imperfect vision. In the summer he returned to his work on the farm, more dull than ever to the outer world's beauty and joy. One thing alone possessed his soul, — an eager longing for winter and his return to the precious opportunities of Bantam; regardless entirely of Semanthy's scorn, the laughter of his companions, or any lack or discomfort in his daily existence, if he could resume the study that was his delight and life. Before the second winter was over, Parson Lathrop, observing the boy as he had done from day to day, made up his mind as to Thomas's vocation, and determined to come up to his aid in fulfilling so marked and earnest a call. So one day he had the old white horse put into the high-backed sleigh, bundled himself up in his fox-skin coat, put in a

hot brick to set his feet upon, tied his otter cap close about his ears, drew on his double-knit mittens, and, tucking a big buffalo robe closely about him, set off for the Tucker farm.

It is a great strain on a man's benevolence to drive an old horse ten miles of an up-hill country road, with the thermometer below zero; but Parson Lathrop was one of the uncanonized saints who used to glorify the waste places of New England, and of whom the world was not worthy. It was enough for him that he was about his Master's work; in that, he did not consider himself or his inconveniences.

It was "borne in upon his mind," as he phrased it, that Thomas Tucker's devotion to study was an open indication of Providence concerning his future career, and therefore he must talk with his father about it. Amasa had met the parson now and then, when business took him to Bantam, so they were not strangers. He laid down the axe with which he was chopping wood when the parson drove into the yard, and went out to meet him. A man of softer nature and less faith might have feared that this visit meant some harm had happened to his boy, but Amasa's soul was firm in a confidence that was half nature and half grace; he was not afraid.

"'Mazin' cold weather, Parson Lathrop," was his greeting; and after hospitably stabling the old horse he followed the minister into the house, where, before the blazing kitchen fire, and over a mighty mug of steaming flip, still hissing from its hot guest the poker, the two "reasoned high" as the recalcitrant spirits of hell, and on the same themes, until the parson, at least, wearied of mystic theological doctrine, and came to the point of his errand. He set down the blue and yellow mug, and opened the subject abruptly: "Well, Brother Tucker, I came up especially to say to you that I believe your son Thomas hath a call to minister in divine things."

"I dono!" said Amasa. Thomas was as yet his boy; he could not look upon him in any other light without further experience.

"I think it is even so," went on the parson. "He is like Samuel of old in that he was early called; I have found him a close walker, strict in attention to ordinances, well grounded in Scripture; not given to foolishness such as youths are too apt to seek after, but one that studies to be quiet. And such a lover of knowledge, such a hungerer after learning, I have skerce ever met with."

"Well, Parson Lathrop, I should as lieves take your judgment as any man's. I had calc'lated on Thomas's keepin' right along here, and cultivatin' the airth in the sweat of his brow, same as I do, and his grandsir did afore me. I don't want to stand in the way ef he's got a call to the ministry, though. I would n't hold him back from the Lord's work, no way; but yet I ain't clear in my mind, I'm free to confess, how to fetch it. This farm has gi'n me and mine a livin', no more; it's 'sows, an' grows, and goes,' as the sayin' is: but I have striv' always, havin' food and raiment, therewith to be content, but I hain't laid up a cent, nor I ain't in debt, nuther. I did n't rightly know how to spare Thomas to the 'Cademy; I could n't, only that he paid his way; and I don't know how he can get through college. Seems as though there was a lion in the path, don't there?"

"I foresaw this, Brother Tucker," answered the parson gently. "It has been a trial to me that in that day I cannot say to the Master, 'Lo, here am I, and the children that thou gavest me.' I have a silent house. My beloved wife was under a weary dispensation of bodily ailment all her days, and it pleased the Lord to deny us offspring. It was the last drop in her bitter cup of suffering that she had to leave me, humanly speaking, alone; and I have always

purposed to use the small portion of earthly riches she left behind her for the good of those who had the blessing I wanted, and needed the gifts I had. If so be you can spare Thomas, I will help him to his desired education; not so that he shall cease from self-help,—I would not have him weighted with a sense of utter dependence. I propose to have him teach a school when his academic course is over, and remain with me till I can fit him for college myself. He will have laid up something then, and can further teach in vacations. I will see that his funds do not come short. All this if you consent."

Amasa pushed back his chair with a sharp, creaking scrape, his face set, his eyes cold and stern as ever. The most acute observer could not have seen one softening quiver, one tremulous line, to indicate gratitude or assent; yet the heart within him glowed, chill and rayless as it seemed. "I'm obleeged to ye," he said at last, in the driest fashion, tilting his chair back against the wall and clearing his throat, as if that said all. But Parson Lathrop knew the man and the race; nor was he himself one of those uneasy souls who exact their pound of effusive gratitude for every ounce of good expended on their fellows. His left hand did not know nor inquire what his right hand did, nor even shake that comrade palm in self-congratulation. He had obtained the father's consent to take care of Thomas; now he would go home and do it. So, with a kindly farewell, the good man replaced his wraps, and took his way down the mountain, meditating on heavenly things, an unconscious saint, if indeed saints ever are conscious!

Thomas Tucker's school-teaching, however, did not prove efficient. Wrapped up in his studies, he was so absent-minded that he lacked that modified omniscience which is the *sine qua non* of a country school-teacher. The boys played marbles under his very nose, and he did

not see them; they told him the most audacious lies, and he believed them, because he had never told a lie himself; they filched his pens and spilt his ink; they put burrs in the crown of his hat, and smeared his mittens with pitch scraped from the pine-logs in the open fireplace; they ate his dinner, and tied his comforter into knots. But he endured it all with amazement and patience, never thinking his pupils could or would be hard of heart. Then they began to serenade him with the old nursery rhymes of Little Tommy Tucker; to draw pictures of him on the slate, with that vivacious legend attached; and in short to learn so little and misbehave so much that after one term Thomas was "advised to resign," and Parson Lathrop saw that his *protégé* would never earn even the clothes needful to his college course. But the good man had counted the cost when he set out to build this tower of learning, and he sent Thomas at once to the nearest college; becoming answerable for all his expenses, which were somewhat lessened by the fact that a brother clergyman at Deerford gave Thomas his board, on condition that he did the "chores" of the family and took care of the horse.

During his first year in this institution the mountain farm where he was born, always heretofore considered beyond the reach of fevers such as haunted the lowlands, was suddenly stricken. Amasa Tucker and his wife both fell ill with one of those malignant diseases that were once regarded with a mystical horror as "visitations of God," but are now referred to contaminated wells and neglected drainage. Amasa came in from the woods where he was chopping, one afternoon, livid and ghastly with pain, exclaiming, like the child of the Shunammite woman, "My head! my head!" and fell upon the bed senseless. He lay there unconscious all night, and the next morning Keziah set out at dawn to walk two miles to the nearest

neighbor, and send him to Bantam for a doctor. He went at once, but when she got home her father was still senseless, and her mother sat by his side, with both hands clasped about her own head, and her face scarcely less changed than her husband's. Amasa was dead when Dr. Knight arrived, and in twenty-four hours Philura had followed him; both dying speechless, without one parting word or look for their bereft daughter, and before Thomas could come from Deerford. It was a strange, sad funeral at which Parson Lathrop officiated, early on a sweet spring day, the air fragrant with the new buds and fresh scent of the upturned earth, birds twittering among the lofty pine-trees, that set the north winds at defiance on two sides of that quiet grave-yard, and the tiny lake below repeating the fair blue heaven above. A divine peace seemed to fill that solitude among the sheltering mountains, and as the good man looked about him he reverently removed his hat, and before the dead were laid among their kindred dust he burst involuntarily into the sublime cadences of that psalm so fitted for the time and place:—

"Lord! Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations.

Before the mountains were brought forth,
Or ever Thou hadst formed the earth and the world,

Even from everlasting to everlasting,
Thou art God."

But the triumphant submission, the lofty ascription, awoke no thrill in Thomas's heart. He stood by the double grave like one in a dream; no tear dimmed his eye, no quiver moved his set lips. He knew well that these deaths were no real loss to him, and he was too vitally and thoroughly honest to put on any outward aspect of mourning. Neither father nor mother had ever tried to awaken in their children one spark of affection. Duty, grim, hard duty, had been the spring of Amasa Tucker's life toward God and man. He had toiled, and prayed, and striven to fulfill his tale of

debt toward One whom he knew only as an exacting Master, and to "set loose by the things of this world," as he expressed it, lest he might not be ready for the summons to another; and from him Keziah had learned to dread the indulgence of natural affection as idolatry and a weakness of the carnal heart, which was always "at enmity with God." Consequently the children had grown up unloving, because they were unloved. There were no tender recollections to wring their souls to-day; no unspeakable longings for the hand that had been ever ready to guide, or the voice always eager to cheer. Even Parson Lathrop was astonished and grieved to see that prim composure of the one and dreamy indifference of the other, and forbore to pray that God would bind up the broken in heart, being too honest to be conventional.

Happily for Keziah, Parson Lathrop's widowed sister had come to Bantam to "make it home with him," as the country phrase is; and, never weary in well-doing, the good man took Keziah home, and sent her to Parsons Academy; and in due time she became a school-teacher, more successful than Thomas, for she only attempted to teach little children, whom her dull, quiet nature enabled her to drill in their earliest education with unwearied patience and smiling endurance.

Thomas himself went on in his college course, utterly unmoved by the tricks of sophomores or the contempt of seniors. He was called "little Tommy Tucker" through the recurring terms in every tone of scorn, amusement, and disgust, without seeming to know that it was not his proper title. Nothing interested him but his books. Society was a meaningless waste of time in his eyes, and he respected holidays only because he could spend them undisturbed in the college library, without need to stir for any purpose save the necessities of food and rest, always at their minimum with him. He

went to the end of the career here with absolute success as far as learning goes, graduated with the highest honors, and passed on into the theological seminary in Hartland, an epitome of learning, but without a single friend.

Here he reveled in Greek and Hebrew; became still more lank, bent, pale, and introverted than ever; and when he was at last through with his divinity course knew more of his studies and less of his fellow-creatures than any other man of his class. He was temporarily placed in charge of the college chapel when he returned to Deerford, its pulpit being vacant for the time, and he preached to the students before him such discourses as might have edified a body of old Puritan divines; erudite, doctrinal, logical, orthodox, but without one spark of human sympathy or divine love. The eager crowd refused such husks, and expressed their disgust, as a crowd of boys will; but Thomas Tucker took no more notice of their scuffling feet, their laughter, their feigned sleep, or their simultaneous attacks of cold in the head or distressing cough than he took of the wintry winds without that dashed the elm-tree boughs against the lofty chapel windows, or the streaming rain that pattered on its roof. He was there to preach, and preach he did; gladly, however, retiring from the office when the clergyman for whom he had been *locum tenens* arrived. It was evident to those who knew him best in the city that it was not his vocation to preach; and as he was respected among those learned men for his devotion to study and his vast acquisition of knowledge for so young a man, and as the professor of ancient languages was about to resign his position, and his life too, it was brought about that Thomas Tucker should be offered his place. It was true, he was comparatively young; but there was no real youth about him. He went his way with the absorption of a sexagenarian, only that his were the cares

of learning and meditation rather than of this world and declining years.

Soon after his acceptance of the professorship he was sent for to say good-by to Parson Lathrop. For this good man, who had been a real father to him in the best fatherly sense, Thomas felt all the affection in his power; and as he stood by his death-bed, the dreamy, deep-set eyes sparkled with unshed tears, and the melancholy lips trembled. He could not speak; he could only grasp the emaciated and burning hand held out to him, and see through a dim haze the faint, sweet smile on the old man's face.

"I am going home, my son," whispered the parson. "I sent for you to say it is best now that you should take Keziah to be with you. Sister Keery has gone before me, having had an abundant entrance into the kingdom." Here he paused, and Keziah gave him a sip of restorative. "My tongue is parched, even as the tongue of Dives, but I am not afraid of his fate. I know in whom I have believed. Thomas, as I said, take Keziah home with you. Well sayeth the Apocrypha, though it be not with inspiration, 'Without women cannot men live.' It is better for you, in this new honor that hath come to you, to have the dignity of a home, and it is best that she should have its comfort. 'He setteth the solitary in families,' and what better earthly thing could he do for them?"

"I will!" said Thomas, as solemnly as if this were a marriage ceremony.

The parson smiled, but the wandering of death was on him. It seemed as if his will had controlled the fluttering of the spirit, eager to break its chrysalis and soar, until he had finished his good work on earth; now he ceased from his labors, but his heart yet beat, and his disordered mind babbled on those clay-cold lips.

"They're all in the yard, Celia," he said; "and the sun is n't down yet; it's above Saltash; and I cocked all the hay

on the lower meadow. Tell Semanthy to fetch the milk-pails." Then he muttered something they could not hear. Celia was his wife's name, and that recurred audibly over and over. Suddenly his look changed, his eyes opened, a radiant gleam broke across the pallid face, and, lifting one hand upward, he said, "Why, Celia! Come! rise! let us be going; the Master calleth for thee;" so he went as bidden.

Thomas and Keziah walked behind the coffin, when Parson Lathrop's funeral train wound its way along the shore of the tranquil lake to the same lonely grave-yard where their parents lay, feeling in their hearts that here and now they buried a nearer and dearer friend than either father or mother had been; and the silent crowd who followed them were all alike mourners, for the parson had been a power and a presence of goodness in their midst for many a long year. They stayed, too, after they had lain the worn-out body to sleep in the tender shadow of the hills he loved, to hear his funeral sermon, preached by a neighboring brother, who was in such pathetic earnest that his misuse of speech could not stir a smile in the attentive audience, even when he said, in describing the good man's last hours, that "a heavenly smile eradicated his countenance."

Then the brother and sister went back to Deerford, and, hiring a small house, began their life together. Parson Lathrop had left his little property to Keziah, and these few thousands, added to the yearly rental of the old farm and the house in Bantam, kept her independent soul from feeling that she was a burden upon Thomas, and his salary was more than sufficient for their daily needs. So for a year or two they lived in peace, until Satan, or some lesser minion of evil, put it into the head of a student, whose mischief always overrode his manners, to play a joke upon "old Tommy."

Professor Tucker, throughout his college life, had never been known to address the least attention, scarcely the least civility, to any woman; he avoided all society but that of his books, refused all invitations, and lived in his room like a hermit in his cell. But when his sister arrived, and he became a householder, the maids and matrons collateral to the faculty of which he was a member at once felt it their duty to call on Keziah, and welcome her to their social enjoyments. But she was as shy as her brother, and proved impracticable to almost every one. Her nearest neighbor alone, a maiden lady, of good family and fine, cheerful presence, well-to-do, and having the courageous *aplomb* that all these gifts bestow on a woman, made some headway in the good graces of the quiet rustic spinster. Miss Eleanor Yale would, welcomed or not, invade Keziah's solitude now and then, insist on driving her out to show her the beautiful environs of Hartland, send her flowers from her own elaborate garden and fruit from her peach and pear trees, all out of the most frank and free benevolence; for she pitied the solitary creature, knowing in her own heart how forlorn loneliness is to any woman, though all the other good things of life be poured out abundantly into her hands. Miss Keziah had a heart, — somewhat torpid for want of exercise, perhaps, but still a heart, — and she felt Miss Yale's kindness, without finding words to express it to that lady; but she spoke of her so often to the professor that he learned to know her name, and thereby precipitated a certain impending catastrophe, set in motion by Jack Mason, the aforesaid student. On Valentine's Day — a day of which Thomas Tucker was no more conscious and no better informed than Confucius or Aristotle — he received by mail a flowing ditty, of the most tender sort, written in a woman's hand, and signed "Eleanor." The professor stood aghast.

Poetry had no charms for him; he had not the remotest idea of its figurative speech, its license, or its "tricks and manners;" to him it was merely curiously arranged prose, and this devoted and tender valentine seemed neither more nor less than an offer of marriage. His hair fairly stood on end, and his forehead was knit with perplexity. Who could have done this thing? Suddenly he remembered that Eleanor was the name of his sister's friend, and even on his learned and abstracted soul dawned a glimmer of the man's instinctive contempt for women, as he bethought himself how this woman had sought his sister's friendship and done her such kindnesses all for his sake. Still, being an exceptional man, he was moved rather to pity than scorn, on further reflection, thinking of all this wasted trouble and useless feeling on the lady's part. There was but one thing to be done. He did not want to marry any one; he had not planned or intended any such thing; his life and love were all centred in his studies, his books, his profession. And was not Keziah able and willing to do for him all those services which some men had no sisters to attend to, and therefore were obliged to marry?

But this poor woman, — she must not be deluded with so futile a hope. It was unpleasant to contemplate, but Thomas Tucker never shrank from duty; he must be honest or die. So he put on his hat and coat, and, presenting himself at Miss Yale's door, asked to see that lady. Miss Yale was astonished, but she received the professor a little more kindly because she was astonished, and afraid she should not put him entirely at his ease. But he was more formal, more awkward, more stiff, than ever before. He sat down on the highest chair in the room, and, drawing the luckless missive from his breast-pocket, plunged at once into the middle of things.

"Madam!" he began, sternly. "I have received this epistle, bearing your

name in superscription, which doubtless you recognize. I thank you for the regard herein expressed, but as an honest man, and one who is in bonds to the truth, I come to say to you that marriage has not entered into my plans at any time, nor is there any likelihood that it will."

Miss Yale looked at him with wide eyes. "What?" she cried, in amazement.

"I refer to this letter you have sent me, couched in the mode of verse," replied the professor, grim as a lion on a sign-post of old time, and full as wooden.

"Give me the letter, if you please," said Miss Yale, her color rising, and her eyes full of a dangerous glow. But the professor knew nothing of the sex and its ways, except theoretically; he handed her the document, without any fear of its explosive tendencies. Miss Yale read it through, and looked up at him. He was already lost in some problem, or evolving some theory, but her voice roused him.

"Do you think I sent you this?" she asked, in a very quiet voice, — altogether too quiet to be reassuring.

"Is not that your given name by which it is signed?" returned the professor.

"Yes. But I want to understand what you considered this letter to mean," she went on, with the same ominous quietness of manner, holding herself in leash, as it were, till the time for a spring.

"I think it has but one meaning, which he that runs may read: that you are desirous of entering the state of matrimony."

"With you?"

"With me," responded Thomas Tucker, with curt and ghastly honesty.

Miss Yale rose to her feet, and her clear eyes flashed. The professor felt danger; he shrank visibly into himself, yet fixed an undaunted gaze upon her. She looked at him a moment, and, with

the vivid speed of thought, remembered herself, her position, his nature and his habits. Her anger died; she threw herself back on the sofa, and laughed till the tears rolled down her fair face.

The professor was entirely speechless; he knew not what to say, but at last, in honest indignation, opened his mouth, much like his Scriptural prototype, to the angel in the path:—

"It seems, madam, unsavory subject for mirth. I am in earnest."

"And so am I," said Miss Yale, drying her bedewed cheeks, and trying to be sober. "Professor Tucker, I did not write that letter. Some silly and impertinent boy sent it to you to deceive and disturb you. If I wished to marry you, I should not take that method of obtaining my wish. I am a woman and a lady: good women and true ladies do not do such things."

She looked directly at him as she said this, and her eyes sparkled. Some manly shame stirred in the professor's bosom; he extracted a great red and yellow handkerchief, with much contortion, from his coat-tail pocket, and used it sonorously.

Miss Yale's lips quivered a little, and a sudden dimple flashed in her cheek; but she went on, certain, with her own perfect tact, that this man must be treated with absolute truth, like his own: "Moreover, in order to show you convincingly that I had no such intention, beside not having written that letter, I will tell you, in confidence,—a trust I feel will be safe in your hands,—that I have promised to marry President Winthrop some time next summer."

As Professor Tucker looked at the warm flush that covered the fine face of Eleanor Yale, and perceived the soft glow of her eyes, he thought that the widowed president was a happy man, but he did not say so. "Madam, I ask your pardon," he said, humbly. "And for that son of Belial, who hath

made me his music, I trust due punishment is somewhere reserved," he gloomily added, and departed in a shambling fashion, that once more provoked Miss Yale's dimples and set her eyes dancing. And, alas for the feminine malice of which a grain lurks in the best woman's heart, that very night President Winthrop was entertained with a *résumé* of her afternoon's experience; and that genial gentleman roared and rolled with laughter, for he knew Thomas Tucker far better than Miss Yale did, and could more thoroughly enjoy the situation.

After this occurrence, which Hebrew points and crabbed Syriac idioms soon drove from the professor's mind, he went his way for a while quite undisturbed; but he was so unsuccessful as a teacher that, on some excellent pretext, it pleased the trustees of the college to remove him from his position. They recommended him to a church in the city, seeking for a clergyman to fill its pulpit, and then advised him to accept the call. It was at first an irksome employment for the professor, but he did not love teaching; it was far easier for him to produce two sermons a week, in the seclusion of his study, than to face daily a class of youths, more or less refractory, if they were students, and try to beat into them the beauties and intricacies of the dead languages.

The social duties of a settled clergyman might have pressed on him onerously, but as if Providence saw that he was best fitted for a life of solitude, just as the Green Street church had listened to their learned and pious pastor for the first time after his installation in their pulpit, Keziah, his sister, was seized with a sudden and dangerous illness. The kind women of the church rallied around Thomas Tucker in this hour of his need, and nursed Keziah with unremitting kindness; but all in vain. She dropped out of life as silently and patiently as she had endured living, and it remained only to say that the place

which knew her should now know her no more; for she left behind her no dear friends but her brother, and not an enemy. Even Thomas missed her rather as a convenience than a companion; profiting in a certain sense by her death, as it aroused keenly the sympathy of the church for his loss and loneliness, and attached them to him by those links of pity that are proverbially almost as strong as love. In any other circumstance the Green Street church would no doubt have discovered, early in their relation, that Mr. Tucker was as unfit for any pastoral position as he had been for that post in the college chapel; but much was forgiven him out of his people's abundant kindness; and their respect for his learning, his simplicity, and his sincere piety forbade their objecting at first to his great deficiencies in those things considered quite as needful to pulpit success as the power of preaching and the abundance of knowledge. It happened, soon after Keziah's death, that Mr. Tucker was called to officiate at the funeral of one of his wealthiest parishioners, a man who had just come back from Europe, and been killed in a railroad accident on the way to his home in Deerford. He was personally unknown to Thomas Tucker, but his character was notorious. He went to church, and bought an expensive pew there, merely as a business speculation; it gave him weight in the eyes of his fellows to be outwardly respectable as well as rich; but he was niggardly to his family, ostentatious, overreaching, and cruel as death to the poor and struggling who crossed his path or came into his employ.

The Reverend Mr. Tucker improved the occasion. He took for the text of that funeral address, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" and after a pungent comparison between the goods of this world and the tortures of a future state, he laid down his spectacles, and wound up with, "And now, beloved, I

have laid before you the two conditions. Think ye that to-day he whose mortal part lieth before you would not utter a loud Amen to my statement? Yea, if there be truth in the word of God, he who hath left behind him the gain of life and greed is now crying aloud for a drop of water to cool his parched tongue, and longing for an hour of probation wherein to cast off the fetters of ill-gotten gold, and sit with Lazarus gathering crumbs in the company of dogs. Wherefore, seeing that God hath spoken sharply to you all in the sudden requirement of this rich man's soul, let his admonition sink into your souls; seek ye first the kingdom of God, and cast in your lot with the poor of this world, rich in faith, and be ready to answer joyfully when the Master calls."

Of course, the community was outraged; but for a few kindly souls who stood by the poor parson, and insisted that Keziah's death had unsettled his mind, and not a few who felt that he had manfully told the truth, without fear or favor, and could not help feeling a certain respect for him, he would have been asked, forcibly, to resign, that very week. As it was, the indignant widow went over to another denomination without delay. "I will never set foot in that church again!" she said. "How can one be safe where a man is allowed to say whatever he chooses in the pulpit? A ritual never can be personal or insulting. I shall abide by the Prayer Book hereafter!"

In due time this matter faded out of the popular mind, as all things do in course of time, and nothing came between pastor and people, except a gradual sense on their part that Solomon was right when he said, "Much study is a weariness to the flesh;" not only the student's flesh, but also theirs who have to hear reiterated all the dry outcome of such study.

But Parson Tucker's career was not to be monotonous. His next astonishing

performance was at a wedding. A very pretty young girl, an orphan, living in the house of a relative, equally poor but grasping and ambitious, was about to marry a young man of great wealth and thoroughly bad character; a man whom all men knew to be a drunkard, a gambler, and a dissolute fellow, though the only son of a cultivated and very aristocratic family. Poor Emily Manning had suffered all those deprivations and mortifications which result from living in a dependent condition, aware that her presence was irksome and unwelcome, while her delicate organization was overtaxed with work whose limits were as indefinite as the food and clothing which were its only reward. She had entered into this engagement in a sort of desperation, goaded on by the widowed sister-in-law with whom she lived, and feeling that nothing could be much worse than her present position. Parson Tucker knew nothing of this, but he did know the character of Royal Van Wyck; and when he saw the pallid, delicate, shrinking girl beside this already worn-out, debased, bestial creature, ready to put herself into his hands for life, the "daimon" laid hold upon him, and spake again. He opened the service, as was customary in Hartland, with a short address; but surely never did such a bridal exhortation enter the ears of man and woman before.

"My friends," he began, "matrimony is not to be lightly undertaken, as the matter of a day; it is an awful compact for life and death that ye enter into here. Young man, if thou hast not within thyself the full purpose to treat this woman with pure respect, loyal service, and tender care; to guard her soul's innocence as well as her bodily welfare; to cleave to her only, and keep thyself from evil thoughts and base indulgences for her sake, — if thou art not fit, as well as willing, to be priest and king of a clean household, standing unto her in character and act in God's

stead so far as man may, draw back even now from thine intent; for a lesser purpose is sacrilege here, and will be damnable infamy hereafter."

Royal Van Wyck opened his sallow green eyes with an insolent stare. He would have sworn roundly had not some poor instinct of propriety restrained him; as it was, he did not speak, but looked away. He could not bear the keen, deep-set eyes fixed upon him; and a certain gaunt majesty in the parson's outstretched arm and severe countenance daunted him for the moment. But Thomas Tucker saw that he had no intention of accepting this good advice, so he turned to Emily.

"Daughter," he said, "if thou art about to enter into this solemn relation, pause and consider. If thou hast not such confidence in this man that thy heart faileth not an iota at the prospect of a life-long companionship with him; if thou canst not trust him utterly, respect him as thy lord and head, yield him an obedience joyful and secure next to that thou givest to God; if he is not to thee the one desirable friend and lover; if thou hast a thought so free of him that it is possible for thee to imagine another man in his place without a shudder; if thou art not willing to give thyself to him in the bonds of a life-long, inevitable covenant of love and service; if it is not the best and sweetest thing earth can offer thee to be his wife and the mother of his children, stop now; stop at the very horns of the altar, lest thou commit the worst sin of woman, sell thy birthright for a mess of pottage, and find no place for repentance, though thou seek it carefully and with tears."

Carried away with his zeal for truth and righteousness, speaking as with the sudden inspiration of a prophet, Parson Tucker did not see the terror and the paleness deepening, as he spoke, on the bride's fair countenance. As he extended his hand toward her, she fell in a dead faint at his feet. All was confusion

in an instant. The bridegroom swore and Mrs. Manning screamed, while the relations crowded about the insensible girl, and tried in vain to revive her. She was taken at once up-stairs to her room, and the wedding put off till the next day, as Mrs. Manning announced.

"And you won't officiate at it, old fellow! I'll swear to that!" roared the baffled bridegroom, with a volley of profane epithets, shaking his fist in the parson's calm face.

"Having taken the sword, I am content to perish thereby, even as Scripture saith," answered Thomas Tucker, stalking out of the door.

That night, as he sat in his study, the door opened softly, and Emily Manning came in and knelt at the side of the parson's chair. "I have no place to go to, sir," she whispered, with trembling lips. "You saved me to-day; will you help me now? I was going to sin, but I did n't know it till you told me."

"Then it was not sin, my child," said Parson Tucker, gently. "Sin is conscious transgression, and from that thou hast instantly departed."

"But what could I do?" she asked, her eyes full of tears. "I have no home. Marcia is tired of me, and I have no other friends. I wanted a home so much. Oh, I was wrong, for I did not love him. And now I have run away from Marcia, — she was so dreadful, — and what shall I do?"

"Poor child!" he said, tenderly. "Sit here. I will help. My old woman, in the kitchen below, shall fetch thee to a chamber. Keziah brought her with us; she is kind, and will care for thee, while I go to bring a friend." So saying, the parson rung his bell for old Jane, gave the girl over to her care, and set out himself for President Winthrop's house.

"I have brought you a good work," he said abruptly to Mrs. Winthrop. "Come with me; there is a soul in need at my house."

Mrs. Winthrop was used to this sort

of summons from the parson. They had been good friends ever since the eccentric interview brought about by Jack Mason's valentine, and when charity was needed, Eleanor Winthrop's heart and hand were always ready for service. She put on hat and shawl, and went with the parson to his house, hearing on the way all the story.

"Mr. Tucker," she said, as he finished the recital, "are n't you going to make much trouble for yourself by your aggressive honesty?"

Thomas looked at her, bewildered.

"But the truth is to be spoken!" he replied, as if that were the end of controversy. And she was silent, recognizing the fact that here conventions were useless, and self-preservation not the first law of grace, if it is of nature.

All Mrs. Winthrop's kindness was aroused by the pitiful condition of Emily Manning. She consoled and counseled her like a mother, and soon after took her into her household as governess to the little girls whom Mr. Winthrop's first wife had left him; making for the grateful girl a happy home, which in after-years she left to become the wife of a good man, toward whom she felt all that Parson Tucker had required of her on that painful day which she hated now to remember. And as the parson performed this ceremony he turned, after the benediction, to Eleanor Winthrop, and said, with a beam of noble triumph on his hollow visage, "Blessed be the Lord! I have saved a soul alive!"

But long before this happy sequel came about, he had other opportunities to distinguish himself. There came a Sunday when the service of infant baptism was to be performed; and when the fair, sweet babes, who had behaved with unusual decorum, were returned to their mothers' arms, and the parson, according to order, said, "Let us pray," he certainly offered the most peculiar petition ever heard in the Green Street church. After expressing the usual de-

sire that the baptized children might grow up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, he went on: "But if it please thee, O Father, to recall these little ones to thyself in the innocence of their infancy, we will rejoice and give thanks, and sound thy praises upon the harp and timbrel. Yea! with the whole heart we will praise thee; for we know the tribulations and snares, the evil and folly and anguish, of this life below; and we know that not one child of Adam, coming to man's estate, is spared that bitter and woful cup that is pressed out from the fruit of the knowledge of good and evil, which our progenitors ate of in thy garden of Paradise, and thereby sinned and fell, and bequeathed to us their evil longings and habitual transgression. They are the blessed who are taken away in their infancy, and lie forever by green pastures and still waters in the fields of heaven. We ask of thee no greater or better gift for these lambs than early to be folded where none shall hurt or destroy in all thy holy mountain, and the love that is above all mother's love shall cradle them throughout eternity. Amen!"

Not a mother in that congregation failed to shiver and tremble at this prayer, and tears fell fast and thick on the babes who slumbered softly in the tender arms that had gathered them home, after consecrating them to that God whom yet they were so unwilling should literally accept their offering. Fifty pairs of eyes were turned on Parson Tucker with the look of a bear robbed of its cubs, but far more were drowned in tears of memory and regret, poignant still, but strangely soothed by this vivid presentation of the blessedness wherein their loved and lost were safely abiding.

Much comment was exchanged in the church porch, after service, on the parson's prayer.

"We ought to hold a special meeting to pray that the Lord will not answer such a petition!" cried one indignant

mother, whose little flock were clinging about her skirts, and who had left twin babies, yet unbaptized, at home.

"It is rather hard on you, aunty!" said graceless Jack Mason, the speaker's nephew, now transformed into an unpromising young lawyer in Hartland. "You'd rather have your babies sin and suffer with you than have 'em safe in their little graves, had n't you? I don't go with the parson myself. I did n't so much mind his funeral gymnastic over old Baker, and his disposition of that party's soul in Hades, because I never before supposed Roosevelt Baker had a soul, and it was quite reassuring to be certain he met with his dues somewhere; but he's worse than Herod about the babies!"

However, the parson did not hear or know what was said of him, and in an ignorance that was indeed bliss continued to preach and minister to his people in strict accordance with his own views of duty. His next essay was a pastoral visit to one of his flock, recently a widow, a woman weak in body and mind both; desirous above all things to be proper and like other people, to weep where she must, smile when she ought, wear clothes like the advance guard of fashion, and do "the thing" to be done always, whether it was the right and true thing or not.

Her husband had spent all her fortune in speculation, taken to drink as a refuge from folly and reproach at home, and, under the influence of the consoling fluid, had turned his wife out-of-doors whenever he felt in the mood; kicked her, beaten her, and forced her, in fear of her life, over and over to steal from her own house, and take refuge with the neighbors, and ask from them the food she was not allowed at home. At last the end came. Parson Tucker was sent for to see the widow and arrange for funeral services. She had not been present at the Baker funeral, or indeed been in Deerford for some

years after that occasion, so she adhered to the conventions; and when Parson Tucker reached the house he was shown into a darkened room, where the disconsolate woman sat posed already in deep mourning, a widow's cap perched upon her small head. A woman would have inferred at once that Mrs. Spring had anticipated the end of Joe's last attack of *mania a potu*, and prepared these funeral garments beforehand, but Thomas Tucker drew no such conclusions. He sat down silently and grimly, after shaking hands with Mrs. Spring, and said nothing. She began the conversation:—

"This is a dreadful affliction, Mr. Tucker. I don't know how I shall live through it."

"It is terrible indeed," said the parson. "I do not wonder, madam, that you mourn to see your partner cut off in his sins, without time for repentance; but no doubt you feel with gratitude the goodness which hath delivered you from so sore a burden."

"What!" screamed the widow.

"I speak of God's mercy in removing from your house one who made your life a terror, and your days full of fear and suffering; you might have been as others, bereaved and desolate, and mourning to your life's end."

"I don't know what you mean, Parson Tucker," said Mrs. Spring, sharply, removing a dry handkerchief from unwet eyes. "Poor dear Joseph is taken away from me, and I'm left a desolate widow, and you talk in this way! I'm sure he had the best of hearts that ever was; it was only, as you may say, accidental to him to be a little overcome at times, and I'm — I'm — O—h!"

Here she gave a little hysterical scream, and did some well-executed sobbing; but the parson did not mind it. He rose up before her, gaunt and gray. "Madam, did not this man beat, and abuse, and insult, and starve you, when he was living? Or have I been misinformed?"

"Well — Oh dear, what dreadful questions!"

"Did he?" thundered the parson.

"He did n't mean to; he was excited, Mr. Tucker. He" —

"He was drunk. And is that excuse? Not so, madam. You know, and I know, that his death is a relief and a release to you. I cannot condole with you on that which is not a sorrow," and he walked rigidly out of the door.

Is it necessary to say that Mr. Spring's funeral did not take place in Deerford? His widow suddenly remembered that he had been born in a small town among the hills of West Massachusetts, and she took his body thither, to be "laid beside his dear payrents," as she expressed it.

Things had now come to a bad pass for Parson Tucker. The church committee had held more than one conference over their duty toward him. It was obvious that they had no real reason for dismissing him but his ghastly honesty, and that hardly offers a decent excuse to depose a minister of the gospel. They hardly knew how to face the matter, and were in this state of perplexity when Mr. Tucker announced, one Sunday, after the sermon, that he would like to see the church committee at his study on Tuesday night, and accordingly they assembled there, and found President Winthrop with the parson.

"Brethren," said Thomas Tucker, after the preliminary welcome had passed, "I have sent for you to-night to say, that having now been settled over your church eight years, I have found the salary you pay me so much more than was needed for my bodily support that I have laid by each year as the surplus came to hand, that I might restore to you your goods. The sum is now something over eight thousand dollars, and is placed, to the credit of your chairman, in the First Deerford Bank." The committee stared at each other as if each one were trying to arouse him-

self from sleep. The chairman at last spoke : —

"But, Mr. Tucker, this is unheard of! The salary is yours; we do not desire to take it back; we can't do it."

"That which I have not earned, Brother Street is not mine. I am a solitary man; my expenses are light. It must be as I said. Moreover, I have to say that I hereby withdraw from your pulpit, of necessity. I have dealt with our best physicians concerning a certain anguish of the breast, which seizes me at times unawares, and they all concur that an evil disease lieth upon me. I have not much time to live, and I would fain withdraw from activities and duties that are external, and prepare for the day that is at hand."

The committee were pained as well as shocked. They felt guilty to think how they had plotted this very thing among themselves; and they felt, too, a certain awe and deep respect for this simple, unworldly nature, this supernatural integrity. Mr. Street spoke again; his voice was husky: —

"If this is so, Mr. Tucker, we must of course accept your resignation; but, my dear pastor, keep the money! You will need care and comforts, now this trouble has come on you. We can't take it back."

Parson Tucker looked at him with a grave, sweet smile. "I thank you, brother, but I have a private store. My sister left her worldly goods to me, and there is enough and to spare for my short sojourn," he answered.

"But it is n't according to the fitness of things that we should take your salary back, Parson Tucker," put in bustling Mr. Taylor. "What upon earth should we do with it?"

"Friend," said the parson, "the eternal fitness of things is but the outcome of their eternal verity. I have not, as I said, earned that wage, and I must restore it: it is for you to decide what end it shall serve in the church."

A few more words passed between them, and then each wrung the parson's hand and left him, not all with unmoved hearts or dry eyes.

"I don't wonder he's going to die!" exclaimed Mr. Street, as the committee separated at a street corner. "He's altogether too honest to live!"

From that day Thomas Tucker sank quietly toward his grave. Friends swarmed about him, and if delicacies of food could have saved him, the dainty stores poured in upon him would have renewed his youth; but all was in vain.

President Winthrop sat by him, one summer day, and, seeing a sad gleam in his sunken eye, asked gently, "You are ready and willing to go, Brother Tucker?" nothing doubting a glad assent.

But the parson was honest to the last. "No," he said, "I do not want to die; I am afraid. I do not like strange and new things. I do not want to leave my books and my study."

"But, dear brother," broke in the astonished president, "it is a going home, to your Father's house!"

"I know not what a home is, friend, in the sense of regret or longing for one. My early home was but as the egg to the bird, a prison wherein I was born, from which I fled; nor was my knowledge of a father one that commends itself as a type of good. I trust, indeed, that the Master will take me by the hand, even as he did Peter upon the water; but the utterance of my secret soul is even that of the apostle with the keys: 'Lord, save, or I perish!'"

"Yet you have been a power for good and a close follower of Peter's Lord," said Mr. Winthrop, altogether at a loss for the proper thing to say to this peculiar man.

"One thing alone have I been enabled to do, Brother Winthrop, for which I can with heart and soul thank God even at this hour. Yea, I thank him that I have been enabled to speak the truth even in the face of lies and

deceptions, through his upholding." A smile of unearthly triumph filled every line of the wasted face, and lit his eyes with a flash of divine light as he said this. He grasped close the friendly hand he was holding, turned his cheek to the pillow, and closed his eyes; passing into that life of truth and love that awaited him, even as a child that lies down in the darkness, trembling, fearful, and weary, but awakes in the dawn of a new day, in the heart of home.

"Still," said President Winthrop to his wife, as they walked home, after the

funeral, "I believe in the good old proverb, Eleanor, that the truth is not to be spoken at all times."

"And I never believed in it so little!" she cried indignantly. "Think what a record he has left, what respect hangs about his memory! Do we know how many weak souls have relied on his example, and held to the truth when it was hard, because he did and could? It is something to be heroic in these days, even if it is unpopular!"

The president shrugged his shoulders.

Rose Terry Cooke.

THE WEATHER-VANE.

To what shall I compare
The veering mind I bear?
Yon minion of the air,

Yon gilded shaft, my chosen emblem I declare!

I turn about, about;
Controlled by every rout
That trains with Hope or Doubt;

Who smiles, I smile again, or answer float with float.

Within the draft I'm caught
Of all prevailing thought;
By many masters taught,

Their varying precepts I confuse, and bring to naught.

A changeling me they call;
I have no stay, in all,—
No shield, no rampart-wall;

I safely drift about,—let others stand, or fall!

I bend, I do not break;
I light obeisance make
To scourging storms, that rake

The harvest from the field and shattered forests take.

Since nothing here I see
Save mutability,
With it I will agree;

Yea, I on Change's cap the nodding plume will be!

Some good remains behind:
 The clear-perceiving mind
 In me, at least, shall find
 An index true of all the tempers of the wind!

Edith M. Thomas.

STUDIES IN THE SOUTH.

VI.

NEGRO "BULL-DOZERS."

AMONG the more intelligent negroes in the towns, the feeling of loyalty to the political party which gave them their liberty is still strong, but I could not find much of this sentiment among the negroes in the great black districts. I was much interested in trying to learn what were the chief influences which still held these masses, incapable of thought, in the ranks of the dominant party. I found the party organization and discipline among them everywhere most careful, vigorous, and repressive. Many of them are influenced, so their own leaders state, by "free drinks" during the campaign or electioneering season. There is also, in many places, much violent treatment, by the negroes themselves, of those of their own race who are guilty of defection from the party. They "bull-doze" and "ku-kluk" any "fool nigger" that "votes ag'in hisse'f an' his own intruss." "We'll run 'em out, shoah," they say of negroes who may vote the democratic ticket in the black districts. I could not learn that white men of either party give any attention to this negro "bull-dozing," or care anything about it. The "punishment" administered by the negroes for defection from the republican party is usually, as I was everywhere told by the negroes themselves, whipping or beating; but when the man to be punished has stock or property of any kind, it is sometimes destroyed, fences are

opened, and animals are turned into the fields to destroy his growing crop; or it is burned after it has been gathered.

NEGROES AND SHEEP VOTING.

If a man who owns a hundred sheep could pin a ballot into the wool of each, drive the flock to the polls, and have the ballots accepted and counted, the process would be "voting" on the part of the sheep as truly as is the carrying of tickets to the ballot-box by multitudes of these negroes the exercise of the right of suffrage on their part. Their mental relation to the act of voting differs little from that of the sheep in the case supposed.

Many of the local republican politicians with whom I conversed said that it was not desirable to give these negroes any political education or enlightenment, and that if it were desirable it would not be possible; that no means or effort could ever give them an intelligence or judgment of their own regarding political matters. "They will never know a thing about politics, if you talk to them till doomsday," these men say. "If we do not control them, the democrats will: that's the long and the short of the matter." I was everywhere impressed by the fact that the republican politicians of the South are much less hopeful regarding the improvement of the negroes, and their capabilities in the direction of the duties of intelligent citizenship, than are the democrats or "Bourbons." A word here regarding these local republican politicians. I do not mean that

what I am about to say applies to all the republican managers and office-holders whom I saw in the South; there are some exceptions; but it does apply to a very considerable proportion of those whom I met. From all these men — the most objectionable as well as the best — I received uniform courtesy and kindness, and I acknowledge my great indebtedness to most of them for information which nobody else could possibly have given me.

Most of the men whom I am here obliged to describe unfavorably are of Northern origin. Those of them who are postmasters appear to consider it their official business and duty to cause the people about them as much inconvenience and discomfort as they can, by way of punishing them for having been rebels, and for still being "Southerners" and democrats.

NORTHERN OFFICE-HOLDERS IN THE SOUTH.

Many times I was told, in answer to inquiries about the people of the town and its vicinity, "If I had my way they shouldn't have any facilities for business. They don't deserve any mail service, nor anything else, from the government they tried to overthrow." "But," I suggested sometimes, "the war was over a good while ago, and we must some time let the past alone, and begin anew. We whipped the South pretty thoroughly, did n't we? We can't go on forever punishing these people for what was done so long ago." And the answer was often, "The Southerners are just as bitter against the government and against the North as they were in '63. The war is not over yet, and it never will be while these people vote the democratic ticket. It was a great mistake that the government did not hang all the leading rebels at the close of the war."

I was talking with a man of this type, in an important Southern town, one day,

when three or four prominent democratic citizens of the place passed near where we were standing in the street. They saluted us civilly, and one of them asked my republican acquaintance what he thought of a recent friendly utterance, on the part of a distinguished Northern republican politician, regarding the Southern people and their industries and business interests. His reply was, "Yes, damn you, you've greased and swallowed him, but you can't swallow me. You ought to have been hanged when the war was over, and you deserve it now as much as you did then." The men merely bowed to me in silence, and passed on. This very radical gentleman was the postmaster of the town, and had held that office for several years.

In some instances, when I saw that the postmaster was a dissipated man, or in a marked degree uncivil or incompetent, I asked the leading business men of the place how they managed to endure the inconvenience and discourtesy to which they were subjected. They always said that there had been a great improvement within a few years, and that they trusted that time would still further relieve them, as a better class of men came to the South. In cases where a postmaster's want of adaptation to his position was manifest at once, even to a stranger, the business men, for some reason, showed great reserve and unwillingness to make any considerable criticism. I do not know whether this was because they were not disposed to speak freely to a stranger (they talked to me with wonderful frankness upon almost all other topics), or because they thought I might make trouble for them by reporting their unfavorable utterances; but I was not able to draw from Southern business men any direct criticism or complaint regarding particular persons connected with government offices in their own community, — that is, not from democrats.

A POSTMASTER COMES TO GRIEF.

In a prominent Southern city I had much talk with the postmaster. He was a young man from the North, and was glad to see a traveler from that region. He spoke very contemptuously of "society," and of the leading citizens; but he told me with much vivacity about the "sporting men" of the place, and of his adventures with the women of the town. I learned from him that he thought much of his proficiency in play; that he was "learning very fast," and had already won considerable sums in the gambling-houses of the city. I observed that he was rude and dictatorial in his business intercourse with the people, and many persons of his own political party spoke to me of his dissolute habits and character. When I last talked with him I made this entry in my note-book: "From what this man tells me of himself, it seems almost certain that he will use, or is using, the revenues of his office for the expenses of his way of living." Since then I have seen in the newspapers an account of his arrest for embezzlement of the money passing through the office or belonging to it.

A CLUMSY METHOD.

But, notwithstanding all the difficulties connected with negro suffrage, and with the unworthiness of many republican politicians in the South, I think the practice of hindering or neutralizing the negro vote, which I have described, a very clumsy method of dealing with these difficulties,—somewhat stupid or unintelligent, and entirely unprofitable and unnecessary so far as Southern interests, even those of the white people of the South, are concerned.

FAILURE OF THE SOUTHERN PLAN.

After much investigation of everything connected with the subject, I con-

clude that all illegal interference with the right of black men to vote in the Southern States is a mistake and a blunder on the part of those engaged in it. As a method of overcoming the difficulties or counteracting the evils connected with negro suffrage, it is unwise and mischievous. It has fatal defects, and, in practice, does more harm than good. I think it is entirely true, as Southerners so often urge, that the people of the Northern States do not generally appreciate or rightly understand the gravity of the problems involved in this matter of negro suffrage for the people of the South. How to maintain good government, and to secure the honest execution of the laws and the impartial administration of justice; how to preserve the institutions of civilized society where a great majority of the "free and sovereign citizens" are, as I have here described them, incapable of any real or intelligent use of the right of suffrage, is a problem that might well tax to the utmost the wisdom and energies of any people.

It does not seem to me wonderful or unpardonable that the people of some of the Southern States have made mistakes and failures in dealing with this matter. I am not certain that anybody else, in their place and circumstances, would have done much better than they. There are measures taken by them which I should be quite ready to denounce with the greatest severity, if such denunciation appeared to be adapted to produce improvement and reform. My present purpose, however, is to point out the course which, as it seems to me, is most likely to be useful to the Southern people themselves, of both races, in their relations to these questions.

EVADING THE DIFFICULTIES.

Some of the Southern States have tried to solve these problems, or rather they have tried to escape the difficulties involved, by means of laws, which,

in their practical effect, exclude a large proportion of the negro voters from the polls. This can be done, and this desired object can be attained under the forms of law. It is accomplished in some of the Southern States by poll-tax laws; by requiring all voters to pay an annual "capitation tax" as a condition of admission to the polls. These laws have the effect of disfranchising a great proportion of the negroes; were enacted for this special purpose, as leading Southern men everywhere frankly avow. This is, perhaps, better than violence and murder as a method of "protecting the ballot-box and preserving civilized society," but it does not really meet or overcome the difficulties of the situation. It is merely an endeavor to avoid or postpone them.

THE BEAM IN NEW ENGLAND'S EYE.

It was very frequently suggested by Southern men, in talking with me of this subject, that the people of New England employ methods somewhat similar in dealing with difficulties far less serious and pressing than those which beset the course of the people in the great black regions of the South. These gentlemen reminded me that even in New England the laws do not everywhere allow all men to vote; that "qualifications" are imposed, which, in their practical effect, exclude and disfranchise many who would otherwise have a right to vote. I have not thought it necessary, in such cases, to defend everything that is done in the Northern States, or everything belonging to New England. I have, on the contrary, preferred to admit that such qualifications and consequent exclusion and disfranchisement have been found unprofitable and mischievous wherever they have been adopted in the North; that they foster discontent, beget a feeling of enmity and rebellion against the commonwealth, and furnish opportunity for demagogues to inflame and mislead

the working people, especially in times of disturbed and depressed conditions of business and finance.

It is better to meet the difficulties of popular ignorance in the South and in the North fairly and justly than to try to evade them. It is the American political idea, or principle, to distribute sovereignty as widely as possible, and in accordance with this principle all men not criminals or insane should have equal voice in choosing their rulers, no matter what their color or race, or their condition of poverty, misfortune, ignorance, or other disability. Any modification of this principle involves the relinquishment of something which is essential to a system of government by the people.

Men learn faster how to use power rightly by possessing and using it than by being deprived of it and excluded from it; and any manifest inequality or injustice in the exclusion of a particular class always produces various unwholesome effects.

It was doubtless natural and to be expected that the white people of some of the Southern States should try to escape from the difficulties which result from negro suffrage by means of poll-tax laws, and other legislation having for its object the exclusion of most of the black men from the polls. Probably most of the Northern States would have done the same thing in the same circumstances. Nevertheless, I am certain that such a method cannot be permanently successful in this country; and even if something of the kind was several years ago inevitable at the South, it is now time to abandon it, and to accept in full the American political principle of universal suffrage. If Southern white men think it unsafe to permit the negroes to exercise or possess the right of suffrage, let them disfranchise them, and then surrender so much of their congressional representation as is based on the black population of their States.

This would at least be honest, though I think it would be unwise, because unnecessary.

BETTER TO GIVE EVERYBODY A FAIR CHANCE.

I am convinced that from this time forward it would be better for all the interests of the Southern people, better for the white race, that all men who are citizens of the United States, not insane persons or criminals, should enjoy and exercise the right of suffrage in the Southern States in which they reside, and that their use of this right should not in any way be restricted, interfered with, or neutralized, on account of their color or race, or even of their ignorance or incapacity. We shall be obliged, I think, to include the negroes in the great experiment of democracy.

THE REMEDY.

The first feature of the remedy which I would apply, for all the evils of ignorant negro suffrage, is publicity. Let the negroes vote; arrange everything connected with elections fairly and without discrimination against them on account of race; and then let Southern writers and newspapers report and describe, fully and accurately, all the actions, proceedings, and characteristics of the negroes in politics and in public and civil life, including their follies and improprieties and the mischiefs that result from their possession of political rights and power. A real acquaintance on the part of the American people in general with the essential facts in the case must be the basis of any method or course of action which is to lead to real improvement in "the Southern situation," or to any genuine solution of its difficulties. After studying these matters in every part of the South, I am obliged to conclude that the people of our country have never been adequately informed in regard to the condition of things in that region. There is still need

for much more extensive, accurate, and definite knowledge of the state and character of the South than is yet possessed by the Northern people in general; and it is also true that many of the people of the Southern States, even of the intelligent classes, are very imperfectly acquainted with the real condition of large classes of the people of their own States.

I found everywhere strong reasons for a new study of the facts of the time; for observations pursued with the sole wish to obtain the truth and the whole truth, with no partial or partisan purpose or interests in view; and for a report which should be simply accurate and faithful, as the necessary basis for all valuable judgment or opinion. This need of reporting, as distinguished from advocacy or argument, and from novel-writing, cannot be too strongly emphasized. There is excellent opportunity and abundant material for the construction of novels and romances dealing with Southern life and its conditions; but such works do not furnish the best method for conveying to the Northern people the knowledge which they require to enable them rightly to understand the actual facts of life in the South and of the relations between the two races there. It is knowledge which is needed, wide observation of facts, accurate, photographic reporting, and then such comparison and discussion of the results, of the facts of the situation, as the thoughtful people of our country are abundantly capable of conducting when they are possessed of sufficient information.

SOUTHERN WRITERS.

When I suggested this view of the matter to Southern men, they usually lamented their lack of writers of ability who could adequately present the facts of the Southern situation for the consideration of the Northern people; but surely, Southern men can observe, can study,

existing conditions and activities in their own country, and can report the facts accurately, without coloring, distorting or suppressing them. If they cannot now do this they must learn, for herein lies their salvation. But they have already shown (or some of their journalists have shown) that they have sufficient ability for such work. It only remains for them to use their powers in the direction here indicated. It cannot be too much insisted upon that no such study or presentation of the facts of Southern life and political and social conditions has yet been made by Southern men, and that the people of the South need such information quite as much as the people of the North, perhaps more.

NORTHERN DESIRE FOR LIGHT.

I observed that Southern men often expressed a feeling of distrust or uncertainty regarding the disposition or willingness of the Northern people to receive, and of Northern editors to publish, the real truth in regard to the South, without partisan manipulation. But I assured them that in this respect they were in error; that the people of the Northern States wished to know the exact truth regarding the whole state of things in the South; and that the editors of the most influential publications in the North were not only willing to publish the exact truth, but were most desirous to obtain it. The people of the South should present their own case, if they feel that they have one. They may be sure that this work of observing and reporting the facts of Southern political conditions and activities will be taken up more and more extensively, and performed more and more thoroughly, by Northern men; and it would be an excellent thing for Southern interests if Southern men would lead in this field. There is a desire throughout the North for fuller knowledge of Southern affairs. This desire

is certain to increase. There will soon be many workers in this field, and the educated and patriotic young men of the South could not desire opportunity for service more worthy of their best powers, or more important for the welfare of the communities in which they live.

PROGRESSIVE JOURNALISM.

The South needs an independent press; not merely two or three great newspapers in the largest cities, but journals in every State, for the thorough, fearless discussion of political subjects in a truly national and unpartisan spirit. It is also most necessary that Southern men of ability and thoughtfulness should everywhere throw off the feeling of helplessness and depression, in regard to the evils of the political condition of their States, which has characterized so many of them. There should be no incurable evils in this country. However great may be the obstacles in the path of the Southern people, they can be removed, or greatly diminished, by the means which I have here indicated. There is still far too much of a disposition among Southern men to excuse themselves from all effort for improvement in political matters on account of the abuses and wrongs connected with the "carpet-bag governments" and the enfranchisement of the negroes. But the time for helplessness and for mere complaining is past.

COMING PERILS.

I do not doubt that serious inconveniences will yet, in many instances and in various ways, result from the unrestricted use of the ballot by the ignorant black voters, so many of whom are, as I have pointed out, entirely incapable of any real exercise of the right of suffrage. It may be true that it was a most ill-advised and mischievous proceeding to give the emancipated slaves the ballot, but that is not now a very practical or interesting question. It

has been done, and there is not the slightest probability that the ballot will ever be taken from them. There will be no permanent peace or prosperity in the South until the mass of the Southern people, or their leaders, accept equal political rights for the negro as something inevitable. They need not say they like it if they do not, or that they believe "the reconstruction measures" were wise, or that Northern politicians are all saints and incorruptible patriots; but negro suffrage is an accomplished fact. It will be a part of all that the South can do or become in politics. The negro is in the South, and is in her political life, and has come to stay.

If leading Southern men will declare themselves in favor of honesty in political action, of equal political rights for both races, and of the protection of all classes of voters in the unabridged exercise of the right of suffrage, and will work for these ends, they will have the most vital sympathy and assistance of the people of the North, under any evils or abuses that may come upon the South, or any portion of it, as the result of negro suffrage. But the best people of the North, the real North, will never believe that fraud and intimidation are necessary as permanent features of the political life of any community in our country. Northern men who are entirely free from passion and prejudice against the South, — and there are many of them, — and who wish to aid the Southern people to attain the highest possible prosperity, can do little for this end while the practice of suppressing or neutralizing the negro vote is maintained. Any political system which includes and tolerates such practices is a hopeless quicksand, upon which nothing can be made to stand; a bottomless pit of corruption, which must ultimately swallow up the civil institutions of a people blind enough to believe that injustice can be made a means of security.

THE WORK MUST BE DONE IN THE SOUTH.

Let Southern men everywhere go to work to expel from politics all dishonest and corrupt leaders, whether they are from the North or the South; let them use all means in their power to increase and diffuse intelligence among the people of both races, to educate and develop public sentiment in accordance with the principles of justice and right; and especially let them inculcate and practice obedience to law. They can then maintain self-respect under whatever temporary evils may still afflict them, and their attitude and course of action will develop such influences and methods as are best adapted to correct and remove all such evils.

I believe that these suggestions embody a practicable and adequate remedy for the "troubles of the South," so far as they are connected with negro suffrage, or are produced by its results or accompaniments. These things will require time and patience, but they can be done, and must be, if our national experiment of government by the people is to succeed. I think that what cannot be cured in America by honesty, justice, intelligence, and public spirit will have to be endured; for no evil can be removed by injustice, except by substituting a worse evil than the one which is expelled. The day of the old order of things, the time for suppressing or neutralizing the negro vote by illegal or unjust means, has passed away.

SIGNS OF A CRASH.

It was evident to me, throughout the South, that existing conditions in regard to politics and the organization and relations of parties were extremely unstable, and their duration uncertain. Even the leaders and principal supporters of the dominant or successful organizations appeared to be weary of present arrangements, and desirous of change.

There was everywhere a sense of hollowness, of the unreality of the issues and grounds of dispute between the parties; a half-suppressed cry — sometimes almost agonizing in its intensity — for “new issues,” for some development or combination, which would give opportunity for a change of front on the part of the democratic party. But it did not seem probable that the republican party, as now constituted in the Southern States, would be able, in many instances, to combine the various elements of disaffection and revolt. It appeared to me that in most cases the first successful insurrection against the existing order of things in politics in the South would not be made on the ground of any very elevated or important principles, but would be chiefly a struggle for power and “the spoils” on the part of “new men.” I saw many of these in every part of the South. They were “waiting for a chance,” to use an expression which one constantly hears from them. I often asked them, “What shall you try to do? What will be the basis or aim of the new movement in your State?” And the answer nearly always was, “Don’t know; we shall go in for anything, for a new deal. That we’re bound to have.”

THE “NEW MEN.”

Perhaps it is what we should naturally expect under the circumstances, but nevertheless the evident unscrupulousness of many of these new men, their indifference to the obligations of honesty, their lack of public spirit and of regard for law, are not favorable signs of the times. In personal honor, probity, public spirit, and most of the qualities of good citizenship, they are very commonly inferior to the Bourbon leaders, whom they are likely soon to displace. One cannot help seeing this, however strongly he may be opposed to the political principles and methods of the democratic party in the Southern States.

What I have presented regarding the condition and needs of the South has reference to the course which, as it seems to me, should be pursued by the Southern people. But no honest report of the existing state of things in that region can be made which does not recognize those features of the situation which are produced by the agency and character of Northern men holding office in the South. There are many of these, in most or all of the Southern States, who are a source of weakness, and not of strength, to any national administration which appoints them. Their real character and methods of action cannot be known, I think, to the highest authorities in the government, or they would at once be dismissed, and would disappear from political life forever. There is something abnormal and unwholesome, it seems to me, in the practice of rewarding a politician for services rendered to his party in New Hampshire, for instance, by appointing him postmaster in a town in Alabama. There are good, loyal, moderate men, of irreproachable character, everywhere in the South, — enough of them to fill all such offices; and the republican party would, in my judgment, be greatly strengthened by the selection of such men for most of the local offices in the South, which are filled by appointment in Washington.

SOUTHERN EDUCATION.

There is much to encourage all thoughtful and patriotic men in the present attitude and activities of the people of the Southern States relative to education. The increase of popular interest and of accomplished results is everywhere manifest and vital. All educational work in the South, whatever the obstacles and discouragements in this field may be, has the advantage of a constantly rising tide, and of being done on widening lines of advance. It is a time of growth, of new undertak-

ings, more comprehensive plans, and, generally, of increasing revenues and resources of all kinds. The very fact that our educational work has been going on so long, and that our educational institutions are established so firmly and securely, is, in most Northern communities, a reason for a somewhat languid popular feeling in regard to education. "The machinery runs itself." But in the South there is a newness about much of the educational work now going on, which gives opportunity for personal earnestness and self-sacrifice; and for the development of popular enthusiasm, and thus the situation has its advantages as well as its disadvantages.

MORE PRACTICAL THAN IN THE NORTH.

I observed also, nearly everywhere, a feature of great interest and importance in the fact that the new education in the South is tending to become more practical and industrial than is the education which is obtained in most of the schools of the Northern States. The Southern people are compelled, by the peculiar conditions and circumstances of life in their communities, to inquire more closely than is usually done in the North what kind of knowledge and instruction will be most useful to the young in after-life. The new education in the Southern States is, in many instances, better suited to the needs of the people there than is the average Northern school education to the needs of the masses here.

Of course there is still a vast amount of popular ignorance and indifference almost everywhere in the South; there are many incompetent teachers; and there is the general discouragement of inadequate revenues for pressing needs. But, considering the recent extreme impoverishment of the country, and the violent displacement of the old system of social life and of the institutions of all these States, the results actually attained in the establishment and admin-

istration of new systems of popular education are remarkable and highly gratifying. The Peabody Fund has produced immeasurable benefits in the Southern States. I visited many of the men who are chiefly concerned in its administration, and it is evident that this work is generally in the hands of gentlemen who are admirably fitted for its management, and that the proceeds of this endowment are distributed with scrupulous fidelity, and with a wise perception of the chief needs of the time.

EDUCATING THE NEGROES.

The foremost men in the Southern States — I mean those who are foremost in business, and in the social and moral life and activities of the local communities — are everywhere taking up the subject of education for the negroes in a serious and business-like spirit. I did not find anywhere, except in Southwestern Texas, any manifestation of prejudice against negro education, or feeling of jealousy regarding the advancement of the colored people in intelligence or capability for self-elevation. The Southern people are divided in opinion regarding the capacity of the negroes for continued or permanent intellectual improvement; some of them holding that, while the negroes readily acquire the rudiments of knowledge on account of their imitative ability, they are much inferior to the white people in whatever requires sustained and complex mental activity. This is probably true, but no such rule can be of universal application, and Southern men say everywhere that many individuals among the colored people are capable of using profitably the best educational facilities that can be placed within their reach, and that it is necessary for the welfare of the white people that the negroes should be educated as fast and as fully as possible.

Many of the Southern people appear to me to be rather sanguine and extrav-

agant in their expectations regarding the results of popular intellectual enlightenment. They talk very much as Horace Mann and his fellow-laborers talked, when they were beginning the intellectual revival which led to the establishment of the New England public-school system. They will of course find, as has been shown in the Northern States, that even after the public schools have educated the mass of the people, other problems of a serious nature remain.

A CLASS WITH NO FRIENDS.

The negroes are being educated more rapidly, in large portions of the South, than are the people known as "poor whites." More interest is felt and greater efforts are made in behalf of the negroes than for this class of white people. The negro has the advantage of being in the world's eye and mind. He is somewhat picturesque, and occupies a position of historic interest. He has powerful friends. The poor whites have no friends; there is no picturesqueness, no historic interest, connected with their situation. The leading white men of the Southern States, democrats, seem to me to feel a more kindly interest in the negroes than in this class of poor people of their own race. They know much more about them. Greater effort is likely to be made, for a long time to come, for the education and improvement of the negroes than for the advancement of the poor whites; and yet the class is not at all so degraded or so worthless as is popularly believed. These people are *primitive* in character, and in the conditions and methods of their life, but they are not degraded. There is, however, great danger that many of them will be debased under the changed conditions of the new order of things in the South. No other class in that portion of our country is so little understood, or would better repay careful study. It is highly important that

the attention of thoughtful, philanthropic and patriotic men, both North and South, should be directed to their position and probable tendencies in relation to the new life of the country in which they live. In blood and inherited qualities they are not, generally, vicious or low. But they have no friends, no sympathy, either North or South.

"OPEN THE NATIONAL TREASURY!"

Leading Southern democrats almost everywhere believe that aid from the national government in the education of the negroes is desirable, and indeed indispensable. To one accustomed in the North to hear democrats oppose all avoidable interference of the general government with the affairs of the States and of local communities, it is startling to hear Southern democrats so generally and so vehemently advocate a national system of education, to be sustained by the national treasury. When I suggested to these gentlemen that many even among republicans in the North think it unwise to make any greater changes than are absolutely necessary, on account of the war, in our institutions and our methods of public administration, they were sometimes almost impatient.

"Whether anybody likes it or not," they said, "one of the results of the war is centralization, a great development of the power and functions of the national government. The sphere of state governments and of state activities will decline more and more, and the powers and duties of the state governments will pass, in increasing measure, to the national executive." And they always went on to urge that just as the people along the Lower Mississippi cannot adequately protect the country from destructive inundations, and therefore the care of the river and the maintenance of a system of levees are properly a work for national subsidies, so the work of the education of the negro race will

be so stupendous in its requirements that it will be impossible for the Southern people to provide for its inevitable cost. They also often urge that as the national government freed the slaves, and then gave them the ballot, it is justly under obligation to pay the expense of educating the race.

GONE TO THE OTHER EXTREME.

It is evident that the "subsidy view" of government is everywhere strongly held in the South, and that henceforth the most determined champions of "centralization" will be found in that portion of our country. There is not anywhere in the South such fealty to the traditions or doctrines of the democratic party as to make this change, or any other, in the least difficult or unnatural. This disposition to enlarge the powers and functions of the national government, to make it as strong as possible, and to diminish the scope of the functions and sovereignty of the States has already reached an extreme development in the South. I found very little trace of a healthful, intelligent spirit of respect for the constitutional position and powers of the separate States, except in Texas. The best people in that State are opposed to its division into two or more States, as they wish to make it as strong as possible in the national House of Representatives, and they seem to have a wholesome sense of the importance of maintaining the proper balance and constitutional relations between the spheres of the national and state governments. It would be well for thoughtful men in New England and throughout the Northern States to recognize the need of cultivating a rational and practical doctrine and sentiment of "state rights," and of respect for the fundamental provisions of the national constitution relating to this subject, as a corrective to the extravagant and somewhat fantastic advocacy of centralization which has been developed in the South.

THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.

The University of Virginia is an institution worthy of the interest of cultivated and public-spirited men everywhere, North as well as South. It is doing excellent work. Many of its students are poor, and are struggling hard, with painfully limited means, to acquire an education. It greatly needs additional endowment. I obtained, by personal investigation, the knowledge of several cases of remarkable self-denial, of heroic endurance of hardship, among the students of this university, and of other institutions in the Southern States. They are precisely such as were familiar in so many New England country towns in the old times, where the people were poor; a boy starved, and the whole family starved, that he might go to college.

WHAT HORACE MANN WOULD FEEL.

While visiting the colleges in Mississippi, Texas, Alabama, North Carolina, and Virginia, I was constantly reminded of Horace Mann, and I thought everywhere of the happy enthusiasm which he would feel if he were alive to-day, and could see what I have seen of the work of the friends of popular education in the Southern States. I do not wish, by naming the University of Virginia, to convey the impression that other institutions in the South are not worthy of Northern sympathy and confidence. In all the other States excellent work is done, and the colleges and universities, though sadly crippled by lack of means, are still everywhere centres of light, and of wholesome, vivifying culture. Whatever Bourbonism there may be in other departments of Southern life, I found no signs of evil result from its influence in the work of Southern schools and colleges. Many of the best of these institutions are under the control of men of the class to whom the term Bourbon is always

applied by many Northern journals, and it would be well for the interests of education if they could remain under the same management. Many signs in the South indicate that, under the control of the new men who will come into power "when Bourbon rule is broken up," educational endowments and trusts are likely to be less secure and less valuable than they are now.

SCHOOLS FOR YOUNG WOMEN.

The female seminaries, or boarding-schools for young women, are doing excellent work throughout the South. The one at Staunton, Virginia, is a good type of the class. I should like to describe a visit to this school, but what is best about it is in so great degree of a personal and domestic nature that I cannot speak of it very fully. But the school, like several others which I visited in different Southern States, is the life-work of a good woman, and everything about it is pervaded and inspired by her personal qualities. The education which is given in these seminaries seems a little old-fashioned to a New England man, a little more feminine than that which is given to the daughters of the North in our day, but it may be none

the worse for that. Certainly the spirit of the pupils seems everywhere to be remarkably wholesome and satisfactory, as a visitor is sometimes privileged to see when dining in the great hall with the whole school. In several of these seminaries I observed that the rules forbid all novel-reading during the term.

KEEP WHAT IS GOOD.

Many changes are in progress in the South, and more will doubtless come within a few years; among other things, changes in the education of girls, and in popular taste and sentiment regarding the position, culture, and work of women. But some things which the South has brought down from a former time are good and admirable, and it is to be hoped that the Southern people will not be in haste to relinquish them.

An interesting and valuable book might be written on the history, endowments, character, personal equipment and work of Southern schools, colleges, and universities. Each State in the Union should prepare and publish for the use of its people, and as a part of its system of education, a history of its school system, and of the institutions of learning within its domain.

NEW FAITHS.

NEW? So, O Lord, thy tender mercies are,
So freshly blooms in heaven each evening's star.
NEW?—yet from everlasting Truth is true;
Ever, of old, the wise thy wisdom knew.

Newly man's plummet sounds the gracious deeps,
Clearer his eye may catch the glorious steeps;
'T is the same mountain-top serene above,
The same still ocean of eternal love.

S. W. Weitzel.

DOCTOR ZAY.

X.

THEY had come out now upon the open road. Faint colors remained in the west,—ashes-of-roses and alloyed gold. There was a young moon sinking behind the forest. The untrodden street stretched on, dimly defined in the immature light. The windows of the near village glimmered ruddily beyond.

"Drive faster," said Yorke. "I must get home." He had the heavy, painful pant of an exhausted man. She gave one glance at him, and one flick of the whip to the pony, who put down her head, and took to her slender feet the wings of the wind. The night air came in warm gusts against their faces as they flew over the solitary road. She drove directly to her own side of the house, tied the horse, and resolutely presented her shoulder.

"I have hurt you," she said gently. "You must let me help you—this once."

He did not repulse her; he felt too sick. It seemed to make little difference what happened, and so he got into the house. She helped him through into the parlor, and shut the outer doors. Only one low lamp burned somewhere; in the office, he thought. She groped for matches; he lay and listened to the fine rustle of her linen dress. As more light flashed into the room, he saw her standing in her white clothes. She looked very tall and pale. She brought him a tablespoonful of brandy, which he swallowed obediently, and for which he felt better. Then, without perceptible hesitation, this remarkable young woman took out her medicine-case.

"Are you a woman?" he panted.

"I am a doctor."

"Take away your sugar-plums!"

She drew the rubber strap over the case.

"As you please. Your condition calls for a remedy. I can't have you subject to these nervous sinking-turns."

"I need no remedy—but one. It is the only one,—the Divine Remedy in deed and truth. You refuse it to me."

"I have refused you nothing."

"True; I have asked for nothing. But you would deny me, if I did."

"Yes," she replied solemnly, "I should."

"Sit down by me," pleaded Yorke.

"I want to finish this."

"You had much better wait," she urged with decision, but not without tenderness,—that ready, cruel, professional tenderness; he would rather she had poisoned him.

"I will not wait. I am stronger. See!—I am all right now, although, as you said, not strong enough to—What a merciless thing that was to say!"

"I know it must have seemed so, Mr. Yorke. Believe, if you can, that I mean to be kind."

"It seems to me," said Yorke, struggling up against the bright *bizarre* sofa pillows, and turning his haggard face towards her, "that the only thing I am strong enough to do, yet, is to love you. I believe it is the only thing I have ever done strongly in my life. It will not be the last. I can see already how it is going to alter everything. Good God! What is a man going to do, with life before him, and such a feeling in it! It will take the work of ten to hold him. There is n't a woman of the whole of you that knows what it is. There's more of you than any other woman I ever knew, but you don't know; you *can't* know."

She sat on the edge of the chair, a

little sidewise, leaning back, just as she had dropped there when he asked her to sit by him, her hands clasped over the medicine-case, with whose rubber strap she had bound her fingers down. She watched him with a look which no plummet in his soul could fathom.

"You are wrong!" he cried. "You are cold, unnatural! It was unwomanly in you to tell me I was only nervous!"

"It is not the first time that a woman has been called unwomanly for saying the truth," said Doctor Zay, without flinching. "I do not doubt I have seemed unwomanlike to you in many other respects. Your ideal and my fact are a world's width apart."

"You have never seemed unwomanly to me, in all that we have been through, — never once!" said Yorke. "I have thought you, from the very first — you have been to me the loveliest woman I ever knew!" His voice shook. She sat, without a change either in her attitude or expression, regarding him with narrow, inscrutable eyes.

"I have not thought," he went on, with gathering strength, "I have not dared to think, that I had won anything from *you*, — a sick man whining on your little bottles for the breath of life! And I know that others, other men — I understand my cruel disadvantage; it is that that galls me so!"

"Other men have nothing to do with it," she said gravely. "I have had different things to do from thinking what would be pleasing to men. My life is not like other women's. It is not often that I am troubled in this way. I do not mean to treat you harshly, believe me. But I do not say hard things easily; perhaps I am out of practice."

"Surely," said Yorke, smiling despite himself at this, "you have known what it is to be loved."

"Yes, I have been beloved," she answered simply. "I suppose no woman avoids that. If I had not, I should have no right to tell you that you are

not in love. I should not have any standard."

"Nothing can give you any such right!" he repeated feverishly.

"I do not know how to continue this discussion," she said, after a painful pause. "I seem to have few ideas and fewer words for such a purpose. I can find nothing to tell you but what I said in the carriage. My professional responsibility gives me my right."

"And I reiterate what I said in the carriage, — that I relieve you of what you call your responsibility."

"Then I must renew my answer, — that this is a thing you cannot do. So we are repeating ourselves, like history, and proving how worse than vain it is to talk in this way."

"You speak as if I were a creature lent to you, — entrusted to you, soul and body!" blazed the young man.

"So you were," said the physician quietly. "So you are."

"If anything could make me *unlove* you," said Yorke, with calm desperation, "such a speech as that would do it. But it works just the other way. Listen to me, Miss Lloyd. I *will* love you. You cannot help it. I will tell you so. You cannot help that. You must accept it. You must endure it. You must remember it. I shall not allow you to forget it."

One swift, dangerous gleam darted from her guarded eyes. The whole woman seemed impelled by some elemental instinct, mightier than he, mightier than herself, to warn him off. She did not trust herself to speak, and this gave him the first advantage he had felt; he hastened to avail himself of it.

"It is insufferable that any woman should treat any man as you treat me. Because I am a patient, am I not a man? Because I dislocated my ankle and concussed my brain (as is quite evident now, if it never was before), am I to be set aside like a hysteric girl, for the state of whose limp emotions her medical at-

tendant feels in honor bound to look out?"

"Can you tell me any reason," asked Doctor Zay serenely, "why I should not feel the same sense of honor that a man would in the case you describe? But I have never called you hysteric."

"You consider my love a symptom, I suppose, — another symptom; like a nervous sinking-turn, or my afternoon headaches."

"Since you press the question, Mr. Yorke, I do, indeed. That is just what I consider it."

"It's a pretty serious one," fiercely, "as you will find out before you have done with me. It is beyond the reach of any pellet in your little case; the remedy is not included in your *Materia Medica*."

"That may be true. But Nature has her own unerring prescriptions. A single dose of absence — even in the first attenuation — will work a recovery which will astonish yourself, sir. It will not surprise me."

She said the last five words with a vague sadness, elusive as the sigh of a ghost, which did not escape the lover's fine ear. She rose as she spoke, and pushed back her chair. She stood looking down at him. For a silent moment his suffering and weakness seemed to plead with her splendid nerve and strength, and to find them implacable; yet to urge her, perhaps, against her own determination, into the tone of something like self-defense, in which she said,

"What should I be, if I could take the charge of a man like you, — a sensitive man, stricken down in perfect health by such a serious nervous shock, knowing nothing of its subtler effects; a man brought up from the grip of death inch by inch back to life, dependent on the creature who saves him, confusing his gratitude and his idleness and his suffering with other feelings so much greater, — what sort of a woman should

I be, if I did not feel responsible for him? I should despise myself, Mr. Yorke, if I let you drift into such breakers as those; if I *allowed* you to believe that this is love you feel for me. I should think it was the most unwomanly thing I ever did in my life!"

He had risen to reply to her, and they confronted each other, flashing and pale.

"Not a word more to-night," she said authoritatively. "It is unsafe and wrong; I cannot permit you to talk in this way another moment. Go back to your room, and go to bed. Sleep if you can. Go home next week; as you intended. It will be the wisest thing you have done for a long while."

"I must see you again to-morrow," said Yorke, stretching out his hand blindly.

"Very well," she replied, without hesitation. "I do not advise it, but I will not refuse it. Only go now, and — I hope you will sleep," she added sorrowfully.

She stood watching him as he tottered to the door. Had he seen the expression of her face he would have got no comfort from it; he would not even have understood it; yet he would have felt it to be an indefinable gain that he had not missed it.

"Mr. Yorke!" He turned drearily around. "Put yourself in my place for a moment. Reverse our positions."

Her words died before his protesting, passionate man's eyes. Just then she pitied them more than any woman's she had ever seen.

"I can't," he said hoarsely. "It makes a madman of me!"

XI.

The next morning it rained. Mr. and Mrs. Butterwell therefore experienced astonishment when their invalid lodger appeared at breakfast with the request that Mr. Butterwell would drive

him out to conduct some business relative to his uncle's estate.

"You look fitter to be abed and tended up," said his hostess, halting at that stage of latent sympathy which we are moved to express to the sick by active severity. "I'll read to you, if that will keep you home and teach you sense. I'll read poetry, if you like. I can. Isaiah has a copy of Tennyson's *In Memoriam* (I gave it to him Christmas), though I must say I never could find head nor tail on it more'n on a roasted chicken. I'll read you anything but the Bible. It's against my principles to read Bible to sick folks. It ain't cheerful enough. Mr. Butterwell had the liver complaint once, and he got such a shine for readin' in the *Minor Prophets* and the *Imprecatory Psalms* I told the Doctor it was the most serious symptom about him; and it was. He'd have pined right along if I had n't got him into the genealogies in *Matthew*, and so eased off on to the secular page of the *Congregationalist*, and slipped him up one day into *Mark Twain's Innocents Abroad*."

"Why, *Sar-ah!*" said Mr. Butterwell patiently. But he went out to harness his big sorrel at once, since, if Mr. Yorke wished to ride, that ended the matter. Mr. Butterwell failed to see what his liver complaint had to do with poor Jed's estate, and more than ever realized his own deficiencies in general conversation.

"It is time I began to thank you for an infinite series of obligations, Mrs. Butterwell," said Yorke, pushing back his chair from the breakfast table. "I am going home next week."

"Infinite fiddlesticks!" retorted Mrs. Butterwell. "Going to—*Surinam!*" Her soft eyes peered at him gently as a bird's over these terrible words. "Why, Doctor has n't got half through with you!"

"I am afraid she has, quite through," said the young man. "I am going by

Monday's boat, if I can get over to *Jonesboro'* in season to take it. I shall find the best man I can round here, and leave Uncle Jed's affairs in the hands of a local lawyer. I am not strong enough to be bothered with them. I have written to my mother that I shall join her at *Nahant* as soon as possible."

"Does Doctor think you're fit to take the journey?" asked Mrs. Butterwell, after some studious consideration.

"I did n't ask her. She approves of my going."

"Doctor knows best about things in her line," replied Mrs. Butterwell, closely regarding her lodger. "But between you and me, there's one thing that ain't in it."

"What is that?" asked Yorke, with a pale smile.

"Men-folks," said Mrs. Butterwell succinctly. She considered this a truly scholarly reply, which it was not precise to amend by foot-notes. Her shrewd, homely face lengthened as Mr. Yorke limped away. Mrs. Butterwell had received a shock.

Doctor Zay was called out early that day, and kept out late. Yorke attended to his business, and made no effort to see her till night. She was away at dinner, and he took tea in his own room. The storm continued. He passed an idle, almost an entirely solitary day. He had some scientific books of *Wallace's*, which she had lent him: he tried to read; the thing was impossible. The rain came in gusts upon the windows, with lulls between; he listened to it with a sense of personal irritation at the nervous combat of sound and silence, which served as a shallow outlet to the steady torrent of his feeling.

We find it in our way, as we get well past these sharp alternations of shine and shade, to miss something of sympathy with what time has blurred into gray backgrounds for ourselves; to see less of the dignity, less of the pathos, more of the frailty, and more of the

folly of the great passions before which youth and vigor and hope and rectitude are beaten down like breath before the oncoming of cyclones. And yet I think it is not the best way of aging, to grow so gray at the heart, and that it were what might almost be called a coarse thing to smile at our young fellow here, writhing in the grip of his first clench with life. He loved, or thought he did. It is better to be off with our hats and down on our knees to illusions that we have long since overthrown, than to withhold from the most transparent of them the reverence which is the eternal due of human conflict.

He sought her in the evening, through the steady downfall of the storm. She had never invited him to make use of that other door, which connected her parlor with the body of the house. It was so wet that he ventured to go before the office hours were over, thinking that no one would be there. He found himself mistaken. A patient was in conference with her, and he waited awkwardly in the office till the woman had gone.

This little misstep seemed, when they were left alone together, to give him an unnecessary disadvantage before her. He stood, embarrassed and savage, midway between the office and the lighted parlor. "I thought there was nobody here," he said confusedly.

"And there is n't," she answered, smiling up at him as if nothing had happened. Her sweet womanly graciousness, which set him at ease again, seemed subtly to put her out of it, and to give him a vague sense of having gained a mastery of the moment, which he did not see his way to use.

He did not try to use it, and followed her into the parlor, cursing his inadequacy.

"Won't you take the lounge?" she asked, wheeling it lightly towards him.

"No. I must try to sit up, if I am going Monday."

"Monday?" She could not, or did not, control a slight movement of surprise. He tried in vain to interpret it as one of regret.

"If I can. The sooner the better. You agree with me, I am sure."

"As a person, yes. As a physician, no. It would be safer for you to wait till the next boat. You are hardly ready for the journey. You are living on nerve."

"And shall till I get away from you," said Yorke bluntly.

"Perhaps so," returned the doctor, sighing; "I am of course a little at sea in such a case as this. I wish to facilitate your departure as much and as fast as I can." She stiffened into her professional manner. He felt as if he had struck a glacier in a clover-field.

"I want to talk this out before I go," proceeded Yorke doggedly.

"It only wastes nerve-fibre," said the doctor in an undertone.

"The physiological basis is not the only one on which life is to be taken, Doctor Zay. I have told you before that I am a man as well as a patient. Try to remember it, if you can."

"What is the use in remembering it?" she said unexpectedly. He held his breath for a moment, scrutinizing her averted face.

"Do you mind," he asked suddenly, "my asking whether I am so far too late in the declaration of my feeling for you, that some other man would have a right, or think he had, to?" —

"I am not going to marry Dr. Penhallow, if that is what you mean," she interrupted calmly.

"Thank you," said Yorke, after what seemed to her a long silence. He could not keep the rebellious hope out of his pale face. It dashed at her like a sunlit shower.

She looked up, saw it, and shook her head at it, as if it had been a word or outcry.

"It is not impossible, then," persisted

he, "that you might some time begin to love me" —

"It is like the miracles," replied the doctor. "It is not logic to assume their impossibility. Their improbability is so great that it amounts to about the same thing. Put aside the thought of my loving you, Mr. Yorke, in justice and in mercy to yourself. I cannot demonstrate to you the futility of your hope. I can only state it. The sooner you accept it, the better for us both. Let us consider this a case of aphonia and aphasia, and be done with it."

"Explain yourself to the ignorant, my learned physician."

"Aphonia is inability to speak" —

"Oh, yes; my Greek might have stood me for that. And aphasia is inability to hear?"

"Precisely."

"That is a scientific reply," said Yorke, regarding her keenly. "I am not sure that it is" — He checked himself. She did not ask him to finish his sentence, but sat with downcast, troubled lids before him.

"Suppose you could love me," he urged, "in the course of time, after a good while; suppose you did not thwart or deny the feeling of kindliness which I hope I may say you have for me; suppose you reconsidered the reasonableness of the miracle."

"It would make no difference; none at all!" She lifted her head, and her eyes, like sleepless sentinels, forced him off. All his manhood roused itself to defy them. He felt himself swept along by a power as mysterious to him as if he only out of the world had ever come into helpless and beautiful contact with it. All his lot, like a Pagan fate, moved on in its destined way to its appointed end. He experienced the terrible acceleration of a passion, and found that neither nature nor observation had given him any more prevision of the force of the torrent than they had power wherewith to stay it.

"I love you," he repeated, — "I love you!" as if the fact itself must be an appeal inexorable to her as the laws of light, or gravitation, or any natural code which she could not infringe without penalty.

She made a slight gesture, which seemed one of entreaty rather than of impatience, rose, and walked over to the window, which she flung open. A dash of rain swept through. She stood in the gust for a moment. The light from the globed lamps struggled out against the darkness, and Yorke could see a wet honeysuckle staring in; the yellow flower dripped and nodded at him.

He got up and followed her, half unconsciously.

"You would not want to give up your profession," he began. "You should not give it up! I would not ask it" —

A slow, slight smile curled the delicate corners of her lips.

"You will take cold," she said. She shut the window, and, turning, faced him. Her hair was wet with the rain, and glittered.

"Have you *nothing* for me?" he cried.

"Nothing that you would care for. Men do not value a woman's friendship. They do not understand it. They do not know what to do with it."

"No! I will not have your friendship!" He turned his back to her, and stood, trembling.

"It would be perfectly useless to you, if you would," said Doctor Zay, a little drearily. "You are not well enough to try difficult experiments. Make up your mind to let them all alone, — and me, too."

"I will never let you alone!" said the lover, under his breath.

"Oh yes, you will," said the woman of science quietly. "In a few months you will find it easier to let me alone than to shatter your nervous system over me in this way. Nothing could be

worse," she added, "for those spinal symptoms."

"I believe they are right," answered Yorke, with dull bitterness; his imagination at that moment was denuded of hope. "A woman cannot follow a career without ruin to all that is noblest and sweetest and truest in her nature. Your heart is as hard as your lancet. Your instinct has become as cruel. If I had a fair chance, it should not be so. I would compel you to feel my presence, to recognize my claim. You should be wounded by a bullet that you could not find,—that slipped, and defied your probe, and rankled till you respected it."

He had made his way back, weakly, as he spoke, to the sofa, upon which he sank, pale and panting.

"The sick are at such horrible odds!" he cried. "It must be bad enough for a woman, but for a man!"—

He stopped, startled. She had floated to him with an impetuous motion. He saw her outstretched hands; she leaned above him; her resolute features broke.

"Stop!" she said. "Please stop!"

"What should I stop for?" He held up his arms. She retreated like a dream, and stood towering above him, like a statue. The agitation of her face contrasted singularly with the massiveness of her attitude. He was sure that he saw tears before she dashed them away, as if they had been ignoble impulses.

"Mr. Yorke," she said, in a tone of infinite gentleness, "the time will come when you will bless me for what I am doing now,—for my 'heartlessness,' my 'cruelty,' my 'unwomanliness.' They are three words easy to remember. I shall not forget them—at once. You will retract them some time. You will tell me that perhaps I deserved a—milder phrase. But never mind that! It is not a question of what I deserve. It is a question of what you require. Beyond doubt, that is absolute sepa-

ration from all this pathological sentiment, and the exciting cause of it. I insist upon this separation. I will not receive any more expressions of your supposed feeling for myself. Go home to your mother and your own people,—to the kind of women you are used to, and understand. As you grow physically stronger, you will rebound to your own environment as naturally as you will walk without crutches. I have been nothing but a crutch to you, Mr. Yorke!"

He raised himself upon the pillows, leaning his head upon his hand and shading his eyes, watching her intently; he did not interrupt her. She went on, in a low, controlled voice:—

"Take it away, and go alone, and you will learn what you would never learn as long as you depended on it. I think you will always remember me gratefully and affectionately. I hope you will. Nothing is more valuable in life to a physician than the fidelity of a patient; it is surprising how little there is of it, after all. They go their ways when they need us no longer, and drop us out of their thoughts. After all, it is a solemn tie to fight with death together, as you and I have done. We will not break it flippantly. Believe me, that I shall—remember you. And some time, when you have righted all this little delusion about me,—somewhere, perhaps,—we may meet on fairer ground, when our views of one another would not, could not, be subject to this law of refraction which acts upon them now. You do not love me. You have needed me. I have been useful to you; I have occupied your thoughts. You may miss me. But that is not love. Go home, and find it out. Get well, and find it out."

While Doctor Zay was speaking, an increasing calmness had settled upon Yorke's face. It seemed to her that she could see the tide turning in his soul, for whose ebb she had watched.

She felt that it was her duty to welcome it, as it had been her fate to foresee it. He still sat with his hand above his eyes, which he had not once removed from her. He roused himself, and confusedly said, —

"You may be right, for aught I know. I will go, as you bid me; and thank you, as you suggest, whenever I can. I am able even now to appreciate your position. You are the only woman I ever saw who was able to save a man from himself!"

He took her hand with more self-control than he had shown for many days; and they parted, heavily and silently.

He went by the Monday's boat. Mr. Butterwell drove him to Jonesboro' on Sunday. Doctor Zay had been out all night, and most of the day. She was lying on the parlor sofa when he went to say good-by. She had flung herself down, exhausted, craving five minutes' rest. She had on that white linen dress, and the vari-colored afghan over her feet. It was a sultry August day, but her hand was cold; he had often noticed that it was so after she had been up all night. She rose when she saw him, and asked if he found the package of medicine, with the directions, and if he understood them all. He thanked her, and said they were quite clear. Her face had its stolid look. He searched in vain for its beautiful sensitiveness.

"I shall write to you," he said, hesitating, "if I may."

"Oh, yes. Do, by all means. I shall wish to hear all about the journey, and its effect on you. Tell your mother if I had had two weeks more I would have sent you back in better condition."

"Or worse," he said, impetuously. She put her finger on her lips, and

smiled. They shook hands. He pulled his hat over his eyes, and got away.

He looked back through the little oval buggy window, as Mr. Isaiah drove him off. Mrs. Butterwell was wiping the tears off her black silk dress. Handy, by the wood-pile, very large as to his hat and bare as to his feet, eloquently confided his emotions to the sawdust heap.

The phaeton and the gray pony stood at the doctor's gate. She did not come out. The big sorrel turned the post-office corner, and Mr. Butterwell observed that there was a fine lobster factory on the road. They canned 'em. Which had the worst of it, the consumer or the lobster, Mr. Butterwell would not undertake to say.

Half a mile down the Jonesboro' road, Mr. Butterwell reined up.

"There ain't but one horse in these parts that can overtake the sorrel," he said, leisurely. "I hear the pony after us."

Yorke looked back through the little buggy window. The gray mare, with a stiff head and clean step, was close behind them. Before he could turn his head, the doctor's phaeton overtook the buggy.

"Mr. Yorke has forgotten his brandy-flask," she called, cheerily. "Mrs. Butterwell found it out in the nick of time. You might have missed it on the boat." She stretched her hand over the wheel with the wicker traveling-flask, which Yorke took stupidly. He forgot to thank her. Their eyes met for a moment. She flung him a bright, light smile, turned dexterously in the narrow road, and whirled away. He leaned out of the buggy to look after her. All he saw distinctly was the Scotch plaid shawl folded on the empty seat beside her.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

A STUDY IN SOCIOLOGY.

IN the usual discussion of social questions the cause of the weak gets excessive championship. New England ethics always pleads for the undermost dog. Labor is commiserated as being held in an unequal struggle with capital. But it has not yet occurred to the exponents of public feeling that their sympathetic philosophy may have neglected some of the prime factors of the problem. The relative positions of the two dogs have been misunderstood. Instead of a well-fed mastiff and a hungry greyhound in deadly grapple, we have, rather, two unequally developed animals engaged in a race, both panting and athirst, and both putting forth their best strength to keep pace with a tyrannical social ideal. This is the radical question: Do our institutions create conditions of antagonism or of natural competition? Do they not rather eliminate from the problem every factor except natural capacity? The moral function of the state really ends with the bestowal of freedom. Torture the language as we may, we cannot give the word "equal," as used in our "Declaration," any objective equivalent. Our national government gives self-ownership and the right to untrammelled self-development. Our local legislation confers supplementary privileges, whose aim is equality. For instance, our public-school system aims at equality of intelligence, but does not attain it, because the factor of unequal native capacity intrudes. There is no good within the gift of gods or men that equals the privilege of having been well born. Health and hereditary power are an assurance of fortune to a babe in the cradle. Talent can transmute itself into gold by the sure law of the correlation and equivalence of forces.

Among a speculative people like the

Germans, the labor reform voices itself in magnificent theories for national reconstruction; hence, socialism, with its claim of the state's responsibility for the material prosperity of the individual. In practical England, labor takes the attitude of belligerent resistance to capital, hits upon barbarous but ingenious methods of coercion, and finally materializes into trades unions, with membership and capital counted by millions, almost military organization, and a legal recognition which has been tardily won. In the United States the conditions of manual labor have been easier than in the Old World, although we need go back only fifty years to find the mill operatives of Massachusetts working fifteen hours a day. Until 1853 the usual work-time of manufactories was twelve hours. For several years ten and three quarters or eleven hours prevailed, and in 1867 the Atlantic Cotton Mills of Lawrence reduced their time to ten hours. Then ensued the agitation which asked for the legalization of the ten hours' system; but, as we have seen, the voluntary action of a corporation preceded the legal form. The constitution of Massachusetts is a very liberal document. It allows the making of any "orders, statutes, ordinances, laws, directions, or instructions, for the good and welfare of the commonwealth." A free interpretation of this charter would allow the conversion of the State into a great industrial community upon a socialistic basis; for the "good and welfare of the commonwealth" might be held to mean the security of material prosperity to all its citizens. Indeed, some of the German "Socialists of the Chair" maintained at the Eisenach Congress, as well as in numerous brochures addressed to the public, that the mere bestowal of liberty was like the gift of

a mortgaged farm, unless the state also pledged itself to secure the material prosperity of the citizen. This, then, is the next great political question which is evolving itself from modern civilization. What is the ultimate obligation of the state to the citizen? A philosophical conflict is inevitable in this country, and it will come within twenty years. It will be a struggle between the sympathetic and the scientific theories of government. The sympathetic party will urge the amelioration of the condition of the working-classes by palliative legislation; and the scientific party will defend the principle of competition, conformity to the law of supply and demand, and a fair field for the experiment of the survival of the fittest.

The sympathetic party has already an intense activity in the thousand philanthropic associations which make a voluntary consecration of the surplus strength and means of the strong to the service of the weak. It needs but the political formulation of this sentiment in order to transfer the burden to the state. The burden is already accepted, and the philosophy embodied, in our state charities, in the legal recognition of pauperism, and in the system of public instruction. But all direct help is looked upon as an exceptional necessity, a thing to be deplored and abolished as fast as people can be trained to self-help. The spirit and theory of American politics have always been the reduction of governmental interference with the individual to the lowest possible terms. We have "protected" our industries as a whole, yet no shadow of favor has been shown to any individual capitalist. But with the fast-succeeding waves of immigration has come an excessive urban population, the increase of disease and poverty, and the necessity that the benevolence and brain of the community should solve for the ignorant the problem which they could not solve for themselves. Our era of prosperity and

of happy immunity from those social diseases which are the danger and the humiliation of Europe is passing away. Optimistic as we are, we cannot fail to know that the increasing proportion of the incapable among us is repeating here the social problems of the Old World. Every year incompetence makes a larger demand upon capacity. The natural strain put upon the producing or bread-winning classes is very large, in the support of helpless families, or in aid to friends, and the added strain for official charities and for the thousand private philanthropies is something enormous. Philanthropy is indeed a fully established and recognized business in this country, with salaried offices, a system of taxation, and elaborate methods of administration. All these immense plans of coöperative benevolence are based on the voluntary system. Like our religious institutions, they stand or fall with the free action of the people. But they form the psychological preparation for a legalized and general habit of provision for the incompetent. For who shall assign limits to the altruistic principle, and who shall decide what particular shade of incompetence shall be excluded? It is a matter of statistics that the primitive, self-reliant, and self-respectful revolutionary stock bears a steadily diminishing ratio to that of more recent importation, and of inferior quality. This superimposed stratum of population has undergone political and industrial amalgamation, but not intellectual or social consolidation. The truly American spirit is only in the descendants of the men who founded our institutions. Even the foreigners who fought in our civil war were not lifted to a moral conception of its issues. There is and has always been among our foreign-born and foreign-descended population an impression that this is a country which will do great things for its citizens, rather than a country which needs that great things be done for it-

self. The immigrant not only looks for political hospitality, but regards himself as, in a sense, the guest of our institutions and the inheritor of our prosperity. We, too, have pleased ourselves by throwing wide our doors, and sending forth cordial invitations to our transatlantic guests. Nor can it be gainsaid that our material prosperity has been advanced by these workers, who have quickly found themselves involved in our hitherto good-natured struggle for existence.

But the period in which we have lived upon the interest of our accumulated prosperity is passing. We are driving on somewhat blindly, like the earth in its orbit, but less securely. The phenomena of strikes, which are growing disagreeably frequent, prove most undeniably that there is something rotten in our state. Let us see if we can get an intelligent view of the mutual positions of laborer and capitalist. The first thing that strikes us is the social gulf that separates the two. The wage-laborer has not the resources of his employer; he does not live in an elegant house; he does not make extensive pleasure-journeys, nor send his children to expensive schools. He is obliged to deny himself nearly everything except the simplest necessities; and his two or three luxuries are not likely to be of a kind to improve his sanitary condition. The most stunted imagination is elastic enough to picture his crowded home, wherein the same room must be used for kitchen, nursery, and parlor, into which no volume of poems ever finds its way, and where the problem of the application of small means to numerous ends gets but a helter-skelter sort of solution. In truth, the philanthropist who desires to ameliorate the laborer's condition is often effectually discouraged by his lack of spiritual and intellectual preparation. Small external resources can be manipulated to the accomplishment of remarkable results if sufficient intelligence

be applied to the problem. Small sums in political economy are often most artistically solved by men and women who are fine-grained and fine-brained enough to make such solutions a study. Where a high social ideal finds itself in alliance with narrow means, the whole business of life becomes an exercise of the art of economy; and to such perfection is this sometimes brought that, should the pursuit of such an art become the fashion, large incomes might be realized by those who have made it a life-long study. The lesson from such experiences is unmistakable, namely, that it is not so much the lack of means as the lack of high ideals and of intellectual consecration which explains the laborer's discomfort. Many a woman who marries her intellectual inferior appropriates his small means so far-sightedly as to secure an æsthetic comfort, while her next-door neighbor, with more means and less tact, makes an inglorious failure.

The possession of a large income is an indication of power. It may represent only ancestral industry or foresight, and the possessor may not have inherited the money-winning talent; but if he be a good economist, he will at least keep his fortune intact. If he be an improvident spendthrift, he will quickly bring himself to the status of the wage-laborer, unless some better intelligence than his own applies itself to his problem. In any case, intelligence is the main factor of success, both in the winning and spending of money. The capitalist who manages badly will gain no fortune; he may lose one and involve the fortunes of others. Consequently, a capitalist who distrusts his own power of management will substitute the intelligence of another man, and he will pay for this brain-service an enormous annual salary. In almost all large manufacturing properties, ownership is divided among many persons. Some of them are simply investors, who entrust their money without reserve to the care

of financial managers, while they themselves throw their energy in other directions. In certain cases the owner of paying property does not see it for a series of years, but lives easily upon its proceeds in a foreign land. Such a fact is usually cited to demonstrate the indifference of the owner, whereas it might as justly be cited as a triumph of the combined results of modern brain-power.

The advantage of capital over labor is an advantage which has been won and paid for by the intellectual discipline of centuries. Capital has never made a step of solid advance without giving an equivalent. The practical intellect which sees how to supply a want, or even to create a want, as well as to minister to it, certainly deserves to succeed. If all the stages of development are not apparent in the successful business man, the scientific judgment is still certain that all those stages are embodied in him. He stands for the accumulated and inherited energy of generations of enterprise and self-denial. His automatically-acting brain is the product of severe and long-sustained processes of refinement. He draws the interest upon ancestral cerebration, and is the physiological "heir of all the ages." Nor can he dare to dispense with ethical capital. He must have courage, tact, power of adaptation, honor, which will insure him commercial standing and credit, decision to act in an emergency, and caution to avoid rashness; he must be able to adjust the clashing of wills, and to act as a frequent arbitrator. Even the capitalist who is simply an investor, and not a manager, represents either inherited industry, personal ability, or high character, supposing the sum invested to be borrowed. It is rare that fortunes result from accident; still less rare that they come by dishonesty. Talent must be on the spot to take advantage of accident; and although a high moral ideal would decide some fortunes to be fruits of dishonor, legal ideals are the ones

applied by the fortune-maker; nor is it the usual aim of the money-getter to develop moral idealism. His materialism may not be the highest product of human nature, but, such as it is, it is an expensive and painfully developed faculty. If we could fully realize the immense capital invested in producing a capitalist, we could not begrudge him his gains. Fortunes are sometimes made by instinct, by penetration, by assiduous devotion to one purpose, by such an utter consecration of the whole man that the observer must declare them legitimately *earned*. But they are rarely accumulated by manual labor, unless in conjunction with good intellectual power. The master-workman learns to coördinate other labor with his own. He gives himself eight or ten pairs of hands instead of a single pair. He strikes a heavy blow instead of a light one, quadruples his product, and appeals to a larger market. This is the embryonic form of industrial capital. It begins when a single man has the courage and intelligence to employ another to carry out his thought.

There is no legal restriction in any country upon a man's becoming a capitalist, but caste and custom in older countries have erected difficulties. Yet difficulties are always relative, and are gauged by the strength or weakness of those who meet them. In this country there is absolutely no reason, except native incapacity, to prevent any man from becoming a capitalist. If this were not so, our institutions would be confessed failures. That it is so, our whole commercial and industrial record is a demonstration. Should any one attempt to count the number of fortunes acquired by personal effort, he would find one for every finger, without going out of a New England neighborhood. The reason why fortunes are so rarely acquired by manual labor is that manual labor is the smallest factor in economic success. Hitherto it has not been able

to raise itself above the tyranny of the primitive law of supply and demand; that is, it has been little better able to make terms with capital than the grass is able to make terms with the soil in which it grows. Labor bought at wholesale, to be sold again, as in great factories, is bargained for on the lowest terms possible, and becomes in effect like cotton purchased in the bale, whereby each unit of weight counts very little. There is certainly no agreement, tacit or expressed, on the part of American capitalists to grind labor down to an arbitrary rate of remuneration. On the contrary, there is an indulgent optimism, and a recognition of the natural right of every man to a comfortable living, which is an advance upon the formal concessions of our national charter. The American capitalist is usually a man who would be made uncomfortable by the knowledge of absolute physical privation. But it does not stir his sympathy that some thousands of his workmen are practicing severe lessons of self-denial, foresight, and the adaptation of means to ends. The workman strives to make small means cover large wants. He has graduated from the European hovel to the American tenement, but at the same time he has been smitten with American materialism; and there is no road to this material success except that which his employer, or the ancestry of his employer, has trodden with painful steps. Nature takes as long to make a capitalist as to make a philosopher; and, indeed, the capitalist is, in his own way, the most practical of philosophers, for he reasons from cause to effect with persistent zeal; and if he reasons at all upon the speculative aspects of labor and capital, he knows that the development of higher capacity in the workman is the natural and unalterable condition of advancement. The only way in which a wage-laborer who has not sufficient ambition or talent to become an employer can raise himself above his fel-

lows is to produce better work or more of it within a given time; that is, he must obey the universal law of success, which may be thus stated: *Make your demand upon yourself, not upon others.*

It will bear repeating that in this country there are no artificial conditions which doom a man to poverty, or even to mediocrity. In the lowest rank he can ameliorate his condition. If a gardener cannot lessen the number of gardeners, and so decrease general competition, he can improve the quality of his own work, and so make himself one of a select few, whose rarity will command an increase of wages. This simple condition, which we may call *the law of exceptional excellence*, is one which thousands of men and women in all countries have unconsciously obeyed, and which has been the source of more solid prosperity than all the strikes that were ever inaugurated. Socialists, trades-unionists, and internationalists have worked hard in order to bring the moral philosophy of strikes in line with that of religious and political freedom. "Why," they inquire, "is it not as legitimate to throw off the tyranny of capital as that of church or state?" They do not even aspire to become capitalists, but the ultraists desire that the right of private property shall be abrogated; that the state shall take possession of all the soil and shall conduct all industries. Thus employment and compensation are to be furnished to all. Each one can claim his share as he now claims the franchise, and each one will be defended by all the rest in his claim for support. This would be a practical realization of the doctrine that the world owes everybody a living, and an approximation to the incarnation of the doctrine of human brotherhood. This attractive philosophy has spread like an epidemic among the laborers of Europe, and here and there has found espousal from men of education. It is cherished like a religion by thousands in America. Yet it has crystallized into

few societies here, because of the easier conditions for the workingman. But every year brings to our shores more men, in whose brains this conception of an industrial republic is seething; and every year brings the conditions of American labor into closer likeness to those of the Old World. An American species of socialism is inevitable. It would seem as if in this country there had been a providential preparation of the ground. Our best men withdraw from politics, and a coarser and more unmanageable element continually creeps in. Economic questions have been clamorously agitated in all our recent campaigns. The workingman has stood, cap in hand, ready to shout for the orator who promised greenbacks and abundant employment to a successful ticket. It would be the easiest of tasks to import a larger view of the labor question into American politics, and keen ears can already hear mutterings of a coming storm. We are discovering that the way to national glory is not to be a rose-strewn path.

There is much risk of mistake in forecasting social phenomena among a people so numerous and so complex in development as that of the United States. As a relief to the dark side of the picture some lines of light may be drawn. The severest struggles of labor and capital have always arisen in manufacturing communities. But the substitution of machine for hand labor is gradually eliminating the human element from manufactures. The historic course of this process is easily traced. With the earlier machinery came the substitution of foreign and more unintelligent labor for trained native workmen; thus releasing the latter and their offspring for more intellectual avocations. Our "middle class," so far as we have one, is the undoubted descendant of a former generation of intelligent workingmen. Invention, trade, speculation, politics, Western enterprise, journalism, and a

thousand other forms of business have swallowed up the children of our early industrial classes. Next to the displacement of natives by foreigners has come the considerable substitution of women and children in place of men, showing that the improved machinery requires less strength and less intelligence than the earlier. Finally, automatic machinery dispenses almost entirely with muscle, and it is the study of the inventor to make the muscular factor superfluous. Already he has so subordinated the human agent to the mechanical that the hand or foot has frequently no more honorable function than some wheel or screw in the great structure. Applied science is to be the possible saviour of society; for, by throwing the human element entirely out of the problem, it will have solved it without a political convulsion. Recent newspapers come laden with statements of the grievances of the longshoremen of Boston wharves. We read sympathetically of the "grain trimmers," who must shovel for their lives in the dark hold of a steamer, amid the suffocating dust from grain poured through pipes. But of what avail is sympathy in such a matter? And how can the increased wages demanded be an equivalent for the certain loss of health and for the brevity of life caused by such occupation? There is absolutely no remedy for a trouble like this except the substitution of machinery for muscle. The problem would easily yield to the genius of a persistent inventor, and the man who is now sacrificing his life might be employed to tend the machine.

The indirect obligation of capital to labor is recognized in our financial legislation. Wealth shares with poverty on even terms in all our public works. In the public schools men of taxable property pay for the instruction of the children of the untaxed, and in the city evening schools and workingmen's schools they provide education for the laborer himself; thus helping to destroy arti-

ficial barriers, and giving a chance for more equitable competition. Rich and poor share alike the benefit of the fire department, the convenience of public illumination, the use of public pleasure-grounds, public libraries, police protection, and the postal service; for although the postage-stamp costs as much for the poor man as for the rich, the large yearly deficit in this department must be made up from general taxation. But so accustomed are we to the principle of political communism that we rarely remind ourselves to whom we owe the actual dollars which pay for all this provision. Nevertheless, it may be said that it would be better and conduce to more self-respect if the wage-laborer were to receive higher wages and were at liberty to provide for his own wants, instead of standing a debtor to public or private charity. This revives the whole perplexity of politico-economical method. Must the rate of wages be regulated by the law of supply and demand? If so, the wage-laborer cannot hope to provide for his own educational and other needs so adequately as they are provided for in the common administration. But we have considerable evidence that *will* may become a factor of wages, and this evidence is furnished not only by the history of the English trades-unions, but by the municipal administration of every American city. For instance, the compensation of our public-school teachers and of the incumbents of most public positions is fixed in utter defiance of the law of supply and demand. The places of almost all city or town employees could be filled at a day's notice by hundreds of equally well-endowed and impatient applicants, yet the price of such labor is kept at a high figure by voluntary decision of the employers.

If it be said that the combination of employers induces indifference to the price, the principle will not explain the phenomena of varying wages; for are

not cities and manufacturing companies both corporations? And if one of these corporations has a soul which enters into the question of wages, why may not the other acquire one? The truth is that one of these corporations is a maker of money, and the other a simple disburser. The money-making corporation is governed by the orthodox system of political economy, and the money-appropriating one is governed by the higher law of generosity, of aesthetics, and of public honor. The city corporation spends as a beneficent father for the good and happiness of his family, while the manufacturing one has the simple aim of accumulation, and in not a few cases this accumulation is freely given for public ends. Is it, by utilitarian tests, better that a capitalist should found a library, lay out a public park, or establish a hospital or school than that he should pay so high rates to his workmen that he could do none of these things? Is it likely that the wages added to manual labor would be as wisely used, in the end, as the state and the capitalist can use these accumulated funds?

Whatever be the true solution of the labor question, it is certain that the philosophy of common socialism has not solved it. Nor does the historico-ethical method of the university socialists appear, on scrutiny, to be very different from the established economy; for what are we to understand by an adjustment of economic methods to times and situations but compliance with the old self-asserting law of local supply and demand? As nearly as we can discern, the law of supply and demand is the constant and invariable factor of wages, while will is a continually varying and inconstant factor. The rivalry between the sympathetic and scientific sociologists has arisen from the endeavor of the former to make will the sole regulator of wages. The modern state organizes society upon the principle of competi-

tion. Socialism would reorganize it on the plan of coöperation. Competition makes natural capacity the prime factor of success. Coöperation aims to save incompetence from the results of its own deficiencies. The former corresponds to the scientific school, the latter to the sympathetic. But the sympathetic school vindicates its position by arguing that it states things as they ought to be, while the scientific party states them as they are. As to the ideal of society, both agree. The happiness and prosperity of the whole social body is the conscious purpose of modern civilization. But while the sympathetic party believes in the attainability of this purpose, and is prolific in suggestion of short and easy methods, such as temperance, dietary reforms, universal suffrage, or the nationalization of land and capital, the scientific party puts approximation in the place of absolute realization, and studies more closely the relations of cause and effect. Although the security of fair terms for competition is the prominent social idea in the American state, the line is not closely drawn; for a considerable incorporation of the sympathetic principle has already taken place in local legislation, and we have seen that in the constitution of Massachusetts the language is vague enough to admit of almost any philanthropic interpretation.

As a people we have already suffered from having made the transcendental instead of the utilitarian morality the basis of our government. The emotional

predominated over the intellectual in the beginning. Being protesters against tyranny, our fathers made the natural mistake of an excessive liberality. Hence the difficulty of settling such questions as Chinese immigration and woman suffrage. There has grown up a gradual tendency to utilitarianism, or to scientific methods of dealing with all questions, while the old transcendental formulæ have been preserved. Argued upon the ground of utility, a strong case can be made against both woman suffrage and Chinese immigration. On the sympathetic or transcendental basis, the defenders of these measures have the best of the argument. A good deal of the confusion of past discussion on these and other questions has arisen, because the one party pursued the sympathetic and the other the scientific method; that is, the one party subordinated judgment to emotion, and the other emotion to judgment. It would seem that any increase of the emotional force in legislation would bring a still further complication, and that the element of sympathy, like that of religion and morality, should be left to work outside of the state. An over-sympathetic government may fall into weakness, and may defeat its ends as completely as the most oppressive tyranny. Those who wish to delay the hour of governmental disintegration will hesitate before asking for any easier conditions of development than those granted by our principle of republican freedom.

M. A. Hardaker.

THE GODS SAID LOVE IS BLIND.

THE gods said Love is blind. The earth was young:
 With foolish, youthful laughter, when it heard,
 It caught and spoke the letter of the word;
 And from that time till now has said, and sung,
 "Oh, Love is blind. The falsest face or tongue

Can cheat him, once his passion's thrill is stirred ;
He is so blind, poor Love !”

Strange none demurred
At this, nor saw how hollow false it rung,
When all men know that sightless men can tell
Unnumbered things which vision cannot find.
Powers of the air are leagued to guide them well ;
And things invisible weave clew and spell,
By which all labyrinths they safely wind.
Ah, we were lost, if Love had not been blind !

H. H.

THE HOUSE OF A MERCHANT PRINCE.

XV.

IN TOWN FOR THE WINTER.

UPON their return to town for the winter, the Harveys began to plan their social campaign. They desired that their first season in the new house, and the last of Angelica's unmarried state, should be one of peculiar brilliancy.

Something had already been done, while at Newport, in the way of talking over the people who were to be invited to dinner, and there had been incidental conferences with Sprowle and his cousin, Sprowle Onderdonk. Those men were all-powerful, socially ; it was largely here that the advantage of the Sprowle connection came in. They could put your name down for anything, and there you were, solidly anchored among the elect. Mrs. Harvey, as a Muffett, had substantial claims, of course, but Rodman Harvey had less ; and what with their having been abroad so much, and having been for some time without a house, there was danger, had they been left quite to themselves, not only of their making some mistakes, but even of being annoyingly overlooked. Could the gradations of rank among the prosperous upper class, and the heart-burnings by reason of them, be accurately dis-

cerned below, they might serve as a motive to contentment almost equally with that of Christian resignation. The stars are a long way off, and they all shine ; but ah, the enormous gaps between them !

Formal conferences were held in the comfortable sitting-room of Mrs. Harvey, for drawing up a programme. Ottillie assisted, in the capacity of amanuensis. She had many readjustments to make in her notes before all was complete. Sprowle took advantage of his opportunities to find out what people of note were going to do, and carefully brought word. “The Corlears will give two balls, I learn,” he reported : “probably one at Delmonico's, and one at their own house. The Bourdons will have mostly musicals, private theatricals, and that sort of thing ; the Antrams a set of Germans. There will be an unusual crop of ‘coming-out’ parties early in the season, — Mrs. Schinko's, for her second daughter, leading off about the middle of November. The Vanderlyns will give only dinners, as usual.”

“Those Vanderlyns have reduced it to an actual science,” Angelica interrupted him to comment. “Their dinner-giving is their year's work. They make their preparations one year for what they are going to do the next.

They never send out their invitations less than three weeks in advance, so that nobody can have the excuse of a previous engagement. They devote two months in the winter to having dinners three times a week. After that they desist, and do nothing further. They have a superb *chef*, but I know very well that it is only for the time being, and they get along with a cheaper one afterwards. Vanderlyn has a way of letting you know that everything is done in the house, and that he depends upon no vulgar temporary assistance, — no, indeed. ‘How can an outside person — aw — come into your kitchen or your dining-room, and do anything, ye know?’ he says. ‘Why, he can’t find a blessed pot or a kettle, ye know,’” and Angelica pretended to twist an imaginary moustache.

“You must look out for the Mondays of the Family Circle Dancing Class,” resumed Sprowle. “There are to be three during the winter, and one after Lent. The ‘Patriarchs’ will give three balls, as usual, on Mondays, too, beginning early in December. The younger swells, the ‘Bachelors,’ take Thursdays, and are to have two. Here is a partial list of the dates; I will let you have the rest as soon as possible. Yes, all that will go on just as usual. Of course some new things will be started, too.”

“The trouble is that as soon as a thing gets well agoing in New York,” said Angelica, “it begins to run down.”

“That is so,” said Sprowle. “You cannot keep it select. All sorts of common persons elbow their way in. You cannot tell how they do it, but the first you know there they are. The only resource for the top swells then is to leave it, and begin something else. There is one novelty on the carpet already, in the shape of a ‘Ladies’ Ball,’ to be given by a committee of dowagers. Judging by the row they are having over the invitations, and the way black-balling is going on, I should say it would

be *the* exclusive affair of the season. Mamma was a member of the original group, and of course *you* are all right, you know. We have looked out for that. By the way,” addressing himself to Mrs. Harvey, “when your name came up, to be added to the list of managers, that young Mrs. Bergen Ap-Zoom — a flighty creature, you know, who has just got back from somewhere, I could not tell you where — had the impudence to say, ‘Who is Mrs. Rodman Harvey, I should like to know? I don’t believe I ever heard of her.’ ‘You may not have heard of her,’ mamma replied, — pretty sharply, I can tell you, — ‘but I would have you to know that her daughter is shortly to marry my son.’” Sprowle finished with a laugh, as if this incident were naturally to be looked upon as something very amusing.

“Well, I must say!” exclaimed Mrs. Harvey, flushing with anger.

“You use quite your customary tact in telling us that, Austin dear,” Angelica said, with far from an admiring expression. She marked Mrs. Bergen Ap-Zoom in her mind, at the same time, for future consideration, with the vigor with which a Seminole might have cut a notch in a stick. But it was exactly in order to escape forever the possibility of such slights that the match with Sprowle was proposed. Sprowle did not quite understand his offense, and went on in a rather mystified way with his information.

“I will bring up Van Boskirk from the Club, to see if there is anything I have omitted,” he concluded. “Van has it all at his fingers’ ends. And you had better have in Scatterthwaite, you know, and just glance over his records a bit, so as not to send out invitations to dead people, and that sort of thing.”

When the necessary emendations had been made, Otilie read out, with the proper date affixed to each item, a list of two balls, three four o’clock teas, two “ladies’ luncheons” on a large scale,

and dinners of from twelve to twenty persons every Thursday, from December till Lent. This was to be the formal hospitality. That of a more intimate sort would be sandwiched between, as fancy might dictate. Their general "day at home" besides was to be Tuesday, after three.

Scatterthwaite was summoned in for any further glimpses of light that he might be able to throw upon the situation. This was a person who united with the functions of a church sexton a discreet supervision of the machinery of society. A wedding, funeral, or reception of the first class was hardly complete without his fostering care, if it were only to distribute the invitations, or watch the alighting of the guests from the carriages. By the confidential communications made him he was sometimes able to forestall, if he would, awkward duplications of dates, and similarity of programmes. However, these can by no means be wholly avoided; the days of the season being so comparatively few, after all, the range of entertainment so limited, and the number of entertainers so large.

Scatterthwaite also found it convenient, in his sober way, to keep an account of the movements of society, almost beyond the power of any simple private individual actually involved in the whirl. He could supply proper addresses, therefore, prevent the invitation of persons long since deceased, as Sprowle had suggested, and also such as had fallen into poverty or hopeless disgrace. He knew also what families had young sons and daughters now arrived at an age to be taken formal notice of.

Then Clocheville, the new caterer, who was making his way to such favor, — Haricot, spoiled by prosperity, having grown too reprehensibly negligent of late, — was brought before the conclave, and after him Spang, the florist. These two were contracted with to furnish their services and what supplies

were necessary at the respective dates, — Haricot only for the grander occasions, Conrad and the resources of the house itself being quite sufficient for the lesser. They carefully noted all in their little books, and departed.

The bulk of Otilie's labors resolved itself into the putting in order of her aunt's book of addresses, — which contained in all probably a thousand names, — and in sending out the invitations from it as occasion demanded. "Aunt Alida" had no talent for resigning any large part of the burdens of management to others; and her active-minded, amiable niece was left with plenty of leisure on her hands. She occupied some of it in keeping up her studies. She practiced her music. She associated herself in charitable enterprises, in which some of the quieter people of her new acquaintance were engaged. One was a society for sending poor children to homes in the West, and she managed for her part to secure places for a number in and about Lone Tree. Another was for sewing for the poor, and another a flower mission, which brightened the bedsides of the sick in the hospitals in a charming way.

She found Rodman Harvey inclined to respond freely, at this time, to any demands upon him for such purposes. "Yes," said the clerk McKinley — he of the cascade-like brown moustache — to a fellow employee, "the old man is going it pretty strong on the charity lay, just now. You hardly pick up a paper but you find him presenting a stand of colors, or a barrel of flour, or a silver pitcher, or a set of furniture, to some armory or church fair or other."

"Well, the old man's head is level. He could n't play a better card for election, possibly," his companion returned.

These charitable tendencies were by no means shared in by Angelica. "Otilie will bring small-pox or some other dreadful thing into the house," she complained to her mamma. "She ought to

be stopped, if only for Calista's sake." Such a concern in Calista's welfare was the more remarkable since her usual attention to the child was confined to criticising her sharp elbows and shoulder blades, and keeping her at a distance. It was a programme she was hardly likely to vary from unless in the event of Calista's becoming a beauty. At about this point Otilie entered the room.

"One would think, by the way people go on, that the rich had nothing in the world to do but give, give," Angelica proceeded. "They are as poor as anybody, if you look at the demands upon them. I expect papa to be begged out of house and home before he gets through. What family in humble circumstances has to keep up an establishment like this, I should like to know, — all these servants, eight horses, an opera-box, to give dinners and to dress? I believe there is too much luxury already among the poor. I am half inclined to subscribe to the theory that it is a mistake to do so much for the weak and suffering. It is better that they should die out. There would be fewer people, but those that remained would be good for something. All criminals ought to be shot, to save the expense of their keep; and the pauper sick exposed on islands, as in the good old days of the early Romans."

Otilie had heard the self-same doctrine from Bainbridge, in his exaggerated way, without paying it any great heed. "Oh, he likes to hear himself talk," she said. "He is like the man spoken of in the Scriptures, who declared he would not go into the vineyard, but went, while the other one said he would, but did n't."

But in her cousin's mouth the doctrine had a different ring, — almost the tone of cold conviction. The same trait of coldness was visible in her comment on any unusual case of magnanimous effort or self-sacrifice that was incidentally reported. Such unbusiness-like proceed-

ings appeared to excite in her less admiration than contempt. "That is all very well for those who like it," she said, "but you would not catch *me* doing it, for *one*." She seemed to value herself the more upon her superior good sense. She prided herself, also, upon an incapacity "to be taken in." This was a quality much to her credit, no doubt, and to be highly recommended to others as well. At the same time, considering that she never had been taken in, or suffered any of those disappointments that sometimes sow the habit of suspicion in the originally warm and confiding, a little more of the natural trust and candor of youth might not have been inexcusable.

As to simple pleasures, to contrast her in this particular with Otilie, she had little conception of them. She valued only those which were complex, artificial, and costly. Her interest in life might be said to be confined to the part of it grown under glass.

She continued her borrowing of small sums. The child Calista, who began to manifest for Otilie a warm attachment, was observant of this, in her quiet way, and took it upon her to go with the information to her mother. Mrs. Harvey insisted upon repaying the loans from her own pocket, against the protest of Otilie, who had had no knowledge of what had been done. Angelica personally made no advance towards restitution even now. She received the complaint with an indignant air, made as if Otilie had brought it herself, and took occasion to show her resentment in quite an offensive manner. An open tiff occurred for the first time. Otilie worsted her aggressor gallantly and at the same time with a charming dignity, but immediately after broke down, and went crying to her room.

"I do think it is a pity you two cannot agree," said her aunt, as if the blame were equal; upon which Otilie redoubled her sobs, and would have left the

house instantly. But the next moment Mrs. Harvey came after her, dried her tears almost affectionately, and assured her that justice should be done her. The matter came to the ears of the merchant prince himself, and he rather sternly bade his daughter apologize.

"I told you how it would be, mamma!" she cried passionately, when she had withdrawn from her father's presence. "You cannot have that kind of people, with their dreadful feelings." But she apologized to Otilie, as directed. She made her peace with a certain haughty grace, saying that she had been quite unconscious of giving offense.

Rodman Harvey passed much of his time, when in the house, in a plainly furnished office of his own, which adjoined the library. He had there a safe, some atlases and statistical works, which he consulted when getting ready his addresses to be delivered before the Board of Trade or the Civic Reform Association, and a writing-table, topped with green leather, at which he signed his checks. He retired early, as a rule, and only went out to gayeties where his interests or his dignity were likely to be much enhanced.

If not in his office, or den, of an evening, he was often to be found in the billiard room. His cronies, Hackley and Hastings, came in, as has been said; or his elder son, Selkirk, sometimes joined him in a quiet game. The younger son, Rodman, Jr., also, whose appeals for a latch-key still continued unavailing, was sometimes invited down as a wholesome respite from his studies. This youth secretly scoffed at his father's game, and yet did not dare to display too openly his own prowess, lest he should be questioned as to how he acquired it. He repined at the necessity of frittering away one's time in such slow fashion with "the governor," when there were all the pleasures he knew of outside going on without him. In consequence of this discontented frame of

mind, he was so severe a critic and made so many disputes over the most innocent shots, that he was very far from being an entertaining companion.

Only Hackley and Hastings were the guests when Otilie was sent down from above-stairs by her aunt, rather late one evening, with a message to her uncle. "Ask him, please, for the memorandum I gave him for the upholsterer," said Mrs. Harvey. "I wish to add to it. Oh, and just say to him quietly, that one of our guests for the Redway dinner tomorrow has disappointed us, and I wish him to find some eligible person to fill the vacancy. Tell him to fix it in his mind, as I shall depend upon him."

The billiard-players extended the young girl a cordial welcome when she came down among them. Hackley was particularly gallant. He insisted that she should make a shot for him. She did so, with no great alacrity, and the movement showed the inexperienced grace of her youthful figure in a pleasing way.

Mr. Hackley was a short, well-fed, bald man, who at fifty still gave himself airs of merry bachelorhood. In the street he affected a dignified bearing. He carried his head on one side, and a hand behind him, with the palm open outwards. He assumed with Harvey a brusque air, as of a person speaking his mind freely, without fear or favor. But it was to be noticed that his sayings were always of a complimentary sort, and not offensive. He thought it attractive to give to flattery the air of abuse.

Otilie did not quite like the proximity of his bald head, his large mouth and large teeth. With a quick intuition, too, she distrusted the sincerity of his effusive heartiness.

She did not find in fact that Rodman Harvey chose his intimates with great discrimination. Perhaps this was the truth. In natures of a certain coldness, self-centred, without "magnetism," as the saying is, and to whom compan-

ionship is not always an absolute necessity, there is a degree of simplicity in these matters. Their friends often choose themselves, and fasten themselves on, instead of being chosen. To both these men Harvey had done considerable favors in a financial way.

Hastings was a tall, large-bearded, non-committal sort of person. He had nothing in particular for him, except, in Otilie's eyes, his engaging wife, with whom her friendship still continued. On the other hand, also, he had nothing in particular against him. He was as taciturn as Hackley was talkative. He attended to his game of billiards in a business-like way, making it purely an object in itself. He nodded intelligent acceptance of remarks rather than took the trouble to comment upon them verbally.

Otilie was obliged to wait a little before securing the opportunity to speak with her uncle apart. Then she was obliged to wait longer, while he sent a servant to find the required memorandum, which had been left on his writing-table. She sat down in one of a number of luxurious cushioned seats affixed along the wall.

The men talked about the mansion, still so new a subject as to be by no means exhausted. "Come!" said Hackley, intentionally giving the air of an impertinence to what was really designed to afford the proprietor of the house an opportunity for a little self-glorification, "the whole thing cost you, as it stands, Harvey, a good quarter of a million."

"Worse than that," replied the merchant prince, smiling. "There was a quarter of a million for the house and land alone. Probably two hundred thousand more went into the decoration, furnishing, and pictures. You shall have it complete for half a million dollars, as it stands. That leaves me but a bare living profit."

"I don't happen to have the sum

with me," returned Hackley, creating amusement by pretending to feel for his pocket-book. "In fact, there are often times now when I don't happen to have a little sum like that about me. What with speculating, manufacturing, and so forth, in these late years," he continued, "sometimes making and sometimes losing, I have seen the time, more than once, when a good comfortable cashier's salary at the Antarctic Bank, regularly paid, has looked to me again like a very nice thing. Perhaps none of us old ones of the bank ever bettered ourselves very greatly by leaving it. Here am I, as you see me. There is Burlington, the president. He got himself made general in the civil war, and afterwards minister at a foreign court; but glory will not do to bring up a family of daughters on. He has been unsettled in his affairs, and done little but dangle after office ever since. And there was Gammage, the note-teller, who went to the devil entirely."

"It astonishes me, sometimes, I can tell you, to find myself with such a roof over my head, when I recall what the old house of Harvey & Co. has been through," said the merchant, following this piece of retrospect with one of his own. "You recollect some of the tough times it has seen, Hackley."

"Oh, yes, I recollect," said Hackley. He wore an evasive expression, and his comments rather led away from than followed up the subject.

"When I think of it, I could not tell you how we escaped. I could not, really," persisted Harvey.

Was it imagination on Otilie's part, or did Mr. Hackley look at his patron in a singular way, from half-veiled eyes, and then as if in upon himself, introspectively? It would have been strange indeed, would it not? if Hackley could have known of any means by which the old house of Harvey & Co. had escaped destruction, which Harvey did not know himself.

Ottile went up-stairs with the beginning of a vague fear. There *had* been, then, an Antarctic Bank. There was a General Burlington, and there was a Gammage, and this was the Hackley, all as had been specified in the talk of the vagrant McFadd, on that day in Harvey's Terrace, when the prisoners had escaped.

"Pshaw!" she exclaimed. "What nervousness and folly! To imagine that if there had been anything all this time, and these people were cognizant of it, it could possibly have waited till now."

The following afternoon Bainbridge happened in at Rodman Harvey's store to report upon some collections, of a dubious sort, which had been put into his hands. The account he had to give was favorable.

"By the way," said the merchant prince, when the young attorney was taking his departure, "have you anything to do this evening?"

"No," said Bainbridge promptly, foreseeing some further piece of business.

"Well, then, I wish you would excuse the informality of the invitation, and come up to dinner with us at seven. I am sure you will. We are to have the Hon. Lyman S. Redway. He is in town but for a few days, and we had to catch him when we could."

Harvey had neglected till now to carry out the instructions sent him by his wife to fill the vacant place. This was a presentable young man, who would do as well as another, and save the trouble of a further search.

"With great pleasure," said Bainbridge.

He cursed his hasty admission that he was not engaged, but he could not now withdraw it. After all, perhaps Ottile would not appear at the dinner. As to the Hon. Lyman S. Redway, he was a distinguished political economist,

for whose character and attainments he had the highest respect,—a man well worth seeing.

XVI.

THE MERCHANT PRINCE DINES A POLITICAL ECONOMIST.

RODMAN HARVEY dined, as his principal guest, now a brother merchant, now a magnate of the railroads; again, a military or naval officer of distinction, or a high functionary of state. Or again, it was one of his dignified foreign correspondents, the French Rigoloboches, or the Folkestone Margates, or some scion of nobility who brought him letters from these to facilitate a tour of this country.

Once he gave a dinner to the great fortunes, among which were included some of those amassed with such fabulous rapidity in California, of these late years. Goldstone, who was present on that occasion, said to a sprightly matron at his left, "I suppose you will have no eyes at all for me, with only a poor little million."

Bainbridge entered Mrs. Rodman Harvey's drawing-room to-day at the hour of seven, as nearly as might be. The hostess received him affably.

"Where have you been?" she said; and having thus recognized the fact of his previous existence, turned in her bustling way to other guests. She wore precisely that toilette of black satin and diamonds in which her portrait, by H—, has been seen at the Academy of Design. Some small groups were sitting or standing about, and the rooms were filled with that murmurous, gently expectant conversation characteristic of the twenty minutes before going in to dinner.

Angelica's pug Marmion, his neck ornamented with a wide silk bow, to match his mistress' dinner dress, trotted sedately about. Bainbridge stooped to

pat him. The favorite avoided the caress with a *blasé* air, seeming to say, "Oh, no. That may be all very well, from strangers, for dogs in general; but in my case there is no necessity of anything of the kind."

It was quite late when Otilie appeared. Bainbridge had been wondering much if she would come. He looked around for Kingbolt, but Kingbolt was not there. The younger portion of the company consisted of Sprowle, his cousin Sprowle Onderdonk, Ada Trull, Daisy Goldstone, and a Miss Farley, daughter of an ex-secretary of the navy, who was here with her father and mother. There were also Selkirk Harvey and a Miss Van Voorst of Albany, lately brought to visit in the house for his especial benefit. It began to be feared that a general indifference to the female sex, shown by the son and heir, might extend to the point of his never marrying at all, and thus defeating the ambitious hopes for the perpetuity of the family entertained through him. To contend against this, his mother was in the habit of artfully throwing him as much as possible into the society of young women of a desirable sort and of personal attractions, with the hope of stirring at length his sluggish fancy.

When Bainbridge had identified all, he found that there were present, besides those mentioned, the dowager Mrs. Sprowle; the mayor of the city; the governor of a neighboring State; Dr. Miltimore, the polished divine; Dr. Wyburd, who could always be depended upon to give animation even to the most abstruse topics; Mr. Hackley; Blithewood Gwin, the well-known journalist; and Baron Au, the Pomeranian consul-general.

The eminent political economist, however, the Hon. Lyman Redway, was long in coming. Pending his arrival, a party was organized, under the host's own guidance, to explore the cellars and other appurtenances of the house below

stairs. "All that," claimed Rodman Harvey, "is the department upon which I especially pride myself. Much of it is of my own invention and contrivance."

It was thought at first that ladies would not go; but the ex-secretary's daughter, picking up her skirts in a sprightly way, set the example, and others, Otilie among the number, followed her. Bainbridge remained behind. There was no reason why ladies should not have gone. These lower regions were of a spaciousness and an elegant neatness hardly surpassed by those above. The party, on their return, displayed much enthusiasm at what they had seen. The ex-secretary's daughter explained to Mr. Sprowle Onderdonk, gesticulating the while with a pair of small, nervous white hands, —

"The contrivances for hygiene and comfort are something wonderful. The heating apparatus is provided with a self-acting gauge, so that the temperature can never possibly rise above or fall below seventy Fahrenheit. The air for breathing is filtered through cotton-wool, or something of that kind, before it comes into the rooms. There is an electric battery connected with the gas, so that a burner lights itself on being turned, and no matches are necessary. And there is an elevator, moved by water-power, so that you never need climb the stairs at all."

"I should be afraid it would all blow up, you know," said the rather bluff-talking Sprowle Onderdonk.

The Hon. Lyman Redway now arrived. His title was derived from his having served as a member of Congress. He was a man of fine presence. He offered apologies in a most courteous way for having kept the company waiting. His delay had been quite unavoidable. A number of the guests already knew him, some of the graver portion having heard his discourse on the tariff, that day, before the Chamber of Commerce. Those who had not made his acquaint-

ance before were now presented to him, and the signal for dinner was given.

Bainbridge had been speculating, with vague apprehension, as to who his partner would be. Mrs. Harvey resolved it in saying to him, —

"I am going to ask you to take in my niece, Miss Otilie Harvey."

Bainbridge offered his arm to Otilie, and, exchanging a conventional word or two, they joined the procession, and moved towards the dining-room. Both, having made up their minds to appear particularly at ease, were, on the contrary, particularly uncomfortable.

The long dining-table, around which the guests proceeded to take their places, in high-backed chairs upholstered in tapestry, formed a spot of genial brightness in the rich semi-obscurity of the room. It was lighted by standards of shaded waxen tapers. The illumination fell softly upon a multitude of utensils of gold and silver, fine porcelain, and Venice glass, and upon a cloth of snowy damask, open-worked along its edges with lace patterns, which showed a crimson ground beneath. In the centre, a silver galley, laden with fruits and flowers, floated upon the lake of an oblong mirror, with banks of flowers. The walls around showed a harmonious decoration in paneled tapestries, and a few choice paintings, chiefly portrait and figure subjects in rich dark tones. William Skiff, assisted by Alphonse, moved in and out discreetly with the viands from behind a tall screen. An orchestra of stringed instruments played softly in an adjoining room. Its music, instead of conflicting with the talk, seemed like a low accompaniment to recitative, to bind all its fragments into a certain unity and rhythm.

Otilie and Bainbridge talked but little. The young man's manner was distinctly frigid, and the young girl had not the faintest idea of the cause. The intervals of silence between them lengthened. They gazed at the table decora-

tions, and at the other guests, and listened to the conversation around. The governor of the neighboring State, at Otilie's right, developed a taste for her society, and also a certain bantering way that might not quite have been expected from one of his dignity.

Baron Au, whose deficiencies in English by no means sufficed to check a tendency to talk a great deal, was heard setting forth his personal habits, from the point of view of hygiene, for the benefit of Ada Trull.

"I haf learn," he said, "your American proverb: 'Times is money.' I rise myself each morning at seven of clock, take cold bat-z, so cold what I can, and walk myself one hour in z-the streets."

"I should think you would rather speak French, Baron," commented Ada Trull. She was much too captivating, however, to be quarreled with, and she knew it. Her blonde hair over her forehead was more like a cap of polished gold this evening than ever.

Hackley, to the left of Bainbridge, was incidentally discussing with a neighbor the fruitful theme of stocks. Something of what was said came to the ears of Bainbridge, and even fixed itself in his memory.

"I confidently expect," Mr. Hackley was declaring, "to see Devious Air Line at one hundred and fifty before the season is over. Harvey is president, you know, and everything he touches turns to money. It is in high-priced stocks, after all, and not low, that money is made. If I had the funds, I should hold Devious Air Line for a rise."

Whether Miss Van Voorst, in front, was aware or not of the altar upon which she was to be sacrificed, she could be seen to pay quite a sweet deference to the apathetic Selkirk at her side. She had a dimple in the cheek nearest him, of which a more impressible person than he might have taken a great deal of account.

"Do you think her pretty?" Otilie

inquired of Bainbridge; for appearances of civility, at least, were to be kept up.

"Rather," he answered. "Hardly so much so as your cousin, or Miss Ada Trull."

The peculiarity about Miss Van Voorst's countenance was that the lids of her almond-shaped eyes, not opening quite wide enough, as it seemed, for the full orbs of vision, gave her a quaint, near-sighted look, not unbecoming.

"It is strange how glasses, or the near-sighted air, rather impress us," said Otilie. "Not to be quite able to see is rather distinguished; but if a person cannot quite hear, or taste, or smell, or has lost an arm or a finger, no merit at all attaches to those infirmities."

The exploring party to the cellar still continued the topic of their discoveries. The house, indeed, was a subject not easily exhausted. The merchant prince received the compliments paid him upon it modestly. He even pretended that it was but a poor makeshift, a very indifferent affair at best.

"They turned us out of our house in Union Square," he said. "They wanted the property for business purposes. We found we could not afford to live upon land worth four thousand dollars a foot. So we had to sell out, and we crept in to a shelter from the weather as we could."

"I understand that I am found fault with, in some quarters," he continued, "for not having put up a dwelling in a more correct taste. I am aware of the existence of certain fashionable new styles, — 'Queen Anne,' 'Queen Elizabeth,' and so on, I believe they call them; but the fact is, that if you wish to dispose of a house of the regular pattern you always have a customer for it, while if it be out of the common you must wait for somebody to come along who is educated up to it. We are in such a transition state, by reason of the rapid growth of the city, that it is but a question of time — and of a short one at

that — when any and all of our houses must be torn down, or readjusted into stores as they stand."

"If I had the caricaturist's faculty," said the Hon. Lyman Redway, "I should represent private life in New York under the guise of a brown stone mansion, fleeing up Fifth Avenue at the top of its speed, with a rag, tag, and bobtail of shop-fronts, all sorts and sizes, tearing after it in hot pursuit. The hunt began at the Battery, continued up Broadway, and is now nearing the Central Park."

"Better tear them down before they tumble down or crumble down, as they seem inclined to do, in this soft brown sandstone so much in use," pronounced the journalist Blithewood Gwin. "Perhaps you have seen," addressing himself to Redway, — "and if you have not you should, — a curious antediluvian bird-track that has lately appeared, on the corner-stone of this very mansion itself. For my part, I never look about me but I see surfaces flaked, sharp corners rounded, and even rotund balusters eaten away to the extent of a good half of their substance."

"An inferior quality of stone," said Dr. Wyburd. "Mineral substances are contained in it, or the grains are imperfectly consolidated, which admits the absorption of water, and consequent freezing and thawing. I should say — as I have held before — that the impression in question was not altogether a bird-track, however. I" —

"Bird-tracks, — that is always such a bad sign," interrupted Mrs. Harvey, appealing with a little anxious nod to the ex-secretary's wife. The ex-secretary's wife returned the nod in a way denoting coincidence of opinion.

"Bother signs! Why are there never any good ones?" exclaimed Angelica.

"Where, then, is private life going to, being so harassed and pursued?" inquired Mr. Redway.

"Up into the air, probably, on the French plan," suggested Blithewood

Gwin. "That must be its final refuge, since space is so scanty on this narrow little island. I expect to see, in time, buildings as high as the towers of Cologne Cathedral. Why not, provided they be solid enough, now that we have that beneficent invention, the elevator? An elevator can run up an eighth of a mile as easily as a hundred feet."

"Weil, it would suit me if private life would seek that refuge at once, and let my place at Fort Washington alone," grumbled Sprowle Onderdonk. "In the general chaos now going on there, a new street or boulevard is making directly through the centre of it. The worst of it is, it takes the old house in its course. I am giving a garden party there shortly, the day before they begin pulling it down. It will be quite a historic sort of an occasion. Dr. Wyburd has agreed to write us a poem. I should be glad" — to the guest of the evening — "if you would come. I shall send you a card."

"Such a charming old mansion!" Mrs. Sprowle took it upon herself to explain further. "It is the Sprowle country-seat, though now in possession of the Onderdonk branch. It was built by the colonial Governor Sprowle, and almost everybody of note, both in the early times and later, has been entertained there."

"Still, it is precisely in that high, rocky part of the town, overlooking the river, that the great residences of the future will be built, before the up-in-the-air period, of which we are told, begins," ventured the mayor. "They will probably be on a scale of magnificence beyond anything yet reached."

"Are we to think, then, that it can ever be safe to add greatly to our present style of display?" Dr. Miltimore inquired, in his serious way. "An alarming spirit of socialistic revolt has already appeared, and who shall say to what lengths it may reach? Communism in a republic, with all our safety-

valves, our opportunities for expansion and legal redress, our equality of rights, which should obviate the need of it, is a more dangerous symptom perhaps than under monarchical governments, where it has a certain excuse in oppression."

"I have every confidence in the people," announced Rodman Harvey.

"So have I. That is what we say when we are running for office, of course," said the governor, "and our friend Gwin can put that in his paper. But, between ourselves, we recollect what we have seen in some of the railroad strikes, for instance. Militia regiments loan their muskets to the rioters, and timid officials fail to take even such steps for repression as they can; though, to be sure, there is really very little that they can do. Abroad there are great standing armies always ready to put down disturbances. But here, suppose that a really serious fight between capital and labor, or between wealth and poverty, breaks out, — suppose the mob take it into their heads to be offended at the kind of dwelling our host lives in: what is to prevent their bringing it clattering down about his ears?"

"You must let us come and get a crack at them with the Narragansett Gun Club first," said Sprowle Onderdonk.

"The side that can pay is all right," maintained Mr. Hackley. "Your communists would rather take two dollars a day, any time, to defend property than pull it down on speculation."

"Our government, then, our whole system, may need changing," observed the ex-secretary. "I am not one of those who believe that the last word has been said, and perfection reached, republic though we are. There is a great deal of clap-trap on the subject. A government should be simply the most efficient police and central business agency for the public; that is all. In itself it is entitled to no reverence whatever."

"I confess, for my part, that I do not easily conceive a more perfect luxury than this," resumed Dr. Milmore, gazing about admiringly. "Perhaps we do not sufficiently appreciate the point to which we have already attained. If our good friend and host will allow me thus to speak of him, I dare say that in personal state as well as in actual power and scope of affairs he far surpasses many or most of those great merchants of the Low Countries and Venice and Tyre and Sidon, over whom history makes such a stir."

"Hear! hear!" cried several guests in polite accord, clinking knives against their glasses.

This should have been a rather proud moment for Rodman Harvey, to be so described and acclaimed by competent judges. Was there no one at hand, as is said to have been the custom at classic banquets, to whisper, "After all, man is but mortal"? Perhaps it is the sage-looking William Skiff, to whom this duty has been confided, as he bends down to his master's ear. No, it is but to get an omitted direction concerning one of the wines.

The illumination was peculiarly favorable to the complexion of Mrs. Rodman Harvey. By day it began to have a parched look, and to show deep little lines, once soft and mobile, at the corners of her nose and mouth. It was as if Father Time had been so well pleased with them that he had never stopped till he had graven them in. Mrs. Harvey went back a little on the last topic, and turned it her own way.

"Governments?" she said. "Yes, I think so, too. They ought to be changed. I am sure ours is very far from perfect. If something could be done to establish by law the positions that people really have! I used to reflect upon it in Europe. There were my children, brought up with every luxury and refinement. Why were they not just as worthy of titles as many I saw enjoying them, who

had not had half their advantages? Under the Empire, now — Of course I am not in favor of the Empire; so much has been said in the papers — Still, it was very pleasant. The Emperor used to walk in the Bois every day, and he quite got to know the children at the school where my daughter Angelica was. They walked there, too. You remember, dear. He used to smile as he went by, and make the little Prince Imperial bow and kiss his hand. It was very charming. Do you not think," to Redway, "something should be done to give family its rights? Do you not think the aristocratic quality something to be made much of?"

"I should rule myself out so completely, were I to agree with you, that it will not be safe to do so," replied the Hon. Lyman Redway. "I find myself almost sharing certain prejudices based upon the feeling you speak of now; but possibly you do not remember that I began life as a shoemaker. I am my own ancestor."

He had a habit of speaking in a full manly voice, and his manner was one of entire ease, as if he were making the most agreeable statement in the world.

"How delightful!" exclaimed Mrs. Harvey, feigning an enthusiasm which was but scant, in spite of severe effort.

"He is a bold one to beard the lions, and especially the lionesses, in their den, like that," said Bainbridge to Otilie, allowing himself to be stirred to a certain interest by this episode. "Look at Mrs. Sprowle! Have you ever known her wear a more Roman-nosed, uncompromising expression of disdain? She believes in the refinement and perfection of types from generation to generation by careful abstinence from any part in the useful work of the world."

"How! You abet scoffing at family, — you who are yourself so 'swell'?" returned Otilie. "I have it both from Miss Emily Rawson and Mrs. Ambler." She ventured to hold up two fingers of

each hand curving inwards, in a way she had of denoting the slang word as in quotation marks. It seemed as if the constraint between them were thawing out, and the sun might be going to appear.

"Our basis for such distinctions is so wretchedly weak," said Bainbridge. "We descend from our small lawyers, doctors, and store-keepers, some of whom have been now and then dressed with a little brief authority as officials. One and all have had to count their pennies, kept but a beggarly servant or two, and had the plow or the mechanic's bench but a short remove behind them. There is the large, grand way of living of great families abroad, which it seems might beget large and noble ideas, though we see as matter of fact that even that does not necessarily do so. If we had a duke, now, with his two palaces, three castles, four or five 'halls,' and hunting lodges *ad infinitum*; a person whose ancestors had led armies and fleets, and swayed Parliaments, and been as magnificent as himself for five or six hundred years, — that would be something like."

"This setting up to be better than one another, for some cause, seems universal, however, and confined to no one class," said Otilie.

"Of course it is. The butcher gives himself airs over the baker and candlestick maker, at one extreme of society; and no doubt there are emperors who look down with contempt upon vulgar little upstart kings, at the other. It is useless to rail at the trait. We are to go on torturing one another with it, I suppose, till the end of time."

"Would you have no distinctions at all, then, — no social aspirations?"

"A legitimate aspiration, I dare say, might be to wish to be considered as good as the best, but no better. That would do away with much heart-burning. Individual merit constitutes the only real basis of distinctions. I should say that an aristocrat, for these days,

should have a good mind, good intentions, fine manners, be presentably dressed, and, if possible, healthy and good-looking. He should be courageous, too, — wedded to whatever is beautiful, but not enervated by it, not afraid to march and leave all at any word of command given by higher duty. Redway here, who calls himself his own ancestor, seems to have most of what is necessary just now."

They were getting on with a certain animation in this matter when Miss Ada Trull chose to lean towards Otilie, from the other side of the table, with a pose and a beaming smile which might have been pure friendliness, or only for effect upon some masculine admirer near at hand, and say, "We are talking here of Mr. Onderdonk's *fête*. The Baron and I are going up on Mr. Kingbolt's drag. I hear that you also are to be of our party."

"Yes," returned Otilie. "Mr. Kingbolt has been good enough to ask me."

Bainbridge abruptly cut short a speech he had under way, and withdrew into himself. Otilie felt the change. Something was distorting their old relations, as they saw themselves grotesquely distorted in the polished utensils before them. There would be no explanation to-night.

The Bloomfield case came up for general discussion, with other interesting topics of the day. It was the old story. Bloomfield, a once reputable person and financial authority, had embezzled trust funds committed to his care, and a number of people, among others the ingenious Mrs. Eglantine, had suffered cruelly by him.

"It is the strangest thing," declared Mrs. Harvey. "I would have trusted that man with untold millions."

"To be sure you would, madam," commented Dr. Wyburd. "That is precisely the sort of person who can do these things. Without our confidence, how could he secure the necessary opportunities?"

"They say he announced, when captured, that it was an inconceivable relief to him when it was all out, though he was coming back to punishment," said the ex-secretary. "He declared that nothing that awaited him could equal the torments he had endured for months, in the endeavor to conceal his frauds and redeem his fortune from the vortex of speculation in which it was finally swallowed up."

"It shows the amount of comfort there really is in such courses," said Dr. Miltimore. "It exhibits, too, the truth of the saying that 'Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage.' It appears that he carried around with him, as it were, a cage of his own contriving, more secure than any forged of the stoutest steel. No doubt every instance in which he saw others exposed, while he still escaped, — for the papers abound with these cases every day, — filled him with dread, and was a part of his punishment."

The guest Hackley seemed to fidget in his chair, and cast furtive glances towards the host.

"Considering the opportunities afforded in the unlimited necessity for confidence that exists, and considering the way we are all of us being cheated, more or less, in the smaller matters of life," the governor took occasion to say in a confidential tone to Otilie, "it may be that there is much more of this Bloomfield business going on than is usually supposed. Possibly, even, it is only the smaller number of transgressors who come to grief, while the majority tide over their infractions of the law, their perils and difficulties, the chances turning in their favor, and are never discovered. Come! that is a rather good idea. Your uncle, with his large experience of affairs, should know about it. Let us ask him. Ask him," he said, with a mischievous pretense of egging her on, "whether commercial life is teeming with instances of dishonesty only tem-

porarily hidden; whether all of his business associates, if the truth were known, are as bad as Bloomfield, or worse."

"I shall do nothing of the kind," said Otilie, flushing.

But her neighbor appeared to find this facetious way of putting his question by proxy too good to be abandoned.

"Your niece was asking" — he began; but his voice was overpowered for the moment by other conversation.

"Your niece was asking," he persisted again, this time securing the attention of Rodman Harvey, "whether there is an immense amount of fraud in business life, an immense amount of Bloomfieldism, successfully consummated. I shall have to refer her to you. What is your opinion? The point is, whether all of you august Chamber of Commerce men, to whom our friend Redway has been lecturing to-day on the tariff, are merely first-class speculators, embezzlers, and forgers in disguise, only waiting to be found out."

Mr. Hackley dropped his dessert-spoon with a clatter. It fell upon his plate of handsome Dresden china with a perforated border, and thence to the floor. He stooped hastily for it, not waiting for assistance, and came up with a flushed face, which he mopped with a handkerchief.

"You know I did not ask that, uncle Rodman," Otilie protested, in confusion. Then she fancied she caught the eye of Bainbridge fixed upon her scrutinizingly, and she turned a little pale. Might her protest be construed into an indication that there were reasons why she should not have asked the question, if she had wished? Pshaw! What misunderstandings! What agitations over a nonsensical bit of pleasantry!

But the merchant prince himself was entirely unflustered, and pronounced his answer with a deliberative calmness. The glance of Hackley might now have been thought, had there been a suspicious observer, to have an admiring char-

acter, as if he said, "Well, if you are not a cool hand, I know little about it, — that is all."

Rodman Harvey's smile was faint, it is true; but then his smiles were never broad.

"I am inclined to think," he said, "that the greater part of the dishonesty there is comes to light. The community has a certain safeguard in this, in my opinion, that the persons who engage in such courses soon lose their heads under the stress of their unwonted burdens and anxieties, and do not long maintain the needed coolness and sagacity in planning to save them from exposure."

Presently after this the ladies rose and withdrew, their robes making a crisp rustling over the floor. The gentlemen remained a while, to smoke some choice cigars prepared to the order of Rodman Harvey, — though he himself did not touch tobacco in any form, — and then joined them in a music-room hung with red damask. Here coffee was served, and afterwards cordials in little cups of crystal set in Russian gold filigree. A trio of excellent professional voices had been engaged, and entertained the company for some time with singing.

In the first freedom of the breaking up, Baron Au, with a stretching manner as of relief from the long sitting at table, approached Daisy Goldstone. "If you did hear me to blow z-the horn when we pass your house on z-the coach, about ten of clock last night?" he inquired.

"Oh, was that you?" she answered. "I thought it was Mr. Rowley or Mr. Kingbolt. They often do that when they come by late."

Dr. Wyburd, who also was moving about in an easy way, with his hands behind him, caught at the name last spoken.

"There is a fortunate person, that young Kingbolt," he said. "I should

like to have his income for a few months."

"Is it really so very large?" Angelica asked, adding herself to the little group.

"The Eureka Tool Works are on an enormous scale," the doctor replied, "and, I hear, are doing particularly well of late. I have had especial advantages for knowing about that family. The late Colonel Kingbolt died, as you might say, in my arms. A curious thing, — I happened to be at Bridgefield at the time, and the family were good enough to think that my services might possibly be of avail. It was a trifle that killed him, — at least, a matter of small consequence, over which he allowed himself to be agitated in such a way that it proved the immediate cause of his death. He was a particularly excitable man."

"Ah, indeed?" said Angelica.

"Somebody had used his name, or that of his company, in the way of a forgery," went on the speaker, who needed but slight encouragement to be discursive. "He got news of it from some bank here in New York. It was rather hushed up. There was something mysterious about it. The bank officials would not give him names or particulars, after they heard that the paper they held was not made by him. Their refusal drove him wild. I never heard that there was any particular loss to anybody by the transaction. It might have been an error, a misunderstanding of some kind. At any rate, I never learned more. This is one of the cases where my idea that if you hear the first part of a good story you are likely in time to hear the last has not come true."

"But time is not all over, doctor. You may hear yet."

"Oh, I dare say, but it is of no consequence. This is rather ancient history I am telling you. Only I sometimes think of it in seeing the son, and remarking a certain resemblance between

his father's character and his own. The circumstance took place just in the last days preceding the outbreak of the war. It came upon the top of the excitements of that eventful time. Kingbolt imagined plots to undermine the great enterprise he had built up. He had the gloomiest forebodings, too, of the state of the country. He feared that the rebellion was to be its disintegration and ruin. It came also upon the top of a period of excesses, ending in something like an attack of apoplexy, which had confined him to his bed. Between ourselves, he was not a man of the most exemplary habits in all respects. He was by fits and starts a hard drinker. No constitution less robust than his could have stood it as long. A fine animal: handsome, full blooded, with strongly-curling hair, a thick neck, muscular arm, and a temper like a Berserker when it was up. A remarkable person in many ways was old Colonel Kingbolt. Not so old, either, since he was cut off at forty-seven, in the prime of his days. He had made his own way from the ranks, — the regular American history."

"One gets so tired of the regular American history," said Angelica aside.

"He had a remarkable inventive faculty and a naturally fine mind, that would have commanded respect anywhere. He had the good taste to marry an amiable and refined lady, who no doubt kept him somewhat in check. Now, to show you what he accomplished entirely by his own exertions" —

The doctor went into some details of the extent of the Kingbolt manufacturing property at Kingboltsville, Connecticut. Bainbridge inadvertently became aware of the subject of the exposition. He remarked Otilie among the listeners. With that time-honored fatuity which induces lovers to drag obstacles into their own way, with both hands, and plant them there, he chose to represent to himself that she was drinking in with rapture the account of the riches

of her new suitor, or betrothed, or — whether betrothed as yet or not — the person at whom she was playing off her arts and graces for a matrimonial purpose in the most shameless fashion. He seized an opportunity to take his leave of the hostess, and departed.

Bainbridge walked up the Avenue a long way in the dark, then down again, and turned into Broadway. The theatres were letting out. He saw young husbands, as he fancied them, with young wives clinging to their arms, and looking contentedly up in their faces as the pairs trudged away homewards in pleasant gossip about the play. He entered a car. The only other occupants of it were a modish young couple with a sleepy child between them. They had come, he judged, from spending a day with relatives in the country. They expressed themselves as glad to get home. They did not talk much. The child between them was a large girl, charming in the *abandon* of her sleepiness. Her long legs in floss-embroidered stockings dangled to the floor, and she held a hand of each parent. How sweet it was, that ideal of domestic happiness! Was he a pariah, then, that it was never for him?

On returning to his chamber, he sat late, pretending to read, but in reality giving way to the bitterness of his thoughts. The assumed mercenariness of woman has been a staple complaint of lovers, and will be to the end of time. In the still small hours, on looking out of his window, he observed a great fire in progress at a distance. Serpent-like flames came out from behind looming profiles of mansard roof and chimney-stack, and licked the black sky. It was the furniture factory of Hackley & Valentine that was being consumed. The distance was too remote for any of the uproar of the conflagration to come to his ears. It burned a while in silence, as if quite uninterfered with. The red brick walls in the interior of the city block upon which he looked took a rud

dy glow, and every object was brought out with a vivid distinctness, down to the clothes upon the lines.

By degrees the actual flames abated. It was evident that deluging streams of water were being poured in upon and conflicting with them. The sky darkened. The distinct small objects which had come out so sharply retired again into their obscurity. Then, upon the darkened sky, showers of scintillating sparks, startled from the embers by the streams of water, began to appear and

float gently along, wafted by the wind. It was as if the destroyed property had been transmuted — only into a value a million times greater — into celestial gold pieces. Or it was a pretty realization of the fable of Jupiter searching for Danaë.

"That is right," cried Bainbridge, humoring himself in this conceit; "that is right. To the northward! To the corner of West Blank Street and the Avenue! She is there. Danaë is there."

William Henry Bishop.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

IN bringing forward my reflections upon the life and writings of the great man named at the head of this article, I shall not attempt to measure him, or to make an inventory of the gifts with which he has enriched this age. Such attempt would be premature and presumptuous. For a small acquaintance with the subject is sufficient to convince us that the influence of Emerson's life and teachings has extended itself from the first, without any indications of culmination. The most recent traces show most acceleration, and the broadest and deepest effects. There is less of mannerism, less aping of superficial idiosyncrasy, and more of healthful development of character derived from his personality. It is only the verdict of ultimate success that decides the measure of human work. So long as the effects continue to unfold, so long the cause is revealing itself, and the inventory is not yet complete. But already the present achievement is so magnificent as easily to surpass our ability to see its limits, or to frame a conception that will include even its most important features. When the critic essays to sit in judgment on a great man, he is

certain of only one success: he will pass judgment on himself beyond a peradventure, whether he helps us to an estimate of the hero or not.

Nevertheless, a decent respect for our benefactors requires that we celebrate their memory by recounting their service and applying the lesson of their lives. Under the cover of this formal requirement, the humblest person may venture to offer his tributes to the memory of the greatest man, and meet respectful treatment for the sake of his cause. I shall therefore make bold to describe my studies and their yieldings.

The first question asked by all, when a new phenomenal personage appears, is, "What manner of man is he?" The answer expected is a name of some sort. Names classify, but it is the feeblest order of human intellect that is satisfied when it has named the new object. The more active intellect wishes to recall the characteristics of the class, and to recognize in detail their realization in the new individual.

If I class Emerson as a seer, it will be necessary to explain the sense in which the word is used, and the limits of its application.

Seers are various in their endowment. While they all partake, in extraordinary degree, of insight into reality, in some it is a vision of the what to do, the general form of action demanded in their times. The prophet or law-giver has this form of insight. He sees the general rules for self-consistent action, in which people may exercise their freedom, and not contradict one another or lame themselves. The social community at one epoch is preserved by one system of conventional usages, and at another by a different one. Witness the code of Manu and the code of Solon. But the diversity is comparatively superficial, with deep underlying sameness. The codes of ethics by which we characterize and discriminate nationality are the subtlest products of mind, and even the superficial differences are too deep for common understanding. Each person regards the ethical view into which he has been educated as the only true view of life. Another national life, that is founded on a different code, is incomprehensible. How can an Englishman understand the Chinese principle, that makes the family responsible instead of the individual; or the Hindu principle, that makes caste more fundamental than moral duty? Even in Europe, where ethical distinctions vanish in presence of the wide chasm that sunders them from those of Asia, there are still to be found stubborn barriers of national tastes and likings, which cannot be comprehended nor surmounted.

The prophet-seer has a clear vision of the various rules of the ethical code necessary for the prosperity of his people. Confucius, Manu, Gautama, Zoroaster, Moses, Solon, Lycurgus, Numa, Mahomet, are examples in varying degree.

Corresponding to the prophet-seer is the hero-seer,—the man who has the gift of discerning in exact detail the conditions necessary to form vast combinations of man with man and thing with thing, so as to produce great

results for the nation or the race. The hero knows just how to accomplish the providential purpose of the time. He is haunted by it, and it takes possession of his whole being, so that he becomes the organ of its expression, and the mighty idea through him makes combinations of men and things, and appoints him their leader and guide. When the two kinds of genius are united, the person is both law-giver and leader, prophet and hero. Ordinarily the two attributes of insight are separate. The vision of the universal is dimmed by the attempt to apply it in detail, and the prophet cannot well announce universal laws and administer them.

The prophet and the hero have insight especially into the realm of the human and divine will. There is another order of seers, whose power of insight lies on the theoretical side of mind, including the poet and the philosopher or man of science.

There are many leaders, but only seldom a hero; many law-makers, but only at rare intervals a prophet. So there are many poets and many philosophers, but few seers among them all.

What is the special insight that makes a seer of the poet or the philosopher?

It would seem that the philosopher differs from the ordinary thinker or man of reflection in the fact that he sets up one principle wherewith to explain the world. The other man generalizes and has ideas, it may be of great depth and grasp, but he does not affirm one idea as the source of all. The moment he does this he is a philosopher, whether his principle is *air, water, matter, atoms, mind, the ego, force, will, monad*, or whatever else he selects. His first principle may be a very inadequate one, or a very adequate one; he is a philosopher, all the same. He is a seer only on condition that he discerns truly the fundamental essence,—sees it to be a spiritual first cause. I must propound this doctrine, hard as it will seem to

many. A spiritual first principle makes mind the source of the universe and the explanation of nature and history. Mind is consciousness, personality, will, intellect, love. In the absolute personality intellect and will and love are one, because each in its perfection is all. The absolute self-knowledge which makes of itself an object thereby creates, or is, absolute will. But its self-made object is also one with it by love and recognition. Hence Plato called his first principle the good, inasmuch as he wished to indicate that it is a will in accordance with reason, and not a blind will, such as Schopenhauer sets up and Buddhism presupposes. Plato's God creates the world as "like himself as possible," for "no goodness can have envy of anything." Hence nature must be a revelation of infinite goodness, and man must have a divine origin and a divine destiny. Such is the doctrine in the *Timæus*.

Plato may stand for the philosophic seer of all time, — Plato or Aristotle, it makes little difference which; for Aristotle reaffirms the same doctrine, and proceeds to show in detail the explanation of nature and man, as the revelation of divine reason. That the ultimate presupposition of all science is a personal first cause or absolute reason is evident to the philosopher who has learned to think in the school of Plato and Aristotle, or in the schools of their greatest followers; it is seen to be implied in the fact that the one from whence all proceeds is necessarily self-active and self-determined. Even if it is called *water*, or *air*, or *matter* as first principle, it must be *causa sui*. All things are to be explained as produced by its activity, and as growing or perishing through it. The self-determined is both subject and object of its activity, and this must be identified as mind, — or has been thus identified by the thinkers mentioned who follow Aristotle or Plato.

As to the poet-seer, something simi-

lar must be affirmed of him. His insight is into the supremacy of personality; nature and each particular thing in nature are there for the revelation of mind. Both the external and the internal forms of the poetic expression proceed on this presupposition. The internal form of poetry is trope or metaphor, and personification. By the latter figure, nature and the beings of nature are personified by the poet, and made to think and feel and act like man. By metaphor, a partial identity is discovered and expressed, so that nature illustrates mind, and becomes the expression of mind or the spiritual. By this internal form of poetry is established the vision of the identity of nature and mind, the latter being the true essence, and the former being the utterance or expression of it; identity here being used in the sense that Schelling and Hegel use it, as of unity formed by dependence and correlativity. The dependent (that is, nature) is not a whole by itself, but only in and through mind; hence it does not exist in itself, but only in the mind of its creator.

The external form of poetry concerns, not the trope and personification, but the musical arrangement of words; rhythm being the essential, and rhyme the unessential feature. Rhythm consists in the recurrence of equal intervals of time, and hence in their correspondence or agreement. Here the principle of identity appears again. There shall be sameness under difference, so that that which seems other or alien and foreign shall be recognized as one's self. The breaking through of the perceiving mind into this identity under the difference is accompanied with delight, — the delight of reason finding itself in sense-perception. The deeper and more complete the difference, and the more complete the identity found under it, the higher and more refined the æsthetic taste that it appeals to. The savage adorns himself with beads, feeling the

symbolism of his empty consciousness (subject and object being one in consciousness, because consciousness means the knowing of self) in the empty identity of things as like as two beads. Or his ear is pleased with the monotonous noise of the drum, or cymbal, or the pipe with a single tone. The more civilized the man, the more complex his life, the deeper his differences, which he must unite by the unity of his intellect or the purpose of his will; hence he needs for art expression more variety of means, and gets beyond simple regularity to the enjoyment of symmetry, and finally of harmony. In harmony the unity or identity is deeply hidden under difference. In rhyme, or recurrence of the same sound, an additional means is added to the external form of poetic expression, but it has the same import as rhythm, — the expression of identity under difference, and the symbolism of the fact of consciousness or of mind. Rhyme indicates more externality, more highly developed emotional nature, in its poets than mere rhythm; just as music of the most complex form — that of Beethoven — implies great refinement in the same direction.

I have apparently dwelt on these distinctions too long, but I trust not so in reality, because there are many questions regarding Mr. Emerson's poetry, as well as his philosophy, which turn on the theory one may form of poetry.

The external form of poetry consists not only in rhythm and rhyme, but in parallelism and correspondence. Not only Hebrew poetry finds its poetic dress in this feature, but the poetry of all Christian nations has been more or less affected by it, especially in its elevated moods. "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handy-work. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge." Here the parallelism appears: (1) in synonyms, or identity of meaning with difference of

words (heavens, firmament); (2) tautology, or repetition of the same word (day unto day, night unto night); (3) correspondence of expression and thing expressed (glory of God and his handy-work; uttereth, sheweth, speech, knowledge). In Tennyson's great ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington, we have in the first lines an abandonment of the external rhythm and rhyme for the internal rhythm of thought that the Hebrew poets used. "Bury the great Duke" is repeated (tautology), and "with an empire's lamentation" is varied in expression, so that "lamentation" becomes "noise of the mourning," and "empire's" becomes "of a mighty nation" (synonyms and correspondence of the general with the specific).

Emerson very often uses the Hebrew device of rhyme of thought in his poetry, though not omitting, if sometimes slightly, the external rhyme and rhythm. From his Sphinx we quote, —

"The fate of the man-child,
The meaning of man;
Known fruit of the unknown;
Dædalian plan;
Out of sleeping a waking,
Out of waking a sleep;
Life death overtaking;
Deep underneath deep?"

Here we have tautology and correspondence of contrasted elements (sleeping and waking, life and death, known and unknown, fate and meaning, man-child and man, etc.).

In this matter of music in Emerson's poetry, one must do the poet the justice to remember his wonderful elocution. With proper emphasis, and especially with the emphasis of quantity or time, many of the seeming violations of metre and rhyme are seen to be fine graces of poetic expression.

The essence of poetic expression consists not in forms of rhythm or rhyme, but in the imagery of trope and personification. Here is Emerson's great claim to be called a poet. For we must place him in the rank of poet-seers.

The vision of the revelation of mind in nature is Emerson's possession throughout his literary career. No other poet since Shakespeare has been endowed with so clear and sustained insight into the transcendency of mind in the visible world. His means of expression are not adequate enough, musically, to justify comparison with Shakespeare or Spenser; but in the "internal form of poetry," as it has been defined, Emerson has no superior.

In Shakespeare we find nature in its freshness and wildness, and yet transparent to its depths with correspondence to mind. Emerson lives in an age of natural science, and commands wonderful discoveries of laws which give an abstract unity to nature not suspected in the time of the Elizabethan poets. Strangely enough, these abstract laws have been supposed to make poetry impossible in our age. Emerson never wearies of the story of these new discoveries, and finds at once their spiritual significance. His poetry, therefore, has this new element unknown to earlier poets, — the element of natural science interpreted as poetic revelation of mind. The freshness and wildness of nature as Shakespeare depicts it are also found in Emerson's nature-poems. If we study the means by which this fine effect is produced, we shall reach a sort of justification of a degree of carelessness in respect to metre. The beauty of nature demands a certain neglect of regularity and symmetry in order to reach freedom and gracefulness in the suggestion of boundless resources of form, and of emancipation from mechanical conformity to laws and types. Physical material is mechanical as we find it in the laws of our reflection, but in nature there is the suggestion of transcendence over all mechanism. The poet is attracted by this, in proportion to his endowment with the gift of seership. The rhymesters who "wrote poetry fit to put round frosted cake" (as Emerson characterizes

them) might admire landscape gardening, but the better poets would admire the native forest.

In *Hamatreya*, *Woodnotes*, *Monadnocc*, *May Day*, and in shorter poems, like *The Humblebee*, we seem to taste the genuine untamed nature, and find in it the relief and restfulness that Shakespeare gives us in his *Forest of Arden*:

"Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat, —
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather."

We note how the expression of unconventional freedom is effected through the sudden transitions of metre. In the *Woodnotes* we have, —

"Whether is better the gift or the donor?
Come to me,
Quoth the pine-tree,
'I am the giver of honor:
He is great who can live by me.
The lord is the peasant that was,
The peasant the lord that shall be;
The lord is the hay, the peasant grass,
One dry, and one the living tree.'"

In *Merlin* the poet gives us his theory of poetic expression. It is often quoted:

"Great is art,
Great be the manners of the bard.
He shall not his brain encumber
With the coil of rhythm and number;
But, leaving rule and pale forethought
He shall aye climb
For his rhyme.
'Pass in, pass in,' the angels say,
Into the upper doors,
Nor count compartments of the floors
But mount to paradise
By the stairway of surprise."

In the second part of *Merlin* he explains the spiritual meaning of the poet's rhymes: how

"Balance-loving Nature
Made all things in pairs.
Justice is the rhyme of things
And Nemesis,
Who with even matches odd,
Who athwart space redresses
The partial wrong,

Fills the just period,
And finishes the song.

Subtle rhymes, with ruin rife,
Murmur in the house of life,
Sung by the Sisters as they spin;
In perfect time and measure they
Build and unbuild our echoing clay,
As the two twilights of the day
Fold us, music-drunken, in."

The seer's vision here becomes as prophetic as that of Odin, "when he hung nine whole nights on the wind-rocked tree Yggdrasil, and learned his potent runes and obtained a draught of the precious mead."

The power to use the modern scientific view of nature poetically is seen especially in the little poems called *Elements*. Take as an example the one on *Compensation* : —

"The wings of Time are black and white,
Pied with morning and with night.
Mountain tall and ocean deep
Trembling balance duly keep.
In changing moon and tidal wave
Glow the feud of Want and Have.
Gauge of more and less through space,
Electric star or pencil plays,
The lonely Earth amid the balls
That hurry through eternal halls,
A make-weight flying to the void,
Supplemental asteroid,
Or compensatory spark,
Shoots across the neutral dark."

The one prefixed to the treatise on *Nature* says, —

"A subtle chain of countless rings
The next unto the farthest brings;
The eye reads omens where it goes,
And speaks all languages the rose;
And striving to be man the worm
Mounts through all the spires of form."

Such insights into the alchemy of nature (the explanation of nature scientifically, as being everywhere the struggle to reach consciousness and the form of man) is in harmony with what science has discovered, but the point of view is that of Plato, and Schelling, and Oken. The recognition of the great physicist, Tyndall, who finds Emerson a poet and a profoundly religious man, accepting all discoveries of science without dismay, is a valuable testimony.

It is the opinion of many of Emerson's most intelligent disciples that his verses will outlast his prose. His poems may be classed as a whole under that class of literature called "oracles," to which the Vedic and Orphic hymns belong. They are so far removed from the jingle of popular poetry, and express such subtleties of thought, that the best of them will never become favorites with the great public; although they are likely to gain in fame for some ages.

As commentary on my definition of the poetic seer, I quote from the essay on *Poetry and Imagination*, in the volume *Letters and Social Aims* : —

"Poetry is the perpetual endeavor to express the spirit of the thing; to pass the brute body, and search the life and reason which cause it to exist."

"The poet discovers that what men value as substances have a higher value as symbols; that nature is the immense shadow of man."

"For the value of a trope is that the hearer is one; and, indeed, nature itself is a vast trope, and all particular natures are tropes. . . . The thoughts of God pause but a moment in any form. All thinking is analogizing, and it is the use of life to learn metonymy."

Looking next at the definition given of the philosopher, we may consider in this connection the doctrines presented in Emerson's prose works and his style of literary composition.

The philosopher should be one who sets up one principle as the explanation of all things. Emerson, it will be said, takes the soul, or the "over-soul," for such a principle, and in so far is a philosopher. This is true, notwithstanding the protest of Emerson that he is not a philosopher.

He is not a philosopher of the argumentative sort, and draws no conclusions by the syllogism. Such argumentation is usually called "proof," and great emphasis is placed upon it. The seer, of whatever kind, has never been

known to value the so-called "proofs" of logic. It seems, in fact, too much like child's play to assume in one's major premise some point that we wish to establish, and then to draw it out triumphantly by the aid of a syllogism, as if something were thereby "proved" or made more certain. Such logical syllogizing is rarely used by people in earnest about truth, but only by those who are yet unacquainted with its nature and are without faith in its reality. To triumph over an unwary adversary is generally sought by such people, and preferred to the privilege of learning something from him. But such ratiocination is a movement in a circle. It is simple egotism when reduced to its lowest terms. The process of true proof does not proceed in the manner of argumentation; it does not assume its whole result in its premises, and then draw them out syllogistically. But it is rather what Plato describes the dialectic to be in book seventh of his *Republic*;¹ it is a method of investigating the pre-suppositions implied in an assumption, and thence progressing towards a comprehension of the totality.

There is an aspect in which the philosopher finds himself opposed to the poet, and in this phase Emerson does not side with the philosopher, but with the poet. I refer to the use of method. The philosopher should endeavor to see his first principle as active in the development of the imperfect towards the perfect. The genesis should interest him. The poet does not care for method. It seems to him too much like studying the anatomy of thought.

The lowest stage of thinking sees objects as though isolated, while the second stage, that of reflection, sees every thing as relative and dependent. The third and highest stage of thought thinks all things as self-related, or as having their explanation through the self-deter-

mined being, or mind. The seer takes this latter point of view. As poet-seer, he sees nature and history as expression of mind. As philosopher, he endeavors to learn the method by which mere things are connected with mind, and how their process of change reveals this connection. The study of method seems never to have attracted Emerson, but to have been repulsive, although in general terms he recognized nature to be a revelation of the divine as a process ("Striving to be man, the worm," etc.).

Standing on the same plane of insight with the highest philosophic thinker, therefore, Emerson declined to employ philosophic method, or to see, in method also, a revelation of the soul, as Plato had taught. He remained a poet, or else, in his writings that have a bearing on history and the social institutions, he went over to the stand-point of the seer as law-giver, and preached the true ethics of this day and generation.

Connected with his repudiation of logical and philosophic method is his much-discussed lack of unity in his essays. The *London Times* says (April 29, 1882), "Some of his best essays are a jumble of pretty things, — so many of the choicest pearls which have never been strung," etc. It has been often said that his essays may be read backwards, sentence by sentence, without material injury to the sense.

There are two kinds of unity that may be observed. Logical unity connects the parts of a discourse by dependence, so that there are premises stated and finally united in a conclusion. The highest species of this kind of unity is the dialectical, as used by Plato, where the shallowest views are, one after the other, presented and discussed, each giving place to a counterpart that corrects the special weakness of the former, but soon reveals one of its own, which has to be corrected by a new theory. The insight grows gradually by the aid of

¹ Chapter xiii. of Stallbaum's, or chapter xiv. of Hermann's, edition.

method, until we reach the comprehension of the whole in all its phases, and we no longer set up a mere partial view for the entire subject. Aristotle omits the dramatic phase, and is content to recapitulate historically the different views that have been held; referring each to its author and criticising it, and then dismissing it and proceeding to another, without seeming to care at all whether the next view is related to the previous one as an outgrowth of it, or as an effort to supply its deficiencies. He is the more careful to enumerate all the possible theories on the subject under consideration, and to be very explicit in the statement of the defects. For he had doubtless had experience under his master, Plato, of the vagueness and ambiguity that attaches to the dialectic species of proof when not thoroughly mastered. The neophyte is bewildered by the masquerade of opinions, and takes now this, and now that, for Plato's real conviction, and finally gives up in despair. No one has been able to find a positive doctrine in certain ones of the Dialogues. Many seem content with sapping the foundation of dogmatism. They leave the mind wavering and distrustful, after the manner of the first lessons of the great sophists, Prodicus and Gorgias.

The other species of unity is the so-called "organic unity," which Coleridge introduced to English-speaking people. In an organism each part is alike means and end of all the others, we are told. In a work of art, as a dramatic poem, or a statue, or a sonata of Beethoven, all the parts have an organic relation to the whole. Each has its place and function, and is essential. If lopped off, mutilation occurs. The ideal of the whole is evident upon examination of each part, and consequently we miss the other parts if they are lacking, just as we miss the arms of the Venus of Melos, or of the torso of the Belvedere. This organic unity it is that enables us to restore the fragments of classic art,

—to unite the Niobe family into a group, etc.

In music and poetry, the arts in which time is the form of the sensuous element, we have a sequence of parts, and hence, quite naturally, the portrayal of growth or progressive development. There arises some sort of collision, wherein the finite makes an attack upon the infinite, — some breach of law, moral or statutory; and then a mediation follows and equilibrium is restored by the destruction or correction of the offending finite element. Thus we have a phase in which the elements are depicted as they were before the collision, and the motives of the collision are exhibited; then the collision itself, with attending circumstances; lastly, the recoil of the outraged universal, and this forms the *dénouement*.

In Emerson's poetry we find a quite natural adherence to the requirements of organic unity, although recent poetry — that since Goethe's time — does not feel it necessary to put in all the connecting links of motives, but thinks it less prosaic to let the imagination fill in these details when their results are actually shown. By this device, poetry gets a new power of presenting universal objects, such as institutions or principles, — taking a well-marked instance, and letting it stand for a type; in one we see all and each.

I have been at the pains to test this principle of unity on several of Emerson's poems. Here is the obvious sequence of motives in *The Sphinx*. Subtler readers will find other chains of motivation underlying this one: —

"The Sphinx is drowsy," because she has waited so long for an answer to her question regarding the meaning of man and his destiny. While the palm, the elephant, the waves, and the "journeying atoms, primordial wholes," — in fact, all unconscious nature, — is at one with itself, and even "the peace of all being shines in the eyes" of the human infant, yet man "crouches and blushes,

absconds and conceals ;" "an oaf, an accomplice, he poisons the ground." Here is the collision: nature at harmony and man at self-opposition, with contradiction within; having a conscience which convicts him, he alone is full of discontent with his actual state. Nature asks, "Who has drugged my boy's cup," and poisoned it with sadness and madness? And the poet answers the inquiry of Nature regarding the problem of human life: Man alone of animals has the vision of the ideal or divine, and cannot be any more tranced by the Lethe of Nature. He must always dive profounder, and "to his eye-rolling orbit no goal shall arrive." To every good there is a better. Even error and sin are surmounted by shame and repentance. The Sphinx has her riddle answered, and a sudden transformation takes place. Ancient *Cedipus* answered "Man" to the riddle of the Theban Sphinx: "Who goes in the morning on four feet, two at noon, and three at night?" "And the Sphinx was precipitated from the rock." But the *Cedipus* answer was left a riddle. Emerson's poem unriddles the enigma and its answer by *Cedipus*, and shows us its content. The Egyptian spirit brooded over the question whether man was merely a being of nature, or whether he began a new and higher order of existence, transcending nature. Beings of nature belong in cycles: only the species lives; the individuals all perish. The Sphinx riddle is the burden of history: Does man belong to those forms in whom the individual is also the species? Greek art answers, Yes. Christianity answers, Yes. All European civilization is built on this answer. Emerson sees the Sphinx now in nature as purple cloud, silvered moon, yellow flame, blossoms red, foaming wave, *Monadnoc's* head. Nature gladly confesses to him, —

"Who telleth one of my meanings
Is master of all I am."

For man is always a question, a Sphinx-riddle, whose actual need is to be brought into the form of his ideal. Nature's forms only image to man in fragmentary manner the soul that he has.

In the poem *Each and All* we see the red-cloaked clown, the heifer, the sexton "tolling his bell at noon," all unconscious of their part in the whole. "Nor knowest thou what argument thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent." "I thought to secure the bird's song by engaging him. I brought home the delicate shells from the sea-shore, but I had left behind the beauty with the river and sky, with the wild uproar of the sea. I am tired of this seeming, of this unripe cheat of beauty." But he makes the experience that the synthesis that creates beauty is more real than the perishable things that compose its elements: —

"Beauty through my senses stole:
I yielded myself to the perfect whole."

In *The Sphinx* Emerson gives his evidence of seership, and all his subsequent poems and prose essays repeat the same solution to the problem of life with new and varied forms. All nature and all history tell the story of incarnation of the divine. It is this sameness under difference that delights us in art, — the symbol of the soul.

In the poem *Uriel* we have the insight expressed that all deeds return upon their doer, that all influences return to their source, as the fundamental divine law of the universe. *Uriel* (the "Light of God") "gave his sentiment divine," that there is no straight line in the universe: everything is circular; all rays return if produced. "Evil will bless and ice will burn," or opposites return through opposites, because all dependent beings exist only in and through what they depend on. This "rash word boded ill to all . . . the bounds of good and ill were rent." Then *Uriel* withdraws into his excess of light and is seen no more, although his voice still

speaks in things wherever the good is born of evil.

In Emerson's prose works the question of unity is more difficult. In his first work, the book on Nature, he divides and subdivides, carefully securing the unity of classification. By "nature" he means "all which philosophy distinguishes as the Not me; that is, both nature and art, and other men, and my own body." This he discusses under well-defined aspects. I. Commodity, or nature as useful to man for food, clothing, and shelter, and the social advantages of civilization. II. Beauty: (1) as delight; (2) as revelation of spiritual force; (3) as self-knowledge. III. Nature helps man to language: (1) words being signs of natural facts; (2) particular natural facts symbolizing particular spiritual facts; (3) nature as a whole the symbol of spirit as a whole. IV. Nature is a discipline, and educates (1) the intellect; (2) the conscience. V. Idealism results from a contemplation of the function of nature as discipline: "It is a sufficient account of that appearance we call the world that God will teach a human mind, and so makes it the receiver of a certain number of congruent sensations which we call sun, moon, etc." Culture leads to this idealism: (1) change of view changes the object, and thus nature contributes to apprise us that the world is only a spectacle; (2) the poet transfigures nature, and imposes his own forms on it; (3) the thinker finds truth, and explains appearance by its grounds; (4) intellectual science reveals the substantiality of ideas, and begets doubts of the existence of matter apart from mind; (5) religion ("human duties commencing from God") and ethics ("human duties commencing from man") put nature under foot, and preach the lesson: "The things that are seen are temporal; the things that are unseen are eternal." VI. "The world proceeds from the same spirit as the body of man.

It is a remoter and inferior incarnation of God in the unconscious." VII. "The problem of restoring to the world original and eternal beauty is solved by the redemption of the soul. The ruin or blank that we see when we look at nature is in our own eye. The axis of vision is not coincident with the axis of things, and so they appear not transparent, but opaque." "Build then your own world. As fast as you conform your life to the pure idea in your mind, the world will unfold its great proportions."

Here is certainly order and arrangement that reaches below mere classification. He considers nature in its superficial aspects first, and proceeds towards the deeper and more central phases of his subject in logical order. Each topic leads to the next one as its own proper enlargement, just as the plant grows from bud to blossom, and thence to fruit and seed, and the end is a beginning.

Logical and dialectical unity in a treatise imply a discussion of the imperfect or rudimentary phases first. If one writes only from the final point of view, and speaks of things only from the ultimate ideal, then there is no progress possible in his essay, either logical or organic.

This is the explanation of Emerson's apparent deficiency in organic unity and logical sequence in much of his writing. It is a treatment of things *sub quadem specie eternitatis*, and therefore not subject to the time element.

In essays which relate to concrete affairs, classification is possible, and Emerson has availed himself of it. Wherever a genesis is attempted, logical order of sequence is necessary and is attained. In *English Traits* the matter is wisely arranged. You have first the occasion of his visit; then, in order, follow considerations on the land, race, ability, manners, etc., each one lifting us to the next without confusion. Every essay of Emerson is the result of much sifting and classifying. Seeing

everything in its most universal aspects, as is habitual with him, it is quite natural that each suggests all to him. Accordingly, he resolutely excludes, by successive siftings, the matter that is less directly connected with his central theme, and retains only that which best illustrates his thought, and builds it out into a solid structure.

The essay on Experience is an attractive study to the one interested in Emerson's method. First, experience conducts us to consciousness of illusion. "We discover, subsequently, that the present was a king in the disguise of a beggar." Then experience suggests to us the cause of present illusion in temperament. It is structure that limits our vision; we cannot spring away from our own shadows. Then experience lifts the veil a little, and we perceive the use of succession; it helps emancipate us from temperament and what is special and fixed, correcting one limitation by substituting another. We go from particular to particular, and find each a new revelation of the whole. But succession of narrow and excluding particulars does not make us wise; it helps us see, by and by, that all events form a surface. We must unite those one-sided particulars into one view, and correct our superficiality. Experience brings us, on some occasion, to a deeper view, and thus ushers in surprise. "Life is a series of surprises" of this kind, if it is worth living; that is to say, it is our deep thoughts that give unity to our experience, and thus make us our own masters. Now we begin to perceive the true reality underlying all this illusion and succession and surface, for we perceive reality through those deeper insights that come to us in our saner moments as surprises. Now we discern the trend of the world, the purpose of the universe, and recognize rea-

son as the only creative force; energizing out there in nature and within me as the moral law and as the light of all my seeing. So experience now brings him to "Subject or the One," as he calls it, and he learns the great lesson of the inseparability of one's being from his own deeds; he is self-made, and therefore responsible for the evil that he finds in his own world. "The sentiment from which it sprang determines the dignity of any deed, and the question ever is not what you have done or forborne, but at whose command you have done or forborne it."

After this analysis of experience, see how wonderfully he sums up the world of wisdom — of which his essay is a most condensed epitome and a dialectic evolution of its chief momenta — in the oracular verses prefixed to the essay; forming an epitome of an epitome, but so sublime that it reminds one of Faust's visit to the Mothers:¹ —

"The lords of life, the lords of life, —
I saw them pass,
In their own guise,
Like and unlike,
Portly and grim,
Use and Surprise,
Surface and Dream,
Succession swift and spectral Wrong,
Temperament without a tongue,
And the inventor of the game
Omnipresent without name;
Some to see, some to be guessed,
They marched from east to west:
Little man, least of all,
Among the legs of his guardians tall,
Walked about with puzzled look;
Him by the hand dear Nature took;
Dearest Nature, strong and kind,
Whispered, "Darling, never mind.
To-morrow they will wear another face,
The founder thou! these are thy race!"

While a true genetic development may be traced in such essays as that on Experience, I have not been able to discover it in *The Over-Soul*, nor in *Spiritual Laws*, nor in any essays of that exalted type.²

¹ *Mephisto*. Schaudert's dich?
Faust. Die Mütter! Mütter! — 's klinget so wunderbar!

² Here is what Theodore Parker said, in the *Massachusetts Quarterly* (1850), of Emerson's style: —

I cannot conceive of a unity, logical or organic, as being found there, although there is evidence of much sifting and classification for the sake of rhetorical (may I say?) consecutiveness. Each paragraph is a statement of the one great fact, and each sentence is also a full statement. Almost any paragraph may be separated so as to make each sentence a paragraph by itself, and the series will form a choice chapter of "pearls of wisdom," or proverbs; each one of which is complete by itself, and yet is in unity with all the rest, because it states the same great truth with some new form of expression. Hence the unity is deeper than logical or even organic; it is absolute identity of idea.

Take the following as a sample, not specially culled, and separate it as suggested. It forms but one paragraph in the original (page 260, *The Over-Soul*) with ten sentences, and will be found to contain the doctrine of the whole essay, while each sentence of it repeats it with variations like the verses of Hebrew poetry:—

"By virtue of this inevitable nature, private will is overpowered, and, maugre our efforts or our imperfections, your genius will speak from you, and mine from me.

"That which we are we shall teach, not voluntarily, but involuntarily.

"Thoughts come into our minds by avenues which we never left open, and thoughts go out of our minds through avenues which we never voluntarily opened.

"Character teaches over our head.

"The essays in his books are separate, and stand apart from one another, only mechanically bound by the lids of the volume; his paragraphs in each essay are distinct and disconnected, or but loosely bound to one another. It is so with sentences in the paragraph, and propositions in the sentence. Take, for example, his essay on Experience; it is distributed into seven parts, which treat respectively of Illusion, Temperament, Succession, Surface, Surprise, Reality, and Subjectiveness. These seven brigadiers are put in one army, with as little unity of action as any seven Mexican officers; not subject to one head, nor

"The infallible index of true progress is found in the tone the man takes.

"Neither his age, nor his breeding, nor company, nor books, nor actions, nor talents, nor all together, can hinder him from being deferential to a higher spirit than his own.

"If he have not found his home in God, his manners, his forms of speech, the turn of his sentences, the build (shall I say?) of all his opinions, will involuntarily confess it, let him brave it out how he will.

"If he have found his centre, the Deity will shine through him, through all the disguises of ignorance, of ungenial temperament, of unfavorable circumstances.

"The tone of seeking is one, and the tone of having is another."

Looking towards our classification of insight, as manifested in four orders of seers, we find Emerson, a seer, as poet. The seer has insight into the spiritual reality that creates the world. In this respect all seers are alike, and are in sympathy one with another. Emerson has the strongest sympathy for Plato, the dialectic philosopher *par excellence*, and yet he never makes a display of method though it is the constant effort of Plato. He obeys its law, however, and follows very subtle intimations of unity and sequence of genesis wherever he deals with a subject which unfolds in time, as experience must necessarily do. But he dislikes the parade of method, and shuns what he has called the "anatomy of thought." He is more nearly allied to the seer as

fighting on the same side. The subordinates under these generals are in no better order and discipline; sometimes the corporal commands the king. But this very lack of order gives variety of form. You can never anticipate him. One half the essay never suggests the rest. If he have no order, he never sets his method agoing, and himself, with his audience, goes to sleep, trusting that he, they, and the logical conclusion will all come out alive and waking at the last. He trusts nothing to the discipline of his camp; all to the fidelity of the individual soldiers."

prophet than to the philosopher, perhaps, inasmuch as he goes beyond the revelation of the eternal beauty to the revelation of the good rather than of the true.

His writings have continually tended towards ethical themes, in late years. From the beginning, as appears in his work on *Nature*, the ethical view had attracted him powerfully.

His volume on *The Conduct of Life* represents the culmination of his thought respecting the structure of society. Thoughts like those found in the lecture on Conservatism, in 1841, here receive their fullest statement. In seeing and uttering ethical laws specially befitting our modified conditions, he is the prophet of our century. He has admired and praised the precocious ethics of Asia more than any other writer. China, India, Persia, reached, according to him, the highest vision of the good. Perhaps his verdict will need some correction, inasmuch as the Orient has never outgrown the political forms of despotism. The ethical views of Asia were developed early, because the need was great for personal good behavior from those in authority. Where all government is conducted by irresponsible rulers, the happiness of the people depends entirely on the wisdom and moderation of the despot. Europe and America have outgrown that phase, and it is comparatively of little moment with us whether the sovereign is amiable or not.

Be this as it may, Emerson has translated for us the ethical code of the world, and published an edition of it for a people with local self-government. No one has preached more solemnly to us of our duties in a free government. Trickery and cunning, demagoguery, — these have received his rebuke, but their presence has never made him despair of our civilization. His teachings have borne noble fruit in this direction, and I believe that every American has received

some impulse from Emerson that gives him greater moral courage and causes him to deal with his fellow men more frankly and generously than before. Self-respect has been taught us as the foundation of free government.

His insight, which is distinguished as poetic quite sharply from philosophic insight into method, is also again quite sharply distinguished as ethical from religious insight. He seems to have an almost morbid repugnance for the mechanical formalities of mere pietism.

The original Transcendental movement was chiefly a struggle for independence on the part of literature which had been subservient to theology, and had not enjoyed sufficient freedom to permit of the growth of any original forms. Emerson was the great leader of the movement, and he alone of all saw the end from the beginning, and never participated in any merely negative excursions. In his lecture on the Conservative, as well as other lectures at the time (1841) on *The Reformer* and *The Transcendentalist*, and on the *Times*, he was careful to assume a judicial attitude and deal fairly by all parties.

If the institution of property, said he, seems to deprive the individual of his birthright to a piece of land to live on, yet it has preserved for him the rational achievements of the race, "libraries, museums, and galleries, colleges, palaces, hospitals, observatories, cities, — Rome and Memphis, Constantinople, and Vienna, and Paris, and London, and New York." It has summed up for him the total net product of mankind, of his larger selfhood, — the "grand man," of whom he, the little man is the mere possibility or germ, — and thus presented to him a revelation of himself such as the ages only could make. Without the help of this revelation he would inevitably be a savage; with its aid he can become a civilized human being, and in a score of years realize in himself what it took

his race many thousands of years to accomplish.

There is left for the reformer the appeal to personal self-activity and heroism as the higher destiny of the individual, as against the indolent acceptance of comfort at the hands of society.

"There is a cunning juggle in riches. I observe that they take somewhat for everything they give. I look bigger, but am less; I have more clothes, but am not so warm, more armor but less courage, more books but less wit." "I want the necessity of supplying my own wants. All this costly culture of yours is not necessary. Greatness does not need it. Yonder peasant, who sits neglected there in a corner, carries a whole revolution of men and nature in his head, which shall be a sacred history to some future ages. For man is the end of nature." "Conservatism takes a low view of every part of human action and passion. Its religion . . . is always mitigations, never remedies; pardons for sin, funeral honors, never self-help, renovation, virtue. Its social and political action strives to keep out wind and weather, and bring the day and year about, and make the world last for our day; but not to sit on the world and steer it, and sink the memory of the past in the glory of a new and more excellent creation."

"Religion in such hands loses its essence. Instead of that reliance in the eternity of truth and duty, men are misled into a reliance on institutions. When the falsehood of the preaching is detected and exposed, all good citizens cry, Hush! Do not weaken the state; do not take off the strait-jacket from dangerous persons. Every honest fellow must keep up the hoax the best he can. . . . What a compliment we pay to the good Spirit with our superserviceable zeal!"

His lofty scorn of mere prudential support of the highest spiritual activity

of the soul led him to plant himself firmly outside of the churches, and proclaim the sovereignty of ethics.

"I fear that what is called religion, but is perhaps pew-holding, not obeys, but conceals the moral sentiment."

"We are in transition from the worship of the fathers, which enshrined the law in a private and personal history, to a worship which recognizes the true eternity of the law, its presence to you and me, its equal energy in what is called brute nature as in what is called sacred history. The next age will behold God in the ethical laws, as mankind begins to see them in this age, — self-executing, instantaneous, and self-affirmed, needing no voucher, no prophet, and no miracle besides their own irresistibility; and will regard natural history, private fortunes, and politics, not for themselves, as we have done, but as illustrations of those laws, of that beatitude and love. Nature is too thin a screen; the glory of the One breaks in everywhere."

His statement of this supreme ethical principle is more explicit in the following: —

"What touches any thread in the vast web of being touches me. I am representative of the whole, and the good of the whole, or what I call the right, makes me invulnerable.

"How came this creation so magically woven that nothing can do me mischief but myself; that an invisible fence surrounds my being, which screens me from all harm that I will to resist? If I will to stand upright, the creation cannot bend me. But if I violate myself, if I commit a crime, the lightning loiters by the speed of retribution; and every act is not hereafter, but instantaneously, rewarded according to its quality. Virtue is the adopting of this dictate of the universal mind by the individual will. Character is the habit of this obedience, and religion is the accompanying emotion, — the emotion of reverence which

the presence of the universal mind ever excites in the individual."

His attitude towards the church necessarily provoked its hostility, and has continued to the present the greatest bar to his influence upon his countrymen, — a bar, however, which will inevitably go down, sooner or later.

On the side of positive religion perhaps his strongest utterance is the following: —

"Unlovely, nay, frightful, is the solitude of the soul which is without God in the world: to wander all day in the sunlight among the tribes of animals, unrelated to anything better; to behold the horse, cow, and bird, and to foresee an equal and speedy end to him and them. No, the bird, as it hurried by, with its bold and perfect flight, would disclaim his sympathy, and declare him an outcast. To see men pursuing in faith their varied action, warm-hearted, providing for their children, loving their friends, performing their promises, — what are they to this chill, houseless, fatherless, aimless Cain, the man who hears only the sound of his own footsteps in God's resplendent creation? To him, it is no creation; to him, these fair creatures are hapless spectres; he knows not what to make of it. To him, heaven and earth have lost their beauty. How gloomy is the day, and upon yonder shining pond what melancholy light! I cannot keep the sun in heaven, if you take away the purpose that animates him. The ball, indeed, is there, but his power to cheer, to illuminate the heart as well as the atmosphere, is gone forever. It is a lamp-wick for meanest uses. The words, great, venerable, have lost their meaning: every thought loses all its depth, and has become mere surface."¹

After one has discussed his books, only half of the subject has been treated.

¹ The Preacher.

The personal life of Emerson is as remarkable as his literary work. Never in modern times do we hear of a personality so serene and august, so sweet and sane, as that of Emerson throughout his long life. He was the founder of the institution of the lyceum, and visited all parts of the country, reading his lectures. The presence of the man did more to educate the people than the substance of his lectures. All who saw him were inspired to live more ideal lives. In his own village, the humblest neighbor, as he passed Emerson on the street, received a look of recognition and a smile full of benignancy, and walked on with the feeling of one who had received the blessing of a priest.

The biographical side will not get written soon, but will gradually grow into form by small contributions from each of the many contemporaries who knew Emerson. His letters and personal reminiscences, if, fortunately, they shall be given to the world, will do much to reveal the man to us. The biography of Pythagoras, with all its marvels of personality, had no more wonderful subject than that of Emerson will have. He is the one person who had supreme manners. Justice measures the individual by his ideal standard, and returns his deed upon him, as though he freely chose for himself the evil or good he showed toward others. Courtesy looks to the ideal, too, but it refuses to see any deed of the individual that is not in harmony with that ideal. It receives the individual with that reverence and humility that one would show towards a superior intelligence, for the ideal of each person is the same transcendent being. Emerson's demeanor towards others was of so lofty a pattern that every day's life would, if faithfully described, furnish lessons of surpassing nobility and loveliness.

W. T. Harris.

LONDON PICTURES AND LONDON PLAYS.

I CANNOT pretend this year to answer one of the regular questions of the London social season, and say how I think the exhibitions of 1882 compare with those of the previous twelvemonth; for the simple reason that I find the exhibitions of 1881 have left no definite impression on my mind. I recall with extreme difficulty last year's Grosvenor Gallery; I attempt, quite without success, to evoke a vision of the Academy. Here and there, it is true, a dim, peculiar canvas on the walls of the latter institution glimmers into momentary distinctness. I remember coming back to London from the Continent quite late in the season, and going to the Royal Academy on one of those stale, close, dusty days that precede the closing of its doors. I was accompanied by a foreign friend, and we wandered through the fatigued looking rooms with a certain languor of attention. Here and there we stopped rather short, as before the portrait of Lord Beaconsfield by Mr. Millais, before the portrait of Matthew Arnold by Mr. Watts. These painters are, in the line of portrait, the most distinguished in England, and the model, in each of the cases I have mentioned, was what a Frenchman would call another English illustration. But what was principally illustrated in both works was the ancient axiom that even Homer sometimes nods. Very bad, strangely, grotesquely bad, were the portrait of Matthew Arnold by Mr. Watts, and the portrait of Lord Beaconsfield by Mr. Millais. My foreign friend, a painter by profession, chose to take the humorous view of the Academy altogether, and to treat even the most brilliant pictures suspended there as productions with which the art of painting was but feebly and remotely connected; and indeed it was not easy to pretend that

the state of painting was honorable in a country in which two of its foremost representatives were capable of exhibiting such fearful emanations of the brush as those two misbegotten portraits. I was not greatly concerned to defend it, for I may frankly observe that English painting interests me chiefly, not as painting, but as English. It throws little light, on the whole, on the art of Titian and of Rembrandt; but it throws a light which is to me always fresh, always abundant, always fortunate, on the turn of the English mind. It is far from being the most successful manifestation of that mind; but it adds a good deal to our knowledge of it. This assertion, doubtless, makes it the more culpable to have so completely forgotten the contents of last year's exhibitions; I ought to have remembered them for their illuminating virtues; and I am afraid I must say, in mitigation of my fault, that on that occasion the English mind was less happily manifested even than usual. Moreover, it matters very little, for last year's exhibitions have scarcely more actuality than last year's moons. I alluded to them only because one is expected to be able to say, any month of May, with an air of experience, that this is rather a good, or rather a bad, Academy.

I think it is rather a good one; by which I mean that it is somewhat less bad than usual. There are fewer pictures within immediate eye-shot that are no pictures at all than I remember on some former occasions; and the whole exhibition has an air of succeeding tolerably well in what it attempts. It is true that it does n't attempt anything very tremendous, except in the sense in which it is always tremendous to attempt to paint. But there is painting and painting; there is light work, and

there is heavy work. The Academy is essentially light; it does its best not to "go in," as the phrase is, more for the severely plastic than a Royal Academy of Arts is absolutely bound to do. The pictures for the most part are illustrations, like the little drawings in the magazines or in books. There are no striking experiments in execution, and, save on the part of the distinguished president, no attacking of the nude. Personal color, personal form, has hardly a votary; but there are multitudinous coats and trousers, and innumerable bonnets and shawls. There are also any number of chairs and tables, of windows and doors, curtains, carpets, sideboards, and chimney-pieces; and the usual proportion of green fields and cloudy skies, thatched cottages, and old brick walls, browsing donkeys and waddling geese. These are the stock properties of British art; and with their assistance the British artist is rarely at a loss to point a moral. He is not less anecdotal to-day than usual; but his anecdotes are often very neatly related. The British artist is apt to be an arrant Philistine, but he is by no means without his good points. He is wanting in science; he is wanting even in art; but he has a great deal of observation and a great deal of feeling. As M. Taine, the French critic, long ago took occasion to remark, he is very fond of studying and representing motives and states of mind; he has a turn for psychology; he is often successful in rendering the facial expression of emotions, though indeed since M. Bastien-Lepage exhibited at the Salon that remarkable figure of Joan of Arc, which hangs to-day in the Metropolitan Museum of New York, and showed us with what skill a modern Frenchman could infuse into a set of features the condition and attitude of a soul, it must be admitted that these ingenious feats are not reserved for the English.

I have embarked too soon, however, upon generalizations about the state of

affairs at the Academy; for it was my intention to speak first of the Grosvenor Gallery, which is on the whole the more interesting show. It is, at any rate, the pleasanter place to go to. There are fewer pictures, and the same may be said of the visitors, — perhaps from this very fact of your shilling's worth being more slender. People with only a shilling to spend on pictures — and there are many people in London in this sad situation — prefer to spend it at the Academy. It occurs to me that the vagueness of my recollection of the Grosvenor last year is owing to the fact that Mr. Burne Jones had nothing on exhibition. Or was it the year before that this melancholy blank occurred? Vagueness prevails, whichever way I turn it; so I foresee that a twelve-month hence I shall be very glad to have these notes to refer to. A Grosvenor without Mr. Burne Jones is a Hamlet with Hamlet left out. Mr. Whistler, it is true, is always there, but Mr. Whistler is rather less a sign of the establishment. This year Mr. Burne Jones is in force, as I count in the catalogue of the exhibition no less than nine of his productions. Most of these, however, are small pieces, and I must speak only of the two principals. The common verdict, I suppose, is that they are as queer as ever, — which I am quite willing to agree to, if it be added that they are as charming. They are full of beautiful work, beautiful feeling, an expression of many things. There are many people who declare that they contain only two things, — a bad stomach and a perverted mind. Mr. Burne Jones's figures have a way of looking rather sick; but if illness is capable of being amiable, — and most of us have had some happy intimation that it is, — Mr. Burne Jones accentuates this side of the case. This, indeed, I suppose, is the very ground of that accusation about the perversity of his mind; he is accused of delighting in disease,

and reveling in woe. The truth is, however, that this kind of talk is very much beside the mark, and I should be inclined to doubt whether the painter's art is very dear to any one who cannot find much to enjoy in Mr. Burne Jones. With the exception of Mr. Millais, who is not so much a painter as a master of the brush, he seems to me the only Englishman painting to-day who carries into the business a passion of his own. A whole range of feeling about life is expressed in Mr. Burne Jones's productions, and I scarcely know of which of his competitors the same can be said. His expression is complicated, troubled; but at least there is an interesting mind in it. And then, in general, it is exceedingly successful and beautiful. He is a deep and powerful colorist; he lives in a world of color. Amid the hard, loud chatter and clash of so many of his colleagues, the painting of Mr. Burne Jones is almost alone in having the gravity and deliberation of truly valuable speech. It needs, however, to be looked at good-humoredly and liberally; he offers an entertainment which is for us to take or to leave. It pretends to please us, if we care to be pleased, — to touch us in the persuasive, suggestive, allusive, half-satisfying but more mystifying way in which distinguished artists of the imaginative class have always appealed to us. He is not a votary of the actual, and nothing is easier than to pull such an artist to pieces, from the point of view of the actual. But the process is idle; the actual does not gain and the artist does not suffer. It is beside the mark, as I said just now, to say that his young women are always sick, for they are neither sick nor well. They live in a different world from ours, — a fortunate world, in which young ladies may be slim and pale and "seedy" without discredit and (I trust) without discomfort. It is not a question of sickness and health; it is a question of grace, delicacy, tenderness, of the chord of asso-

ciation and memory. Mr. Burne Jones has for that chord an exquisite touch. It is easy to accuse him of turning reality topsy-turvy; but I think he does it less injury than many of those painters whose relations with it are more primitive. At any rate, for the author of these lines there is something in his talent which makes almost anything pass. There is no very visible reason, for instance, why, in the largest picture the artist exhibits this year, the lovely Phyllis, forsaken by her lover, and turned by the kind gods into an almond-tree, should look as if she had secreted a button, or even a quid of tobacco, beneath her upper lip; there is no reason why Demophoön, the guilty lover, passing that way in penitence, and finding himself suddenly embraced by the arborescent Phyllis, should have hair of a singular greenish tinge. If there was to be any green hair in the picture, it surely should belong to the hardly yet revived nymph. In spite of all this, Phyllis's lip and Demophoön's hair are extremely pictorial, and I am willing to believe that they are indispensable parts of a beautiful scheme. The picture in question has a strange and touching beauty; though it is of course open to the grave accusation of representing a monstrosity. The artist has asked himself why, if a poet may be a painter, a painter may not be a poet. Phyllis, shut up in the trunk of the tree, has retained her slim and delicate human shape; she has not merged it in the blossoming boughs, whose wealth of white flowers is splendidly rendered by the painter. This charming curtain of almond blossom hangs over the reunited pair, and mingles with the tender embrace of the nymph, who flings herself from out her riven sheath, and hangs upon the neck of the startled Demophoön. The subject was difficult, and there could be no question of making it "natural;" Mr. Burne Jones has had to content himself with making it lovely.

It is a large, elaborate study of the undraped figure, the painter's treatment of which surely gives sufficient evidence of his knowing how to draw,—an accomplishment that has sometimes been denied him. The drawing of the two figures in *The Tree of Forgiveness* has knowledge and power, as well as refinement, and we should be at a loss to mention another English artist who would have acquitted himself so honorably of such an attempt. Sir Frederick Leighton deals more or less in the nude, but Sir Frederick Leighton's drawing is more superficial than Mr. Burne Jones's. In regard to color, the latter artist's pictures, it has usually seemed to us, may be divided into the warm and the cool. *The Tree of Forgiveness* is decidedly cool,—cool with the coolness of a gray day in summer. The mass of almond blossom introduces a great deal of fresh and moist-looking white; the flesh-tones are wan and bloodless, as befits the complexion of people whom we see through the medium of a certain incredulity. It would never do for Phyllis and Demophoon to present themselves with the impudence of, say, Rubens's flesh and blood. Mr. Burne Jones's other large picture, which he has called, simply, we suppose, to give it a label of some kind, *At the Mill*, is in the opposite key. It represents — But such a beginning is rash, for it would by no means be easy to say what it represents. Suffice it that three very pretty young women, in old Italian dresses, are slowly dancing together in a little green garden, on the edge of a mill-pond, on the further side of which several men, very diminutive figures, are about to enter, or about to quit, the bath. To the right, beneath a quaint loggia, a fourth young woman, the least successful of the group, is making music for her sisters. The color is deep, rich, glowing, exceedingly harmonious, and both in this respect and in its being, in feeling and expression, an echo of early Italianism, the picture has

an extraordinary sweetness. It is very true that I have heard it called idiotic; but there is a sad want of good-humor in that. It is equally true that I have not the least idea who the young women are, nor what period of history, what time and place, the painter has had in his mind. His dancing maidens are exceedingly graceful, innocent, maidenly: they belong to the land of fancy, and to the hour of reverie! When one considers them, one really feels that there is a want of discretion and of taste in attempting to talk about Mr. Burne Jones's pictures at all, much more in arguing and wrangling about them. They are there to care for if one will, and to leave to others if one cannot. The great charm of the work I have just mentioned is, perhaps, that to many persons it will seem impregnated with the love of Italy. If you have certain impressions, certain memories, of that inestimable land, you will find it full of entertainment. I speak with no intention of irreverence when I say that I think it delightfully amusing. It amuses me that it should be just as it is,—just as pointless as a twilight reminiscence, as irresponsible as a happy smile. The quaintly-robed maidens, moving together in measure, and yet seeming to stand still on the grass; the young men taking a bath just near them, and yet the oddity being no oddity at all; the charming composition of the background, the picturesque feeling, the innocence, the art, the color, the mixture of originality and imitation,—all these things lift us out of the common. Sweet young girls of long ago,—no one paints them like Mr. Burne Jones. The only complaint I have to make of him is that one cannot express one's appreciation of him without seeming to talk in the air. For this reason I will pass on to Mr. Whistler, though on reflection I hardly know whether the case is bettered.

For Mr. Whistler, of course, is extremely peculiar; he is supposed to be

the buffoon of the Grosvenor, the laughing-stock of the critics. He does the comic business once a year; he turns the somersault in the ring. The author of these hasty pages — exhibitions must be spoken of quickly, if they are to be spoken of at all — finds him, like Mr. Burne Jones, extremely amusing; only the entertainment he yields is of a much broader quality. He is exceedingly unequal, but for Mr. Whistler this is rather a good year. He has no less than seven productions at the Grosvenor, but I can speak only of the two full-length sketches of female figures which he entitles, respectively, a *Harmony in Flesh-Color* and *Pink*, and a *Harmony in Black and Red*. It is a misfortune for Mr. Whistler that he once gave the measure of his talent, and a very high measure it was. The portrait of his mother, painted some years ago, and exhibited this year in New York, is so noble and admirable a picture, such a masterpiece of tone, of feeling, of the power to render life, that the fruits of his brush offered to the public more lately have seemed in comparison very crude. I know not whether the fine work I speak of was a harmony, a symphony, an arrangement, or a nocturne; to-day, at any rate, the artist takes the precaution of not calling his little sketches portraits. One of them, the *Harmony in Black and Red*, may or may not be a likeness of the lady who stood for it; but it bears a remarkable resemblance to another person. I conclude from this that it has the appearance of life, which is a good deal, by the way. It may have been painted in three hours; whereas I suppose it took Mr. Holman Hunt as many months to bring his garish Miss Flamborough (also at the Grosvenor) to its extraordinary perfection of hideousness. The vague black shadow on Mr. Whistler's canvas lifts its head and poises itself and says something, and the huge, bloated doll, who, with an orange and a woolly lamb, appeals to one's in-

terest in the misguided effort of the *ex-pre-Raphaelite*, is equally inanimate and elaborate. Mr. Whistler is a votary of "tone;" his manner of painting is to breathe upon the canvas. It is not too much to say that he has, to a certain point, the creative afflatus. His little black and red lady is charming; she looks like some one, as I have said, and if she is a shadow she is the shadow of a graceful personage. Her companion, in flesh-color and pink, is a trifle less graceful, and her hat does n't fit; I also contest her flesh-color, which has a light gray tinge, not usually remarked in the human complexion. Still, she does very well on the wall, — which is about all that one is obliged to claim for these light emanations.

If the contributors to the Grosvenor were mentioned in their order of distinction, I suppose that Mr. Millais, Mr. Watts, Mr. Alma Tadema, should be the principal names. These three artists are represented solely by portraits, except, indeed, that Mr. Tadema has a couple of very small subject-pieces. His main contribution, however, is his portrait of the German actor, Ludwig Barnay, who distinguished himself in London last year as the most brilliant member of the admirable company presided over by the Duke of Meiningen, which rendered Julius Cæsar as Julius Cæsar had not been rendered in England for many a year. Barnay is painted in the robes of Marc Antony, and of his handsome pagan-looking head Mr. Alma Tadema, so apt in such achievements, has had no difficulty in making a very actual and effective Roman. The artist's great hit this year is, however, the portrait he exhibits at the Academy, the admirable, masterly portrait of Mr. Whichcord, R. I. B. A., — whatever those mystic letters may mean. Mr. Whichcord, R. I. B. A., clad in simple black, but decorated with a brilliant but inscrutable badge, has had — whatever his other honors — the

honor of inspiring the finest portrait of the year. Such painting as Mr. Tadmá's makes the painting of many of his fellows in England look like school-boy work; his aim is so definite and so high, his taste so large, his art so much the art of knowledge. The present work, his only contribution to the Academy, has a subdued richness, a shaded glow, which reminds one of those few canvases of John Bellini which, in Venice, shed their quiet radiance from the depths of some sombre sacristy. There is nothing new to say of Mr. Millais, who this year contributes no less than nine pictures, all portraits, to the two exhibitions. He continues to be one of the most accomplished and most disappointing of painters. He has all the arts of success, but only some of the arts of perfection. No one who can do so well condescends at times to do so ill; and no one who does so ill gives you at times, in his grossest aberrations, an equal impression of ability. His facility is unprecedented, and his fortune corresponds. He has no "subject" this year; he has indeed painted his annual fancy-piece, but it constitutes the gem of a separate exhibition. None of his portraits at the Academy or the Grosvenor are of great importance, but some are much better than others, notably two or three representations of children, whom he often renders with great power. There is a poor lady in light blue at the Grosvenor, planted squarely before the public, with her arms akimbo, and looking as if she were a good deal frightened at her position, which has very much the style and weight of a chalk figure on a blackboard. On the other hand, there are at least two brilliant renderings of blooming little heroines of the nursery, painted in the large, free, solid, confident way of which, at his best, Mr. Millais is an unsurpassed master. Of how nobly he can paint when he is in the humor of it, a certain big silver bowl with a gilt interior, which figures in one

of these pictures, may remain as an example. Mr. Millais paints the celebrities, his principal celebrity this year being (at the Academy) that very holy man and very superior model, Cardinal Newman. This was a great chance, but the chance is sadly missed; the artist having made shipwreck, as it seems to me, on the vast scarlet cape of his Eminence. This exalted garment, of a very furious red, is painted with a crudity which causes it to obliterate the face, without justifying itself. It is violent, monotonous, superficial, uninteresting; it is nothing but a cape, and yet it is not even a cape. I cannot speak of the face; the face is not there, — a grievous pity, for it is a very fine one. The cardinals have had poor luck this year, Cardinal Manning having been sacrificed simultaneously to Mr. Watts, whose effort is less violent than that of Mr. Millais, but not more successful. The best that can be said of his portrait of Cardinal Manning is that it is not so bad as his portrait, at the Grosvenor, of the Prince of Wales. A grateful recollection of some of the former fruits of his once interesting talent — Mr. Watts has sometimes risen very high; he has had the great thing, he has had "style" — leads us to draw the curtain of silence over this ill-starred performance, which, we should imagine, would expose its author to the penalties attached to that misdemeanor known to English law as "threatening the Royal Family." A painter of portraits who, on the other hand, every year reveals a more vigorous faculty is Mr. Frank Holl, one of whose present contributions to the Academy ranks in merit with Mr. Tadmá's portrait of the ex-president of the R. I. B. A., from which in manner it widely differs. I refer to his singularly life-like representation of the late Captain Alexander Mitchell Sim, "painted for the board room of the Surrey Commercial Dock Company." This is an ancient mariner in the evening of his days,

and it is a really noble picture of tough and tranquil old age. I am not acquainted with the Surrey Commercial Dock board room, but I should say it was just the picture for the place. Mr. Frank Holl is rather wanting in style, and, I should suppose, in imagination; but he has qualities which, if a man of genius does not turn up, may make him the English portrait-painter of the future: a strong, comprehensive simplicity, a great appreciation of characters, a manly, resolute, general way of painting, — an excellent power of summing-up, as it were. The portrait of Captain Sim marks his highest point this year; but he has several other excellent things, — noticeably, at the Grosvenor, a certain Mr. J. Jones Jenkins, M. P., a solid representation of a solid personage. It would be difficult to put before us more vividly the commercial, practical, political, successful Englishman, — the “City man” made perfect; difficult too, on the whole, to represent him more agreeably. This is the way he would paint himself if he knew how to paint; the picture is a good deal in the manner of a good speech in the House of Commons.

I cannot leave the Grosvenor without saying a word about Mr. W. B. Richmond's extraordinary portrait of Mr. Gladstone, in a crimson gown and in his most uplifted mood. He communes with the skies; he expounds the Scriptures, which appear to repose upon his knee. There has lately been more than one portrait of Mr. Gladstone from the theological point of view, but it was reserved for Mr. Richmond to depict him as of African blood, of distracted intellect, and of the Methodist persuasion. I know not what may have been the success of Mr. Richmond's picture with the public, but it has a very interesting side. It is the last word of Philistinism, — a character in which it must be confessed that it has many formidable competitors. Neither should I leave

the Grosvenor gallery without speaking of several American talents which are honorably exemplified there, — Mr. Boughton, for instance (if Mr. Boughton is still an American), Mr. Julian Story, Mr. Sargent. Mr. Boughton is familiar to most of us; this year he has been to Holland, and contributes to the two exhibitions (mainly to the Academy) a series of Dutch subjects of combined landscape and figure, into which he has succeeded in infusing much of the low, cool tone of that delectable country. Mr. Julian Story, the younger son of the distinguished sculptor who has lived and worked so long in Rome, is the author of the largest picture (but one) at the Grosvenor, — an Entombment, of which the brilliant cleverness, the ready resource, the discreet, agreeable color, the youthful energy, have, in the absence of some of the subtler qualities of feeling, attracted much attention. Mr. Julian Story is an executant, — he has made a great hit. Mr. Sargent, whose only defect is a certain papery texture, contributes a charming little gray Venetian interior, with figures.

I have, after all, mixed up, if I may be allowed the phrase, the Grosvenor and the Academy, for which my excuse must be that most of the prominent artists represented in the one exhibition are represented in the other. The portraits, decidedly, are the best things of the year, and one of the best of these is Mr. Herkomer's remarkable picture of Mr. Archibald Forbes, the famous war correspondent of the Daily News, to-day well known in America. Two or three things are more delicate than this, but none are more living, more complete. The valiant journalist stands there almost at full length, in his professional blouse, face to face with his public, with a strong, good-humored smile upon his energetic features. Mr. Herkomer has been much the fashion since he took the medal of honor for the English school

at the last Paris exhibition; yet I have often found him, in spite of a great talent, rather heavy and coarse. With his portrait of Mr. Forbes, however, there is no fault to be found; there is no criticism to make of it. It is one of those fine pictures which, beside representing an individual, represent a type, — raise the individual to the significance of a type. This is the roving Englishman, the man of energy and adventure, who has left his solid footprint in every corner of the globe, and has brought back from his furthest peregrinations a fund of good spirits and good stories. There is something equally masculine in the physiognomy of Mr. Herkomer's model and in the way the artist has rendered it. There is usually a so-called "picture of the year" at the Academy, and I have been asking myself on what work of art, on this occasion, such a title may be bestowed. Is Sir Frederick Leighton's tall, long-legged, dun-colored Phryne at Eleusis the picture of the year? This is a study of the nude on a large scale: the beautiful Athenian, competing for the prize awarded to perfection of form, undrapes her loveliness before the admiring multitude. Her loveliness is considerable, for Sir Frederick Leighton has a great deal of elegance, a great sense of beauty; but neither in modeling nor in color does her elongated person appear to justify this lavish exposure. The head is charming and charmingly placed, and the picture more freely painted than a number of other polished creations by the same artist, scattered through the neighboring rooms. But the body strikes one as too monotonously yellow, too flat, too remodeled. The lady stands there in the atmosphere of Greece, and her beauty must have flashed more vividly, shone more splendidly, upon the eyes of Greeks. It is true that it is not with the eyes of Greeks that we look at her. This perhaps is what is needed to see deeper into the present manner of the

accomplished president of the Academy. More than any English painter he devotes himself to the plastic, but his efforts remain strongly and brilliantly superficial. His texture is too often that of the glaze on the lid of a pruncheon; his drawing too often that of the figures that smile at us from the covers of these receptacles. And yet, as I say, he has a great sense of beauty. I am reduced to believing that to-day there is no picture of the year; for neither Mr. Millais, nor Mr. Pettie, nor Mr. Orchardson, nor Mr. Marcus Stone, nor Mr. Long, nor Mr. Boughton, nor any other of the popular purveyors of pictorial anecdote has succeeded in providing it. Mr. Pettie has several clever things, but I know no painter possessing so many parts of the temperament of a painter in whom the total is less felicitous. He is a Scotchman by nativity, and his coloring has a Caledonian harshness, a kind of "sandy" quality, which is fatal to the plastic idea. There could not be a better example of what I have called the Philistinism of English art than his exceedingly ugly picture of the young Duke of Monmouth kneeling in supplication, with his hands tied, to the cowardly James II. The violation of taste here is quite bottomless. An artist whose success in England is, from the foreign point of view, absolutely inexplicable is Mr. Edwin Long, who paints *large* sentimental Eastern subjects, and who, the other day, sold one of these productions for six thousand pounds. Mr. Long, if I am not mistaken, would be regarded in France, in Germany, even in Italy, as dangerously weak. The Academy, which every year purchases out of a certain Chantrey fund a picture to call its own, has this year selected a very charming work by Mr. Marcus Stone: a love-scene in an old-fashioned garden, with a couple of figures and a great many very delicately treated accessories. The picture, which is not very solid, is yet the result of a

great deal of talent, and though it is extremely English it is also extremely skillful. The increase and diffusion — signified on each wall of the exhibition — of the particular sort of skill which it reveals is perhaps the best thing to be noticed in English art to-day.

If all art is supposed to be one, and if its different manifestations, to the truly penetrating eye, are supposed to minister a mutual light, there should be no great violence of transition in passing from the exhibitions to the theatres. The British stage has indeed a considerable analogy to British painting, and the reflections which present themselves at the Lyceum and the Haymarket are not very different from those which illuminate the devious path of the visitor to Burlington House and the eccentric temple in Bond Street. Both at the play-house and at the exhibition he encounters a good deal of Philistinism. On the other hand, both the art of the painter and that of the actor are said to be improving, and if the training-school for young actors, for which an appeal has just been made to the English public by a group of more or less distinguished *dilettanti*, becomes a working institution, the dramatic profession may spread its wings indeed. It is proposed to establish a dramatic conservatory, modeled upon that of the Conservatoire in Paris, at which the young ladies and gentlemen who aspire to brave the foot-lights may acquire what may be roughly termed a little ease of manner. The more ease the better; for English acting is for the most part distinguished by a consummate want of study. There is good material, — though not so good, I think, as we sometimes hear affirmed; but it remains undeveloped and ineffective, — it does not see its way. It will take more, however, than even the hottest histrionic forcing-house to make an English school of actors which shall rival the French; it will take a transfor-

mation of English life, of the English temperament, of the English tongue. That a place of serious study for young persons proposing to adopt this very difficult profession is much to be desired, I shall, however, not pretend to deny. Such an institution would perhaps be even less valuable for what it might produce than for what it might prevent. There is an immense deal to prevent on the English stage. Would a training-school have, for instance, prevented Mr. Henry Irving, who has for some time past been offering us such a Romeo as we never dreamed of? A training-school, assiduously frequented by Mr. Irving in his youth, would not, perhaps, have suppressed him altogether, but it would have suppressed some of his extraordinary peculiarities. That these peculiarities should have blossomed and flowered at such a prodigious rate — a most rank and bristling vegetation — is the best possible proof of the absence of taste, of criticism, of knowledge, of a standard, on the part of the public. More extraordinary even than Mr. Irving's eccentricities is the fact that they have not interfered with his success. The part, of all the parts he has played, in which it might have been thought they would be most destructive is this exquisite part of the graceful and passionate Romeo; but, as it happens, the play has thriven mightily, and though people are sadly bewildered by what they see and hear in it, they appear to recommend the performance to their friends. It has the advantage of that splendid scenic presentation which Mr. Irving understands so well, and which converts the play from a splendid and delicate poem into a gorgeous and overweighted spectacle. Mr. Irving does these things very handsomely; he is a most liberal and intelligent manager. It may, indeed, not be thought a proof of his intelligence that he himself should play the hero, or that he should entrust the girlish Juliet to the large, the long,

the mature Miss Terry. Miss Terry has great charm; she is what the French call, in artistic parlance, a "nature;" she is almost always interesting, and she is often a delightful presence: but she is not Juliet; on the contrary! She is too voluminous, too deliberate, too prosaic, too English, too unversed in the utterance of poetry. How little Mr. Irving is Romeo it is not worth while even to attempt to declare; he must know it, of course, better than any one else, and there is something really touching in so extreme a sacrifice of one's ideal. It remains to be ascertained why he should have wished to bring out the play. Mr. Irving is not a Romeo; Miss Terry is not a Juliet; and no one else, save Mrs. Stirling, is anything in particular. Was it for Mrs. Stirling, then, that this elaborate undertaking was set on foot? She plays the Nurse, and plays it very well, — too well, almost, since it is pushed forward, out of its relations to the total. Mrs. Stirling, to-day a very old woman, is a rich and accomplished actress; she belongs to a more sincere generation; she knows her art, and it is from her rendering of the garrulous, humorous, immoral attendant of the gentle Juliet that the spectator receives his one impression of the appropriate and the adequate. It was probably for the spectacle that Mr. Irving took the play in hand, and the spectacle has richly rewarded him. It is the last word of stage-carpentering, and is full of beautiful effects of color and costume. The stage is crowded with figures; there are at moments too many; the play moves slowly through a succession of glowing and deceptive pictures. The fault of all this splendor of detail is that, in the homely phrase, it puts the cart before the horse. The play is not acted, it is costumed; the immortal lovers of Verona become subordinate and ineffectual figures. I had never thought of Romeo and Juliet as a dull drama; but Mr. Irving has succeeded in making it so. It

is obstructed, interrupted; its passionate rapidity is chopped up into little tableaux. In a word, it is slow, — mortally slow; for much of the dialogue is incomprehensibly spoken, and the rest ineffectively. To make this enchanting poem tame, — it was reserved for the present management of the Lyceum to accomplish that miracle. The danger, however, is common, — the danger of smothering a piece in its accessories; and the accident occurs at most of the London theatres. The reason is doubtless that the art of putting a piece on the stage, as it is called (as if the only way to put a piece on the stage were not to act it), has lately made an advance in England which is out of proportion to any improvement that has taken place in the dramatic art proper. Scenery and decorations have been brought to their highest perfection, while elocution and action, the interpretation of meanings, the representation of human feelings, have not been made the objects of serious study. There is plenty of talent in the London theatres, but it wants cultivation and direction. Of course, when Shakespeare is sacrificed to the machinist and the gas-man, the case is at the worst; the sacrifice of M. Sardou is a less tragic event. He is, however, mildly immolated every evening at the Haymarket, with Mrs. Bancroft and Madame Modjeska as high-priestesses of the altar. His ingenious comedy of *Odette* (which is by no means the triumph of his ingenuity) is represented at that theatre with every refinement of *mise en scène*. In its way it is as fine as the *Romeo and Juliet* of the Lyceum, — though of course it matters less that it should be so superfluously pictorial. It consists of a series of interiors, each one of which is more elegant, as the play-bill would say, than the others. The acting is another affair, but the acting is very good. Madame Modjeska plays the erring but repentant wife (as the play-bill again would say); and if

there were nothing else that was satisfactory in her performance it would be a satisfaction to see a "star" reduced to the level of an ordinary luminary, taking a regular place in a good stock company, and content to forego the use of staring capitals in the play-bill. But Madame Modjeska plays with a great deal of art: with grace, with force, with intelligence, with a certain personal distinction. The piece has been arranged for English life, but the heroine continues to be a Frenchwoman; a fact which eases off, for the actress charged with the part, the question of pronunciations. Madame Modjeska, moreover, has made progress with her English. There are few actresses more delightful than Mrs. Bancroft, when she appears in a part that exactly suits her, and such a part has been arranged for her in this somewhat heterogeneous *Odette*, — a brief, incidental part, of which, however, she has seized all the opportunities, opportunities for rich yet natural comedy. The comic power of Mrs. Bancroft is remarkable; it flows with abundance and freedom; you never hear the creaking of the pump. The whole piece is acted with an amount of care and finish which it would be ungracious not to acknowledge, and which certainly indicates a rise of the level of theatrical criticism. It is not the finish of the best French acting, but it is very well for a theatre operating in English conditions. If I were asked to specify the best piece of comedy in the play, I should say it was the manner in which a young actor, of high promise and of a peculiar and original talent, Mr. Charles Brookfield, representing the major-domo of a private gaming-house at Nice, acquits himself of the single scene of which his part

consists. The man is a scoundrel, a charlatan, a Frenchman, a jackanapes, and various other things besides, and the art with which these elements are interfused and expressed is so remarkable as to convert Mr. Brookfield's purely episodic opportunity into a brilliant triumph. His acting is more than clever, it is imaginative; more than humorous, it is creative. The best thing in it — and the rarest thing — is the vividness with which he has perceived the figure which he wished to represent. In short, it is a real portrait, and Mr. Brookfield, who has made a great hit, will be watched with interest in future. What I have said of *Romeo and Juliet* and of *Odette* is less true of *The Squire*, at the St. James's, by the distance that divides Mr. Pinero, the author of this successful but not original dramatic effort, not only from Shakespeare, but from Sardou. *Odette* is by no means the best Sardou; if the author of the most successful pieces of our time had produced nothing but this drama he would not be known to fame. But the play hangs neatly together, thanks simply to French scenic traditions, — to the French habit of making things stick. *The Squire* does not stand very straight, but it is beautifully mounted and very carefully played. The author appears to have borrowed it from Mr. Thomas Hardy's novel of *Far from the Madding Crowd*, — though its origin was, I believe, very sharply contested when the piece was produced, and is at present involved in impenetrable mystery. The pictures are charming, Mrs. Kendal's acting is interesting, and the rest as good as there is occasion for. On the whole, like the exhibitions, the London theatres are improving.

HARTE'S SKETCHES AND STORIES.

THE collection of an author's writings into a uniform edition compels the collection and revision of his readers' judgments. From time to time, during the past fifteen years, it has been a pleasure to record the successes of Mr. Bret Harte, and to watch for each novel display of his power. Now, with the five substantial volumes of his works¹ before us, we can hardly escape a corresponding deliberateness and formality of attitude, as we survey the contents and recall the excitement under which the original issues were received. We have become our own posterity, with the disadvantage that we are forced to rely upon the fading recollection of a sensation, and with the advantage of receiving a more multiform and cumulative impression. No author of genius writes himself out in one poem or book, and the light thrown upon his power by his united works is essential for understanding the value of each.

Whatever news we may yet have from Mr. Harte's genius, he has given us enough in these five volumes for a consistent and tolerably comprehensive view of its scope and general features. The material in which he works is, for the most part, nature and human nature of the California variety; and the form which he employs is the story or the poem, though the story in one instance has been expanded into a novel, and the poem into a drama. Criticism he does not touch, except in the form of parody and burlesque. It is rare indeed that a writer deliberately sets such bounds to his work, and in the consistency of his literary career there is the mark of a mind which understands well its power and the limitations of its power.

Not only so, but when one comes to make the acquaintance of Mr. Harte's characters, he finds that they are variations of a few well-studied types; when he examines the scene of their action, he finds it marked by a few strong local signs. Then, as if to give even sharper features to the types, the same persons constantly recur; the same places form the background for action. It is somewhat with the reader as with the visitor to the Thorwaldsen Museum in Copenhagen, who is at first impressed by the artist's fecundity and versatility, but gradually comes to respect more his fidelity to a few typical forms, produced in different material, and capable of distribution into a few notable groups.

With the existence of marked personalities, well-defined localities, situations, and relations, there is an absence of certain persons, scenes, and incidents which naturally occur to any one acquainted with California. San Francisco and its life, for example, and the dramatic incidents connected with the Vigilance Committee, are very slightly used, while the mining camp and the old Spanish life form essential features. Both the omission and the use illustrate the direct relation which Mr. Harte bears to his work. He has used his material at first hand, and has relied confidently upon his own observation and knowledge.

The more closely we draw the line about this author's work, the more clearly do we perceive what his underlying power has effected. He has taken these well-defined and typical figures and scenes, and by the constructive force of his genius has built a California of the imagination, peopled it, and given it a destiny. The California of his construction has a romantic relation to the California of geography and history; the men and women are images of classes

¹ *The Works of Bret Harte*. Collected and revised by the Author. In five volumes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1882.

to be found there, and the life and sentiment are poetic reflections of the real movement. By a steady obedience to an ideal, such as only an artist is capable of, he has added a distinct province to literature. He has annexed a California to romance as certainly as the Forty-Niners and their successors annexed a California to the United States. The country is his by right of discovery and colonization.

In studying the processes by which this romancer has reached his final results, we have the advantage of seeing the sketches which represent studies in the material employed. The volume entitled *The Luck of Roaring Camp and Other Stories* includes also a number of papers, headed respectively *Earlier Papers*, *Bohemian Papers*, and *Spanish and American Legends*. These, generally simple in form and unpretending, are of great interest as indicating the close study of particulars, and as involving in several instances the germs of later, more artistic work. They are the reports of a writer who is instinctively a romancer, and they bear somewhat the same relation to his art that Dickens's early sketches and *Uncommercial Traveller* bear to his novels. The comparison suggests a likeness and an unlikeness in the two writers. Harte's sketches are rarely disfigured by the merely grotesque, but, like Dickens, he is very apt to see and to hint at the possibilities of fiction in the sights and persons sketched. The absence of effort in these papers gives them a value as marking the power of the writer to see and to record. The paper, for example, entitled *Notes by Flood and Field*, though blurred a little in some of its lines, indicates a strength scarcely surpassed in his later work; and an even stronger piece of writing is *High Water Mark*, in the same division. Indeed, this sketch, which professes to be the account of an actual adventure, is a remarkable illustration of what Bret Harte

might have done, had it been given him to report California instead of inventing California. One comes back to it, after reading the stories, with a wistful look after the retreating author.

The sketches served as studies for the stories which gave Mr. Harte his sudden reputation, and among them is one which suggests a transition between the sketch and the story. *M'liss*, which is classed among the *Earlier Papers*, reads as if it were a school-master's study of real life, thrown into the form of fiction in order to permit a little more freedom and the development of latent forces of character. The strength of the sketch is there in the outlining of the chief persons, in the touches of nature, in the humorous acceptance of the contrasts of California life; the weakness of the story appears in the melodramatic flourishes and in the importation of characters like McSnagley, which seem first to have done service in other people's books. There is one portion of Mr. Harte's work, altogether admirable in its way, which helps us to understand some of the workings of his genius. The *Condensed Novels* are unapproached, even by Thackeray, in their cleverness. They are reductions to scale of the minds of eminent novelists, and show an astonishing power of combined imitation and condensation. In effect, they are most amusing criticisms of the peculiarities of the authors burlesqued, and as unerring as photographs. One only, we may say, falls short of the excellence of the others, and that is the parody of Dickens, who had so serious an influence over Mr. Harte that the burlesque passes almost unconsciously into genuine admiration.

Well, the amazing cleverness of these *Condensed Novels* gives a clew to the author's faculty for reproduction; but the faculty is employed upon veritable persons and upon fictitious types with a similar power. Throughout the stories, one sees Californians and the cock-

neys of literature moving through the mazes with equal steps, and he is teased by the illusions which are thus created. The reality of the Californians is affected by the unreality of the cockneys, the second-hand characters are in turn infused with some of the life-blood of the real inhabitants, and both produce a *patois*, in which the amusing jargon of the mines and the imported cheap English of fiction are inextricably confused.

If this power of reproduction were confined to characters and their speech, one might good-naturedly accept the fool's gold with the real, but it is in the action of the characters that the weakness is most manifest; for while separate incidents have often a vivid native realism, the web of the stories is woven upon a loom which is hopelessly foreign from the author's invention. The most significant illustration is in the novel of Gabriel Conroy. In the short stories, the power is in the pictures of Californian life and character, and the conventional plots are accepted as carrying these. In the novel, greater demands are laid on characters and plot than they can meet. It is somewhat like the mechanical enlargement of a small drawing, when the exaggeration of outlines brings painfully to notice the indecision or faultiness of the work. Gabriel Conroy, who gives the name to the novel, and is the character about whom the persons of the story revolve in a wild dance of atoms, is a baby giant. He is presented to the reader as a foil, in his innocence, to the combined wickedness of the other characters. His steadfastness of affection is apparently intended as the pivot on which the book is to turn; his strength of body is made the picturesque accompaniment of an awkward mind; and yet, though he is, so to speak, the spinal column of the book, he becomes utterly useless at the most critical point. At the outset of the story, Gabriel is separated from his sister, Grace Conroy;

and however errant the other characters may be, Gabriel's one purpose throughout the book is to recover his sister, and to surrender the charge of a younger sister, who is left with him. As incidental to this, he marries a woman for whom he has no love, and finally abandons her that he may find his sister. When his sister reappears, at a trial which involves Gabriel's life, and makes herself known, he receives the fact as the most ordinary of incidents, quite incapable of discomposing him, but a few minutes afterward falls into a swoon — at what? At the announcement that his wife, for whom he does not care a straw, has given birth to a child! This, coming in the crisis of the novel, at least in what one has hopelessly been anticipating as a crisis, has the effect of crumbling the entire structure of the story, and the reader looks back upon all the dark passages through which he has been wandering as leading not into the light, but into the vegetable cellar.

Only Mr. Harte himself could do justice to Gabriel Conroy by condensing it. Earthquakes occur for the purpose of interrupting conversation and stopping the delivery of a letter; the hero topples a figure of Justice from the roof of a court-house, in order to arrest pursuit of himself; nearly everybody wears at some time in the course of the story a false wig; death and burial under tons of rocks have no power over characters who have already been snowed and starved out of life, with the faint suspicion, besides, of having eaten each other; and there is a wild chase of all the persons in the story after their neighbors, with the devil in full view of the hindmost.

The miniature scenes of the stories are curiously expanded in the novel, with the effect, as we have said, of betraying their essential weakness. Thus, *The Outcasts of Poker Flat*, one of the most effective of the short stories, because of the grotesque contrast of the group of queer characters with a terri-

bly tragical situation, is seen again upon an enlarged scale in the opening scenes of Gabriel Conroy; The Story of a Mine, which gives admirably the turns and twists of legal possession and dis-possession, in spite of the ineffective conclusion, becomes in the novel a distorted picture of rascality and a hopeless tangle of forgeries, — so hopeless that the reader finally abandons the reins to the author, and lets him drive where he will, only asking to be brought to some final resting-place. The characters in the stories are collected from all quarters, and given house-room in the novel, and one feels that he is living very hard in the world which Mr. Harte has conjured up.

For it is a world. Keen observation, wit, perception of contrasts, the genius which lights man and nature with the unquenchable spark, — these are all present in Mr. Harte's creative mind, and literature acknowledges a new master. But since we have intimated that this world of his has a charmed existence, that he has called it into being out of the material which California had to offer, we wish to ask further, What makes his world go? What are the secret springs of character which determine the destiny of the persons whom he has set on the stage? His persons are real to the eye; they are consistent with themselves; they appear to be lacking in none of the attributes of humanity; we say that they are charmingly natural. But what is the sun in this solar system of Mr. Harte's? Whence do the creatures get their life?

We hesitate before the answer, but we are obliged to confess that Mr. Harte's world is constructed upon the Ptolemaic system: the sun, moon, and stars revolve round it; the world itself is fixed, and a law to itself. If the reader will attend, he will find that the controlling force in the several stories is sentiment, and not principle. The emotional, and not the ethical, determines

the life of this world of Mr. Harte's, and so complete is the ascendancy of sentiment that there is a needless waste of morals. In Gabriel Conroy, for example, Grace Conroy appears to the unsuspecting reader as a simple, pure, and courageous girl; she even has a show of principle for a short time, to set off the selfishness of Philip Ashley, or Poinsett, — for nearly everybody in the book has an alias: but presently the reader has a dismal foreboding, for a line or two, that she is the mistress of her lover, and when she reappears, toward the close of the book, his conjecture becomes certainty. But there was absolutely no sort of need of ruining her. On the contrary, the story would have been stronger without this needless assumption. In effect, the women in these stories never seem to be heroines until they have lost their honor, and the men never seem to be brave until they have parted with their principles. Once these are out of the way, on both sides, and sentiment set up as the law of being, all moves on smoothly. Steadfastness in wickedness becomes quite as admirable as steadfastness in righteousness, and the colorless gambler, who fascinates every one within reach, goes through the exercise of self-denial with a charming *insouciance* which puts to shame the more awkward exhibitions of blushing innocents.

Mr. Harte has not been let alone in his world. He has been subjected to criticisms, and in the first volume of this collection he enters his somewhat impatient apology. "Of all the various forms," he says, "in which cant presents itself to suffering humanity," he knows of none "so outrageous, so illogical, so undemonstrable, so marvelously absurd, as the cant of 'too much mercy.' When it shall be proven to him [the author] that communities are degraded, and brought to guilt and crime, suffering or destitution, from a predominance of this quality; when he shall see pardoned

ticket-of-leave men elbowing men of austere lives out of situation and position, and the repentant Magdalen supplanting the blameless virgin in society, then he will lay aside his pen, and extend his hand to the new Draconian discipline in fiction." Mr. Harte's world is indeed a compensation for the present, and possibly for the next. Poetic mercy, not poetic justice, brings it into harmony with the general order of the universe, and one has the happiness of finding that the variety show has made the pulpit unnecessary.

It is this unmoral treatment of immoral subjects which robs them of their noxious qualities. As soon as we fairly leave our conscience, like our coat, hanging on a nail outside, and enter Mr. Harte's world in social and moral *déshabillé*, we are entertained beyond measure. We read a *Passage in the Life of Mr. John Oakhurst* with all the enjoyment with which we might, under the same circumstances, read of the adventures of the prodigal son in a far country, before he came to himself. The people and scenes are so real, under the touch of this man of genius, and yet they belong so entirely to a neighboring world, that we are in no danger of running across them, and finding their recognition of our acquaintance awkward. People have vexed themselves over the problem of the inhabitancy of the moon; certain essentials of life seem to the tel-

escopic looker-on to be wanting. They should take thought from the success with which Mr. Harte's world is inhabited by people who wear their principles as ornaments.

We come back with pleasure to a contemplation of those features of Mr. Harte's work which have made him a new force in literature. He has given us to know some of the marks of a fleeting phase of civilization; he has brought forward into the light certain tawdry and grotesque personages, who compel our sympathy even when we distrust them; he has drawn distinct figures, which reveal their own life; and he has given familiar sentiment new and pathetic situations. His babies and children, for example, reconcile us from time to time to a world in which sentiment is the ruling motive; that they should so often grow up into somewhat shabby men and women, as when Olly, in *Gabriel Conroy*, develops into the smart Olivia, and Carry, in *An Episode of Fiddletown*, becomes a foolish school-girl, is Mr. Harte's unconscious confession that sentiment has a way of losing its charm when it is put to the common uses of life, and becomes a working theory. When all our criticism is expended, and we have made peace with our judgment, we linger to have another look at the graphic, amusing, and novel sights which he draws with so free a hand.

VON HOLST'S CALHOUN.

IN the peaceful days of Mr. Monroe, the British minister at Washington was Mr. Stratford Canning, afterwards better and more widely known as Lord Stratford de Redclyffe. Some years ago, this gentleman met in London a well-known American clergyman, and refer-

ring, in the course of conversation, to his life in Washington, he said, "And, by the way, what ever became of that young war minister of yours, Calhoun?" Lord Stratford de Redclyffe had grown gray in diplomacy, and in dealing with questions relating to foreign nations. He

could, without doubt, have given the history of every despicable occupant of the throne of Turkey for the last fifty years, and could have told of every intrigue of the miserable court and cabinet of that wretched country. He could probably have repeated the name of every princeling in Germany. But he did not know what had become of his contemporary, Calhoun.

This little anecdote carries with it a moral worth drawing, even at the expense of digressing briefly. Calhoun was, in the first place, a most remarkable man, of great intellectual power. He moreover embodied, typified, and led one of the great social and political forces in the United States, which, in its conflict with other forces, produced a civil war, lasting four years, and affecting more or less every part of the civilized world. Of the people engaged in that war, and among whom Calhoun was a great leader, the ablest historian of England in the Eighteenth Century, Mr. Lecky, has said in his last volume, "The future destinies and greatness of the English race must necessarily rest mainly with the mighty nation which has arisen beyond the Atlantic." Unfortunately, the diplomatist in his ignorance, and not the historian with his thought and knowledge, is the typical Englishman. In the days of Dickens's *American Notes*, Americans would have been annoyed by such a remark as that made by Lord Stratford de Redclyffe. Now they are amused. But it is worth the while of Englishmen to take the little anecdote on another side, and inquire whether ignorance of America, usually accompanied by arrogance, has paid in the long run. Ignorance of America brought England to her knees in Paris in 1782, gave a lasting shock to her naval reputation in 1812, and carried her commissioners to Washington in 1872, with an apology on their lips. This willful ignorance is really worth remedying, for if persisted in it may

easily prove an even more costly luxury to England in the future.

Another foreign gentleman has not only differed from Lord Stratford de Redclyffe in thinking it worth his while to find out what became of the "young war minister," but he has embodied the results of his study and reflection in the admirable volume which forms the subject of the present notice.¹ Dr. Von Holst has made no attempt to give us a biography, in the ordinary sense of the term. We know scarcely more of the man Calhoun after reading this volume than before. A much better idea of the "great nullifier" as a living creature of flesh and blood can be obtained from Mr. Parton's vigorous essay than from all the three hundred and fifty pages of Dr. Von Holst. We do not propose, however, to criticise Dr. Von Holst for what he has not done, for that is criticism of the most worthless sort. He has seen fit to study Calhoun in a certain way, and he has written a most interesting and valuable book, and made a most important contribution to American history.

If he has not given us a portrait of the man Calhoun, Dr. Von Holst has presented a most vivid picture of the working of Calhoun's intellect upon the great problem which finally absorbed his whole vitality, and of his influence and meaning in the history of the United States. In his full development Calhoun was a fanatic, and therefore essentially a man of one idea. In a brief study of his life, it is therefore legitimate to treat him solely with reference to that idea. This is what Dr. Von Holst has done. He shows us Calhoun entering Congress as one of the young nationalists, as a leader of the war party. Again we see him after the war, still a nationalist, outstripping the Federalists in his zeal for a tariff, a bank, internal

¹ *John C. Calhoun. [American Statesmen.] By Dr. H. VON HOLST. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1882.*

improvements, and the full exercise of all the powers of the central government. Then comes the great change, after he has attained the vice-presidency, — a change which Dr. Von Holst does not satisfactorily account for, and which is perhaps incapable of solution. Whether the pressure of opinion in his native State drove him on, or whether, as is more probable, he saw suddenly, with the eyes of a prophet, the doom of slavery, certain it is that from an advanced nationalist Calhoun became a nullifier, and the most extreme advocate of states rights. His aspirations for the presidency held him in check for a few years, and then came the breach with Jackson, which put an end to his hopes. "Embittered, but free," he henceforth went his way alone, and became the champion of slavery and the very incarnation of the slave-holding principle. It would seem as if a close study of mental development and a severe analysis of arguments must be dry. This is precisely the work to which Dr. Von Holst has devoted the bulk of his book, and it is not going too far to say that he has succeeded in making it extremely dramatic. We cannot help following with intense interest the progress of Calhoun's reasoning, as we watch the steps by which he pushed the cause of slavery forward; making always stronger claims, and winning one disastrous victory after another. First, he bent his whole force to the maintenance of the principle of nullification, and to the establishment of constitutional doctrines which would have resulted in what his biographer well calls the "systematization of anarchy." The principle that slavery was wholly the affair of the several States having been settled, the next step was to make it the duty of the general government to protect it, and thus give it a national character. Nothing is more striking, nothing shows more clearly the indestructible vitality and force of the national principle, than Calhoun's at-

tempt to nationalize slavery. Slavery, according to its great defender, was municipal in one direction, national in another; and this contradiction was but one of the many into which Calhoun fell, with all his relentless logic and fine-spun ingenious reasonings. Dr. Von Holst takes up every argument made by Calhoun on every part of the great question, and shows remorselessly the absurdity in which the master logician of politics always ended. The trouble was of course in the utter badness of the cause. Slavery was dying, at war with all sound principles, social and economical, and in deadly hostility to the spirit of the age. Yet Calhoun sought to make it the foundation, "the only durable foundation," as he himself said, of a free state. He soon discovered that constitutional doctrines did not go far enough, and he then stepped boldly on to broader grounds, and proclaimed that slavery was "a good, a positive good." His last act was to form a sectional party in support of slavery, which had always been sectional itself, but which had until then had a national party as its defender.

Calhoun did more than any man to make civil war inevitable and to prepare the way for secession, and yet his honest and sincere purpose was to preserve the Union and slavery. He was always prophesying that slavery in the Union was doomed, and therefore the Union was doomed, too; but he failed to see that the knell of human slavery, whether in or out of the Union, had sounded, and that when slavery came in conflict with the principle of union it would be ground to powder. In the struggle for Texas, when Calhoun, as secretary of state, by mad devotion to his cause, so falsified facts, leaving in this way the one blot on his unsullied personal integrity, he himself proclaimed the utter hopelessness of the war that he was waging. If the mere neighborhood of a free state was fatal to the con-

tinued existence of slavery, what hope could there be for such a system? Yet Calhoun fought on. He marshaled his principles, he arrayed his forces, he rallied his State; and behind all is the dark, inexorable fate, the unrelenting facts, which must sooner or later crush to atoms the vile system and everything that supports it. This is the element which casts over Calhoun's arguments and strategy a lurid light, and makes dry reasoning on constitutional and economical questions assume an intense dramatic interest. The life of Calhoun and the devotion of his splendid talents to the accursed service of slavery make up one of the saddest tragedies in modern history. We cannot praise Dr. Von Holst more highly than by saying that he has appreciated this fact, and has done justice to it.

We disagree with Dr. Von Holst in his statement that the fame of Clay and Webster is growing dimmer. Both of these distinguished men are beginning to be more justly judged, but they were both typical characters and great figures

in our history. They shine with a softer, but with a not less powerful light than of old. At the same time, we quite agree with Dr. Von Holst that Calhoun's fame burns with a fierce intensity which is lacking in the case of his two great rivals. This is characteristic of the man. With all his ability and power, he was narrow, and he was a fanatic. But he was above all things intense. So far as his influence extended, — and it went further than that of anybody else in connection with the one absorbing question of the day, — he left a deeper imprint than any of his contemporaries on the history of his time. Pure and austere in his life, sincere and bold in his convictions, powerful in intellect and character, John C. Calhoun will go down to posterity as the champion and the embodiment of one of the most evil principles in the history of mankind, and of an institution which, when it fell, had wrought more harm and had more sins to answer for than any social or political system known to the civilized world in modern times.

A NOTE ON FLAUBERT.

IN his essay on Gustave Flaubert Mr. Henry James, Jr., states the undisputed fact that *Madame Bovary*, the author's first novel, has remained altogether his best. As for *Salammbô*, *La Tentation de Saint-Antoine*, *L'Education Sentimentale*, and *Trois Contes*, to say nothing of the posthumous work, *Bouvard et Pécuchet*, Mr. James was right in saying that "the mass of the public finds them dull, and wonders how a writer can expend such an immensity of talent in making himself unreadable."

In his essay on *Salammbô*, *Sainte-Beuve* concluded by begging Flaubert to return to modern life and write an-

other novel, strong, powerful, living, finely observed, in the realistic vein of *Madame Bovary*, though with more sympathy for humanity, and with a larger acknowledgment of its good sides. Let M. Flaubert, he said, relax his style and method. In *Salammbô*, *Sainte-Beuve* complained, the enchanter never appears. "Effort, labor, combination, are evident even in those parts where the talent of the author is most eminent. Oh, how much more facile are the inventions of genius! By *genius* I mean something felicitous, easy, *trouvé*. This is the kind of unforeseen that one loves. The unforeseen in M. Flaubert's work is forced,

sought after, worked up, achieved by digging and delving, and much more strange and odd than original." Apart from one's own personal impressions in reading Flaubert, it would be easy to multiply citations from the critics to the same effect. Now, as years go by, it seems more and more certain that of all Flaubert's work *Madame Bovary* alone has elements of immortality. But how was it that the man who could write that work could produce nothing afterwards that approached it? How did it happen that in his later works the toil and effort with which they were written became more and more evident?

The few persons who were intimate with Flaubert during his life-time knew where to seek the explanation of this immobilization of his talent. But they kept the secret to themselves, and it is only within the past few weeks that that secret has been revealed to the public by a man who was intimate with Flaubert from his youth, M. Maxime du Camp, of the French Academy. In his recently published *Literary Souvenirs*, M. du Camp devotes half, and certainly the most interesting half, of his volume to Gustave Flaubert.¹ The two men became acquainted at Paris in 1842. Flaubert was then about twenty, and had come to Paris to study law, in accordance with the desire of his parents. He was a splendidly handsome fellow, of gigantic stature, with blue eyes, an abundant golden blonde beard, a voice like a trumpet, excessive in his gestures and violent in his laughter, — a sort of Gaulish chieftain. At that early age his intellectual development was extraordinary and his memory prodigious. As regards acquirements, M. Maxime du Camp says he was a sort of walking dictionary. At that time he had written a novel of psychological analysis, a sort of moral autobiography, called *November*, produced under the stylistic influence of Château-

briand and Edgar Quinet, with whose works he was then impregnated.

"It has been said," writes M. du Camp, "that Flaubert was a realist, a naturalist; he has been regarded as a sort of literary surgeon, dissecting passion and making a post-mortem examination of the human heart. He was himself the first to smile at this idea; he was a lyric. He had arrived at this singular theory, that the most harmonious word is always the right word; he sacrificed everything to the harmony of his phrases, sometimes even grammar. He used often to repeat, 'What you say is nothing; it is the way you say it. A work of art that seeks to prove something is null for that very reason; a fine verse that signifies nothing is superior to a less fine verse that signifies something. Without form there is no salvation; whatever be the subject of a book, it is good if it allows the use of fine language.' From the day when he took up a pen to the hour when death broke it in his hand, Flaubert was a workman of art for art's sake."

At this time, M. du Camp tells us, Flaubert was meditating two works: one an Oriental tale, several episodes of which he had prepared, and which were crystallized in *Salammbô*; the other a Dictionary of Received Ideas, a repository of commonplaces, *prudhomismes*, and stupidities, which afterwards found their place in the character of Homais in *Madame Bovary*, and in Bouvard et Pécuchet. Flaubert, although he had filled volume after volume in copying out his legal text-books, — this was his way of studying, — failed to pass his examination. He was pitilessly rejected, and this was the end of his student life. In August, 1843, he left Paris, and returned to his home at Rouen, apparently in the most perfect health and vigor. In the month of October of the same year he was struck, suddenly and without the slightest premonitory symptoms, by epilepsy. Flaubert remained to the

¹ *Souvenirs Littéraires*. Par MAXIME DU CAMP. Paris: Hachette et Cie. 1882.

end of his life subject to these terrible nervous paroxysms. He rarely dared to go out except in a carriage, and often he passed whole months in his cottage at Croisset, near Rouen, without even going down into his garden. He felt secure only in his own rooms. He became shy and solitary.

"One becomes accustomed to everything," continues M. du Camp, "even to the terror, even to that permanent anguish, that grips the heart in prevision of a certain danger whose hour is unknown; and so Flaubert was able, later on, to accustom himself to the constant uneasiness that tormented him. He made himself some relations, and entered once more into common life up to a certain point. . . . If this nervous affection had resulted only in increasing his natural shyness, the inconvenience would have been slight; but it had a far graver influence upon him,—an influence which only those who were intimate with him then could see. I have said that at the age of twenty Flaubert had an exceptional intellectual development. He was very strange, original in an excellent way, open to things, and appropriating them with extraordinary rapidity. His stock of reading was already considerable, and his memory had been abundantly stored. He worked with facility. . . . When his nervous system lost its balance, and inflicted upon him the terrible torture in question, Flaubert stopped; his intellectual skein became suddenly tangled; he remained stationary. His memory, once so exact and faithful, began to fail him; he lost the curiosity of his youth, and restricted his field of action more and more to his reverie of the moment. . . . From this time dates the inconceivable difficulty he experienced in working, a difficulty that he seemed to study to increase, and of which he finally became proud. He loved to show those pages covered with erasures which, sometimes, he had the greatest trouble in making out himself.

This was due to the fact that his conceptions were confused, and that he succeeded only in clarifying them by the execution. Often Flaubert wrote to me, 'I am weary to death; I have written twenty pages this month, an enormous quantity for me.' This was true, but these twenty pages represented a hundred and fifty, written and rewritten, and which in the end perhaps reproduced the work that was accomplished at the beginning. He was like Penelope: he kept incessantly weaving the same woof, destroying one day the work of the previous day, only in order to begin it over again. The more he advanced in life the greater this difficulty became. He had written *November* in two months; he employed five years in writing his novel of *Bouvard et Pécuchet*, which he left unfinished, and which is hardly any longer."

One other extract from M. du Camp's *Souvenirs Littéraires* will complete this sad physiological explanation of Gustave Flaubert's literary career. We translate simply, without comment. The reader who is familiar with Flaubert's works will be able to comment for himself. "Such," M. du Camp goes on to say,—"such as I found Flaubert in February, 1844, in his little chamber in the *Hôtel-Dieu* at Rouen, such he was destined to be for the rest of his life. Ten, twenty, years afterwards, on the eve of his death, he repeated the same jokes that used to amuse us then; he became enthusiastic over the same books, admired the same verses, sought the same comic effects, had the same infatuations, and, in spite of the real chastity of his life, took pleasure in a kind of reading whose coarse stupidity never came to disgust him. Often and often, we, his old friends, the companions of his youth, the confidants of his earliest aspirations, were surprised to see that no progress had taken place within him, that his considerable faculties had not acquired the amplitude that they promised, and

that he kept turning invariably in the same circle, — the circle that we knew. He seems to have had all his conceptions by his twentieth year, and to have spent his whole life in giving body to them." In 1843 Flaubert described to M. du Camp the plan of the novel of *Bouvard et Pécuchet*, which death prevented him from finishing some thirty-

five years afterwards. He had remained stationary ever since then, a giant stunted in his growth. "My conviction is immutable," concludes M. du Camp: "Gustave Flaubert was a writer of rare talent. If it had not been for the nervous malady that seized him at the outset of his youth, he would have been a man of genius."

BANCROFT'S HISTORY OF THE CONSTITUTION.¹

WITH these two volumes Mr. Bancroft brings the history of the United States down to the period of the foundation of the government. Forty-eight years, nearly half a century, have elapsed since the publication of the first volume. Very rarely does it happen that any literary production covers such a period of time, and can be so justly called a life-work. This history, so long in progress, and still incomplete according to the terms of the first preface, is monumental in character, and is a service for which the public, and all students especially, owe to Mr. Bancroft a great debt of gratitude. His untiring industry has brought to light and made accessible masses of material which, but for him, would probably have remained hidden forever. The amount of matter which he has used, and which, by the foot-notes, we find is still in manuscript, is almost incredible. He has ransacked national archives all over the world; nothing, apparently, has escaped his notice, and his relentless search has uncovered private correspondence in places where it would hardly have been supposed to exist. Extracts from these letters and papers, woven into the narrative, form a large part of the history, and the faithful foot-notes reveal to the

student the sources from which they have been drawn. The labor and care involved in the collection, arrangement, and use of this material are shown by the fact that the composition of his twelve volumes has occupied Mr. Bancroft for fifty years.

The lapse of time between the publication of the first volume and that of those now before us is not a little interesting in itself. We cannot help thinking of the history that has been made since this history was begun, and of the stirring and momentous questions which were following one another to decision as these pages were penned in the quiet of the library. There is, too, something very striking as well as very unusual in reading the history of events a century old, told by one who knew personally several of the chief actors in that period. Thus Mr. Bancroft connects us not only with the days of his own youth, but with the youth, with the birth even, of the nation and of the government, and we seem to listen to a contemporary of the men of 1789 while the living historian speaks to us.

The exuberance of spirit and of patriotism which marked the first volume has been toned down and mellowed, but is no whit abated in these last two. We

¹ *History of the Formation of the Constitution of the United States.* By GEORGE BANCROFT.

In two volumes. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1882.

find the same confidence in democracy, the same strong faith in the United States and in government by the people, unaltered by the trials and experiences of fifty years. This in itself, coming as it does from one who has given his best thought and the best of his life to a study of history, past and present, is no slight homage to the character of our institutions and principles of government.

In these volumes Mr. Bancroft has told the story of the years which followed the peace of Paris, and led to the formation of the constitution of the United States. It is a period commonly, although not very exactly, known as that of the confederation, and it may be fairly said that no history of this time has ever before been written properly, or in such a way that a clear idea of its character and events could be obtained. It is a barren period, and may be said to be as uninteresting as it is important. Mr. Bancroft has given us a history of opinion in the United States, and in Europe with regard to the United States, from 1782 to 1789. On English opinion Mr. Bancroft has thrown much light, and has brought out very strongly the mingled contempt and hatred and the underhand hostility of the British government toward their revolted and successful colonies. As to opinion in Europe, Mr. Bancroft's optimism leads him, except in the case of Spain, to pass lightly over the fact that the Continental powers paid little or no heed to us, and looked upon us with slight favor. This is especially noticeable in the case of France, who treated us about as badly as England did, and stood ready to pounce upon our territory and take full advantage of our misfortunes. We certainly should not appreciate the conduct of France in reading these volumes, and perhaps the omission is due to an unconscious but lingering tenderness toward the "great nation," which was one of the tenets of the school of Jefferson-

nian republicanism, of which Mr. Bancroft is a steadfast adherent.

Much the larger portion of these volumes, however, is devoted to tracing the growth of opinion in the States of the confederation, which resulted in the formation and adoption of the constitution. On this development of political thought Mr. Bancroft has given a great deal of new and important information, and nearly half of each volume is made up of an appendix comprising copious and invaluable extracts from the rich stores of the author's unequalled collection of manuscript authorities. In this picture of political opinion the writer's optimism and patriotism lighten the shadows and raise the lights in a very marked degree. Mr. Bancroft honestly gives all the facts: the impotency and small jealousies of Congress, the general aversion to stronger government, the sturdy opposition to financial honesty and to efficiency of administration. He tells us of the selfishness and petty views of the States, and of the actual collapse of the general government in 1784. Yet he dwells constantly on the desire for union and on the movements in favor of a better federal organization, and attempts assiduously to convey the impression that that was the prevailing and pervading sentiment of the people, which sought only for appropriate expression. The truth is that public sentiment at that time was demoralized by eight years of civil war, by uncertainty as to the future, and by social and political confusion, and it was debauched by a long indulgence in worthless paper money. It was therefore narrow, unreasonable, and averse to the difficult work of reconstruction. This adds lustre to the glory of the great leaders who succeeded in overcoming such an obstacle, but it should not be overlooked in discussing the period of which it is the most prominent feature. "From the ocean to the American outposts nearest the Mississippi," says Mr. Bancroft, in

writing of 1787, "one desire prevailed for a closer connection, one belief that the only opportunity for its creation had come." The second proposition is perhaps correct; the first certainly is not. A majority of the people were averse to a stronger central government, and were opposed to the constitution. The truth is that Mr. Bancroft shrinks from the fact so relentlessly and compactly stated by John Quincy Adams, "that the constitution was extorted from the grinding necessity of a reluctant people." Mr. Bancroft, with scrupulous honesty, gives all the facts, but he declines to draw the inevitable conclusion, and keeps his eyes fixed on the lofty and far-seeing views of the comparatively small minority, led by the illustrious handful of men who thought "continentally."

The most striking and important contribution made by Mr. Bancroft is in the knowledge, which he now gives us for the first time, of Washington's influence and position during these trying years. Washington's greatness was never more conspicuous than at this time, and it has not hitherto been brought home to us by any historian. His letters in 1781, his circular letter to the States, the profound sagacity of his views given to Congress in 1783, and his exertions in behalf of the constitution exhibit him as the greatest statesman of the country at a period when, according to the popular idea, he was reposing in retirement at Mount Vernon, in the interval between his career as general and as president. Mr. Bancroft truly says, "But for him, the country could not have achieved its independence; but for him, it could not have formed its union; and now, but for him, it could not have set the federal government in successful motion."

Washington gave character and weight to the movement for union, his influence was essential and decisive, and Mr. Bancroft does him full justice. But o the man who gave force and mo-

mentum to the movement, and whose brilliant intellect and fiery energy drove it forward from one point to another, Mr. Bancroft does no justice at all. If we except Washington, the constitution owes its existence and its adoption to Alexander Hamilton more than to any other man. Yet Mr. Bancroft persistently puts Madison over Hamilton. He writes of the *Federalist* as if it was the work of Madison, when it is rightly and indissolubly connected with the name of Hamilton. He passes these remarkable essays over rather hurriedly, doing what he can to diminish Hamilton's share, in the very teeth of the facts which he honestly states himself. He deals very briefly with the New York convention, where Hamilton won one of the most extraordinary victories in the history of oratory and debate. A person who read only what Mr. Bancroft has to say on this subject would suppose that Hamilton did little more than half a dozen others, and would wonder greatly why the citizens of New York called the federal ship in their procession the *Hamilton*. We are far from underrating Madison's services, which were very great, or his knowledge, his exertions, and his speeches. He was next to Hamilton at this time, but was inferior to him because he was an inferior man, both in mind and force of will and character. In the case of Jefferson Mr. Bancroft runs into an opposite fault. Jefferson's services to the cause of the constitution were so trifling that they are hardly worth mentioning. Yet the vague generalities that he uttered before he went to France are given at great length, as well as extracts from his letters from Paris, which were chiefly devoted to finding fault with the constitution, which for the next twelve years he did his best to cripple. In the same manner, a space altogether disproportionate to her importance, although she was undoubtedly the leading State, is given to Virginia. All these faults of proportion—and

they are quite marked — are due to the fact that Mr. Bancroft is, after all, in a certain sense, the contemporary of these men, and has not and cannot be expected to free himself wholly from the prejudices of Jeffersonian republicanism.

The volumes, tracing as they do a history of opinion, are full of sketches of men who have been, but should not be, forgotten, and present much new matter in regard to them. This is especially true of George Mason, who exhibited a foresight — shown here by extracts from letters never before printed — which is absolutely startling in keenness and depth.

We have noted only two errors worth referring to here. By trusting too completely to Madison's account of the debate in the Congress of the Confederation, Mr. Bancroft has been led into the mistake of saying, vol. i. p. 104, that Hamilton "alone, although for very different reasons," voted with the Rhode Island delegates against the impost. This is Madison's statement, but the

journals show that Stephen Higginson, of Massachusetts, also voted with the Rhode Islanders, influenced probably by the same motives as Hamilton. The Langdon mentioned on page 277, vol. ii., was not Woodbury, as Mr. Bancroft gives it, but Samuel Langdon. Samuel Langdon, who was a native of Massachusetts, was the president of Harvard College, minister at Hampton Falls, and the man who took a leading part in the New Hampshire convention as described by Mr. Bancroft.

The debt of American history and of the American people to Mr. Bancroft is already large, and these two important volumes add very greatly to it. They are fully worthy of their predecessors, and, written as they are with undiminished powers by a man who began life with the century, we may reasonably hope that others are still to come, and that the same untiring and wide research and complete devotion to the subject may be exercised on the history of the United States under the constitution.

MR. WHEELER'S HANDBOOKS.

IN the republic of letters there are books which perform all the functions of servants and valets. True equality in books, as in men, is not inconsistent with distinctions of rank and service; and as there are good servants and poor servants, as well as gentlemen and *parvenus*, so, in the order of servant-books, there are some which receive respect for their honesty and thoroughness, as there are others which constantly offend by the carelessness and indifference and poor training which they display.

It happens that literature brings credit to its professors, and thus there are always persons who are diffident of their ability to make a position for themselves

in original work, yet think to become recognized in literature by making an index, or editing a classic, or compiling a volume of poems, or arranging a concordance, a bibliography, a hand-book, a catalogue, or a dictionary. They may not aspire to make books which shall be leaders in society, but books which shall be servants or valets. They are apt to think lightly of the work they undertake, and to assume that inferior mental qualities go into the composition of a servant book.

To all such we commend a faithful study of the late Mr. W. A. Wheeler's work. Mr. Wheeler himself wrote little. He was an industrious literary

workman and collector; he produced a series of books which suppose literature as servants suppose masters, and the thoroughness and conscientiousness with which he performed his self-imposed task are qualities which deserve a hearty recognition. He never made the mistake of undervaluing the work which he undertook; he respected it and himself.

As long ago as 1865 he prepared a book, his *Dictionary of the Noted Names of Fiction*,¹ which is issued from time to time in new editions, and has never been superseded. The book is well known as a directory, which shows the street and number of the famous men, women, and children who live in the city of fiction, and its service in this way is very great. A biographical dictionary contains the names of people not half so important as many in the same ranks of life in books. The facts in the life of some sea-captain who has been pressed in the *hortus siccus* of a biographical dictionary are of less concern than information respecting the undying Cap'n Cuttle, but the prejudice of Dr. Dryasdust prevents him from doing what Mr. Wheeler has done.

One of the hardest problems which a dictionary-maker has to encounter is to know where to draw the line, and in the logic of his calling he is inevitably driven to make a series of dictionaries, each of which serves as a complement to its neighbor. In the preface to his *Dictionary of the Noted Names of Fiction*, Mr. Wheeler wrote, "The author has been urged to extend his plan so as to include the titles of famous poems, essays, novels, and other literary works, and the names of celebrated statues, paintings, palaces, country-seats, churches, ships, streets, clubs, and the

like; inasmuch as such names are of very common occurrence in books and newspapers, and for the most part are not alphabetically entered and explained in encyclopædias, dictionaries, or gazetteers. That a dictionary which should furnish succinct information upon such matters would supply a want which is daily felt by readers of every class is not to be doubted; but it should constitute an independent work. A manual of this description the author has for some time had in preparation; and he hopes to publish it, at no distant day, as a companion to the present volume."

Mr. Wheeler died in 1874, leaving this task well advanced, but not completed. His nephew, Mr. Charles G. Wheeler, undertook the final preparation, and the result appears in two different books, — such is the tendency of dictionaries to subdivide themselves, — recently published. *Who Wrote It?*² has the preface which the original compiler had prepared and printed, when death interrupted a task the limits of which appeared then to be clearly marked in his mind. The design of the work, as therein explained, was "to furnish a handy book for ascertaining or verifying the authorship of famous poems, plays, essays, novels, romances, philosophical and literary treatises, and the like, so far as they bear a specific and distinctive title." The design is well carried out. It would have been possible to expand the separate articles, but the brevity and conciseness of the work, while precluding much that would have been interesting and valuable, increase the utility of the book as a clew to literature, since it is possible thus to enter more names in the same compass. Such a book, like an anthology, will never

¹ *An Explanatory and Pronouncing Dictionary of the Noted Names of Fiction*. Including also Familiar Pseudonyms, Surnames bestowed on Eminent Men, and Analogous Popular Appellations often referred to in Literature and Conversation. By WILLIAM A. WHEELER. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1882.

² *Who Wrote It?* An Index to the Authorship of the more Noted Works in Ancient and Modern Literature. By WILLIAM A. WHEELER. Edited by CHARLES G. WHEELER. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1882.

wholly satisfy any one, since every person has a different gauge for the reputation of authors and books; but the omissions which occur to us are not many, and we are thankful for the insertion of titles which personally we might have thought too obscure to come under the head of famous.

To instance some cases which we failed to find in a rapid survey, there is no mention of Burnand's *Happy Thoughts* series, a title which has become somewhat proverbial; Whittier's *Leaves from Margaret Smith's Journal* does not appear, nor its more famous prototype, *Lady Willoughby's Diary*; we should have looked for Hans Andersen's celebrated *Ugly Duckling*, and possibly his enigmatical *O. T.*; neither is Lamb's *Mr. H.* mentioned, which this last suggests to us; the *Widow Bedott Papers* do not appear, nor *Cozzens's Sparrowgrass Papers*; *Alphonse Karr's Journey Round my Garden* is not given, though it falls short only of its prototype in popularity; *Annie Laurie* is omitted, and songs no better known are given; nothing is said of the *Forged Decretals*, though it may be thought not to come within the compass of the book; *Lyra Germanica* and *Hymns of the Ages* occur to us as having equal claims with *Lyra Innocentium*. Every one may annotate his copy, if he chooses, but he will find that his task is after all that of the gleaner; Mr. Wheeler has already been over the field pretty carefully.

The other and more considerable work which grew out of Mr. Wheeler's original task is one in which Mr. Charles

Wheeler's hand appears to have had the larger part. *Familiar Allusions*¹ is an expression which permits a wide range of illustration, and the full title of the work easily tapers off into the unmapped country of the "and so forth." The task of selection must have been a difficult one, and here, as in the former case, one may be individually surprised at the absence of what is familiar to him, and at the introduction of what seems to him unfamiliar, while he remains representatively satisfied that the great field of miscellaneous information has been tolerably well explored. Our chief criticism would be on the title, which seems to comprehend more than it really does. Thus, the first entry in the book, *Aaron's Tomb*, at once suggests *Aaron's Serpent*, which is not included, and a large body of phrases, which one would naturally classify as familiar allusions, do not appear, because not distinctly connected with concrete objects. However, once it is understood what is meant by *Familiar Allusions*, one may apply to the book with confidence for the answer to his questions. The value of such a work is best tested by use; the use will quickly come at the hands of readers who have not yet attained the point of universal knowledge. The series, in short, may stand upon one's nearest shelf, and serve the purpose of foot-notes to a large library. There are other opportunities for those who would furnish literature with useful servant-books; it will be well if such literary workmen show themselves as thorough and faithful as Messrs. Wheeler.

¹ *Familiar Allusions*. A Handbook of Miscellaneous Information, including the Names of Celebrated Statues, Paintings, Places, Country-Seats, Ruins, Churches, Ships, Streets, Clubs, Natural

Curiosities, and the like. Begun (but left unfinished) by WILLIAM A. WHEELER. Completed and edited by CHARLES G. WHEELER. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1882.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

It has recently become the fashion — for there are fashions in literature as in other things — to speak slightly of Leigh Hunt as a poet. For example, the author of *The Victorian Poets*, a critic of unusual discrimination and appreciation, appears to regard him as a sort of trumpeter to Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats. To be sure, Hunt was not a Keats, nor a Shelley, nor a Coleridge, but he had sufficient individuality to be a Hunt. He was a delightful essayist, — quite unsurpassed, indeed, in his blithe way, — and as a poet he deserves to rank very high among the minor singers of his time. I should place him far above Barry Cornwall, who has not half the freshness, variety, and originality of Hunt. I instance Barry Cornwall because it has become the fashion, since his death, to praise him unduly. Barry Cornwall has always struck me as insufferably artificial, especially in his dramatic sketches. His verses in this kind are for the most part Elizabethan echoes. Of course a dramatist may find it to his profit to go out of his own age and atmosphere for inspiration; but he must be a dramatist to do it successfully. Barry Cornwall fell far short of filling the rôle; he got no further than the writing of brief, disconnected scenes and scraps of soliloquies, and never, I believe, produced a complete drama. If he did, it died. His chief claim to recognition and remembrance lies in his lyrics; perhaps I should say in ten or twenty of his lyrics, for oblivion yawns for the rest. In these, as in his dramatic studies, his attitude is nearly always affected. He studiously strives to reproduce in form and spirit the unpremeditated warblings of the early poets. Being a Londoner, he naturally sings much of rural English life, but his England is the England of two or three

centuries ago. He has a great deal to say about the "falcon," but the poor bird has always the air of beating its wings against the bookcases of a well-furnished library. This well-furnished library was — if I may be allowed to use a mixed image — the rock on which Barry Cornwall split. He did not look into his own heart, and write: he looked into his books. An author, I repeat, need not confine himself to his individual experiences; the world is all before him where to choose; but there are subjects which he had better not handle unless he have some personal knowledge of them. The sea is one of these. The man who sang,

"The sea, the sea, the open sea,
The fair, the fresh, the ever free"

(a couplet which Gifted Hopkins might have penned), should never have permitted himself to sing about the ocean. His poem — and it is one of Barry Cornwall's most popular lyrics — has neither savor nor salt. When I first read it, years ago, in mid-Atlantic, I wondered if the author had ever laid eyes on any piece of blue water wider than the Thames at Greenwich (*Greenidge* is what the purists over there call it); and the other day, in running through Barry Cornwall's *Life and Letters*, I was not so much surprised as amused to learn that he was never two miles from land in the whole course of his existence. Imagine Byron or Shelley, who knew the ocean in all its moods, piping such thin feebleness as

"The fair, the fresh, the ever free"!

It required a man whose acquaintance with the sea was limited to a view of it from an upper window to do that. In brief, Barry Cornwall very seldom sounds a natural note, but when he does it is extremely sweet. That little ballad beginning,

"Touch us gently, Time!
Let us glide adown thy stream,"

was written in one of his rare moments. Leigh Hunt, though not lacking in mannerisms, was rich in the inspiration that came but rarely to his friend. Hunt's verse is full of natural felicities. He was a scholar, also, but, unlike Barry Cornwall, he generally knew how to mint his gathered gold, and to stamp it with his own charming personality. In *Hero and Leander* there is one line which, to my thinking, is worth any fifty stanzas that Barry Cornwall ever wrote:—

"So might they now have lived, and so have died;
The story's heart, to me, still beats against its side."

—It is doubtful whether man to-day gives expression to his emotions with the same unrestraint which characterized him in the childhood of the race. The ages have taught him self-repression and concealment, thereby enhancing his problematic value in the eye of the metaphysician and the casuist. It would seem that average man, in ancient times, did not think about thinking, did not feel about feeling, as we "subjective" moderns have the unhappy gift of doing. Ancient man, if he thought, acted; if he felt, acted: between the flash and the stroke there could be no counting. Consider the heroes of the *Iliad*. We are never for a moment in doubt as to the motions of their minds, or as to the temperature of their feelings. Especially notice, they did not shut up their griefs and feuds, suffering them to prey upon their hearts, but got speedy relief through the medium of strong and exuberant speech. They were remarkably prompt and powerful with their tears! Patroclus, beseeching Achilles to go to the aid of the Greeks, is described as pouring forth his tears like "black streams from a lofty rock." Elsewhere Achilles mingles his with the salt of the sea, as he strolls down the shore, wroth for the loss of rosy-cheeked Bri-

seis. Chapman, in his *Commentarius* on this passage, reads us a quaintly eloquent vindication of the hero's lachrymose indulgence. He shows the "fitness of great men's tears," adducing sublime instances; and finally asks, "Who 'can deny that there are tears of manliness and magnanimity as well as womanish and pusillanimous?"

Terrestrial existence is often likened to a "vale of tears." To our thinking, it would be a happier valley if there were more tears shed in it; it is arid and dusty for the want of a little kindly irrigation. How easily and abundantly the tears came in our childhood! What a sufficient solvent for all our troubles, then! They were, perhaps, too lavishly poured out, leaving no reserve against a parched and evil day. We might have kept this comfortable acquaintance with tears, had we not, later on, put ourselves under discipline, always saying, "How now, foolish rheum!" as often as the flood-gates gave signs of lifting.

Three orders of tears may be noted, — tears of anger, tears of joy, tears of sorrow; and in each the same chemical components. The first pertains to children, and to those of a quick, choleric temperament. Such tears are geyser-jets dashed over volcanic fires, fervent extinguishers, and not unaccompanied by vapor, smoke, and detonation. Yet in the tears of anger there is an unconscious clemency, since those who weep for wrath, in so doing, blunt and dull the fine edge of their retaliative purpose.

The tears of joy are so rare and so imperfectly authenticated that one is in doubt how to characterize them. Those prompt crystal witnesses, starting to the eyes of two friends who have met after long absence and estrangement, are not to be cross-questioned, lest they tell more on the side of grievous memories, grave errors and losses, than they prove for present joy. If there are any tears of unmingled joy, they be-

long to exceptionally sweet and buoyant natures, and to these only within the April bound of youth.

"Some smiling words at last she spake,
Then down the tears dropped, unconfined;
Such sun and shower conspired to make
A rainbow in my mind."

It has passed into half-proverbial acceptance that the heart of sorrow breaks unless the tears can be started. "She must weep or she will die," the attendants are made to say, in that song of Tennyson's where the slain chieftain is brought home to his wife. Wise is the spiritual physician, who, in treating grief, prescribes tears. The remedy is a natural and beneficent one, as magical in its effect as laughter itself. There is an antiseptic in the salt of tears. Plentiful vitality and warmth are indicated in the free shedding of tears. It is well known that the dying do not weep.

I meet those who, I know, can ill afford the "luxury of tears." They are like those who work far into the night upon a costly and delicate fabric, which the least tear stain would injure. They dare not unbend from the austere, patient, or stolid habit they ordinarily maintain, lest mischief should enter through relaxation. They have an old standing account with Grief, but can never find time for the reckoning. I once heard one of these pathetic economists declare that the first thing she meant to do, on reaching heaven, was to "sit down and have a good cry"!

— There is an obscure classic fable concerning a great rock, or stone, which one might lift with his little finger, but which he could not move at all if he made the mistake of exerting his whole strength upon it. The application is obvious enough. Such stones lie about in every man's field, but the secret of how their *vis inertiae* may be overcome seems to be lodged with but few. The would-be movers tug and push and pry, but gain no purchase, move nothing. After a while, they let go the enterprise, and sit

down, spent and breathless. Then, if I might, I would go to them, and tell them what I have heard about the motive power residing in the little finger. It would be a thankless task, since they would regard my advice either as ill-timed pleasantry or as ille quixotism. In their defeat, they are comforted by the reflection that they put their "whole heart and soul" into the undertaking. It is for this that I quarrel with them, considering it a mistake to waste so much good strength where only the minimum was required. "Life is serious." Granted. It is even too serious to take seriously all that is in it. If one would have his way, it would be wisdom in him not to be too strenuous, but to proceed with all softness and smoothness and *légèreté*. The contrariness that resides in mortal affairs is roused to resistance by the siege of the violent. Light-heartedness and (in the best sense) light-mindedness go with the winner. Fame, for example,

"Makes surrender to some thoughtless boy,
And dotes the more upon a heart at ease."

It would seem that all the immortals whose favor we entreat are of this temper, all doting upon a "heart at ease." Our best work is not done when we undertake it with a too burdensome sense of its gravity and importance. The workman, if indeed greater than his work (as the ancient poet pronounced him), can afford to look down upon it, treating it with an easy familiarity. Why tug and push at the stone, when the little finger is a sufficient lever?

— Among the reforms, small and great, for which there is a crying need, one is in the department of book illustration. Publishers seem to have proved by experiment that a majority of readers prefer bad illustrations to none at all, and this fact reasonably explains our being continually called upon to confront hideous and uncouth, or lackadaisical and inane, as the case may be, representations of our favorite heroes and

heroines, who have impressed themselves upon our mind's eye with all the charming graces of person and surroundings ascribed to them by the author. But is it reasonable to expect an unoffending public to put up with such illustrations as make it perfectly evident that the "artist" has not taken the trouble to read the text of the book he illustrates?

In the American reprint of George Eliot's works — which as to typography and general excellence compares favorably with Blackwood's edition, sold at about three times the price — the illustrations are so perversely inappropriate as to be a positive annoyance. Glaring contradictions to the text occur in almost every picture contained in the two illustrated works of this edition which we have seen, but, in order to be brief, we will cite the errors noted in one only, Felix Holt.

The entire narrative covers a space of less than one year, and yet in the first picture of Harold Transome we see a slight, smooth-faced stripling of perhaps nineteen years, and in the last a stout, bewhiskered man of middle age.

Esther's appearance and toilet, which happen to be described with great detail, are as totally misrepresented. Instead of the "crown of plait" surmounting her curls, we have a wretched little screwed twist at the back of her head, such as the sweet and graceful Esther would not have tolerated for an instant.

But the crowning outrage is the portrayal of Felix himself. As a study for an æsthetic poet, he would not be very bad, especially in the picture which shows him leading the mob at Treby Manor, where "a lank, limp lily, with dank leaves dangling and flower-flap chilly" would seem far more in keeping with his face and figure than the drawn sword in his hand. All the pictures of him are very irritating, but there is a climax to every enormity in the fact that Felix is represented, in each instance, with a carefully tied and emi-

nently conventional cravat! The rest might have been borne, but this was a little too trying; and hence this protest!

— There is certainly such a thing as intellectual morale, and it may be almost as plainly recognized as the morale of character, to which, in a sort, it corresponds. We cannot help noting, in our friends and acquaintance, the presence or absence of this thing that I call intellectual morale, by which I mean the ability to keep up the mind's tone under adverse circumstances; to keep alive its interest in intellectual concerns, when there is little or no external stimulus to so doing. To maintain this mental activity and interest under unfavorable conditions implies either a strong native bent toward intellectual matters, or else a force of mental character which wages a successful struggle against the temptation to listless indifference and inertia. That the mind should feel alert and active when it finds itself in a bracing atmosphere, in contact with other minds which are lively and busied with intellectual affairs, is only natural; but let the case be reversed, and the people about us be such as care nothing for the higher interests of the mind, and then comes the danger of gradual sinking into a state of mental torpor. And we might as well be without a mind as have one that has gotten into this drowsy habit. There are men like that English army officer I have read of, who, condemned to live for years outside of civilized society, never failed to change his undress for a full evening costume every time that he sat down to dine. More commonly, the man who for any reason is forced to live as a social hermit easily drops the habits of refined society, and acquires a slovenliness of dress and manner. And in the same way the intellectual solitary, whom circumstances keep at a distance from the world's thought-exchanges, too often lapses into a demoralized condition: if the solitary

be a woman, she learns to content herself with a novel; if a man, with the newspaper. Not to be dependent on others, — that is strength, intellectual and moral. The man who educates himself in surroundings where ten other men would never get an education has intellectual morale. One of the most painful things we can see is the gradual loss of tone in an intellect once energetic and fruitful, which has fallen from its high estate not through any real decay of power, nor because debility has been brought upon it by external causes. Debarred from intercourse with congenial minds, and from that friction which keeps the mental faculty brightly polished and ready for use, the man's mind has relaxed its exertions, and sunk into a lethargy of self-indulgent idleness, until it has become an effort to think consecutively, or even to follow the thoughts of others. It is hard, if not impossible, to wear the mind out; it is very easy to let it rust out. It is with our mental faculties as with our muscles: if they are not used they soon grow weak and flabby, unable to grasp and hold things firmly.

Marriage has undoubtedly much to do with the raising or the lowering of the intellectual tone; the influence, direct or indirect, of a mind of small culture and trivial tastes upon a higher intellect is, unfortunately, apt to be as great as, or greater than, the influence of the latter on the former.

— I fear Mr. Fiske favors too greatly the Scotch school of glacialists, in his recent article on the Arrival of Man in Europe, when he states so confidently that Mr. Croll has *proved* his astronomical theory of glacial climates; and in this there is something unsatisfactory to those readers who are too busy with their own affairs to attempt any personal study of original investigations, yet have a liking for popular science, and want some one else to harvest and thrash and winnow the abundant growths

of the scientific field for them. Mr. Croll's theory has not met with so much acceptance as is often supposed, and it is very hazardous to say that the "primary cause of glaciation of the Northern hemisphere was a change in the shape of the earth's orbit." There are three points to which prominence is given, which may be here referred to: It is claimed, first, that the cold of an aphelion, eccentric winter would provide enough snow to last over the next summer. A heavy snow at one place means a plentiful supply of moisture from a correspondingly heavy evaporation somewhere else; cold alone is powerless, as is shown by the Siberian and British American winters; and Mr. Croll has not proved that the abundant supply of moisture was provided in his cold aphelion winters. Indeed, general cold is not the most characteristic element of a glacial climate. What is needed is warmth and evaporation at one place, with cold and condensation not far away; and these conditions are most naturally obtained by increased heat from the sun, and increased altitude of the land to be glaciated. Second, that the heat of the perihelion summers would not be effective, because it would be rendered latent in melting the snows of the cold winters. But this works almost equally well the other way: just as much heat as is hidden and lost to the summer must have been given out by condensation, and so gained to the preceding winter. (I say almost equally well, because the winter heat is not given out quite as effectively as the summer heat is hidden.) Third, that the greater extremes of temperature between the equator and pole in the northern than in the southern hemispheres would strengthen the northeast and weaken the southeast trades; and consequently the Atlantic equatorial current would be driven to the south of Cape San Roque, and the North Atlantic and North Frigid zone thus lose

a great amount of heat. If this were true, it might be added that they would lose equally in rain and snow fall, but it is not true. The line of equatorial calms along which the trades meet and rise — Croll's *median line* — is the thermometric equator; and at present this line is north of the geographic equator; not because the southern hemisphere has its winter in aphelion, but because of the excess of land over water in the northern hemisphere. It is almost certain that it had the same position during the glacial period.

There is as yet no general agreement among physicists and geologists as to the cause and conditions of the glacial period. There are still too many unknown factors in the problem; and until these are found, and some general consent on a common explanation is reached, we cannot state positively that the true inwardness of this remarkable phase of the earth's history is found. The reading public will fairly grow skeptical if our sure causes are changed too often; the investigators must not cry *proof* till the proof is found. It was just this rash cry of *proof, proof*, when

there was no proof, that brought discredit on the geologists of the last century, and caused them to say, Let us cease discoursing about the earth till we know more about it; let us give up *geology* for *geognosy*.

—The following exquisite sonnet, now for the first time in print, was addressed to Philip Bourke Marston by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, in answer to a poetical protest on the part of Marston that Rossetti should neglect poetry for painting. The third line of the opening quatrain has reference to the touching fact that the younger poet is blind:

Sweet poet, thou of whom these years that roll
Must one day, yet, the burdened birthright
learn,
And by the darkness of thine eyes discern
How piercing was the sight within thy soul,
Gifted, apart, thou goest to the great goal,
A cloud-bound, radiant spirit, strong to earn,
Light-reft, that prize for which foud myriads
yearn
Vainly, light-blest, — the seer's aureole.

And doth thine ear, divinely dowered to catch
All spherul sounds, in thy song blent so well,
Still hearken for my voice's slumbering spell
With wistful love? Ah! let the Muse now snatch
My wreath for thy young brows, and bend to watch
Thy veiled, transfiguring sense's miracle.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

History and Biography. America and France, by Lewis Rosenthal (Holt), has for its sub-title *The Influence of the United States on France in the XVIIIth Century*, and is a painstaking collection of the political, social, and personal influence by which this country affected France during the transition period of her history. The modesty of Mr. Rosenthal's study is an agreeable quality, and he has surrounded his pages with a very full cordon of foot-note authorities. He has had the good fortune to choose a fresh topic and to treat it with judgment. — Victor Emmanuel, by Edward Dicey (Putnam's), is the latest volume in the New Plutarch Series, a title somewhat arrogant, if not unmeaning. But Mr. Dicey's treatment, if not marked by a biographer's genius, is fair, temperate, and likely to commend itself to most readers of history. His tone toward Mazzini and Garibaldi shows him to have little of the idealist in his

make. — *The Red Man and the White Man in North America*, from its *Discovery to the Present Time*, is the title of a thorough and patient work by Dr. George E. Ellis (Little, Brown & Co.), which is likely to remain long the authority on the subject of which it treats. — In the *American Actor Series* (Osgood), the latest volume is on Mrs. Duff, by Joseph N. Ireland. Mrs. Duff was a sister of Moore's Besy, and was pronounced by various persons, most of them now dead, to have been a great actress. The greater part of the book is a mere gallop after her performances, the author hunting her down day after day, and recording her engagements. There is a singular account of her marriages also, but the book scarcely succeeds in awaking enthusiasm. — *The Prophets of Israel, and their Place in History to the Close of the Eighth Century B. C.*, is the title of a volume which contains eight lectures by the now famous W. Robert-

son Smith. (Appletons.) The lectures were delivered while the case was pending, which finally went against the lecturer, and they doubtless served to affect popular judgment at the time. They are deliberate essays in bi-torical criticism, and as such are fuller in detail than Maurice's *Prophets and Kings*, though conceived somewhat in the same spirit. — *Reminiscences*, chiefly of Oriel College and the Oxford Movement, by the Rev. T. Mozley, in two volumes (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), will be found an interesting addition to our personal knowledge of the most striking movement in English religious thought and society since the time of the Wesleys. — In the *Epochs of Modern History* (Scribners), The Epoch of Modern Reform, 1830-1850, has been treated by the versatile Justin McCarthy, who always writes as if he knew all about his subject. — The *Boundary Disputes of Connecticut*, by Clarence Winthrop Bowen (Osgood), is a historical essay, liberally illustrated by maps and a portrait, and divided, for the author's pleasure in making a serious book, into parts and chapters. The reader is provided with all necessary material, apparently, for defending himself against the author, if he be in a controversial mood. — Carlyle's *Reminiscences of my Irish Journey in 1849*, with its memorandum style, has been published by the Harpers in the Franklin Square Library, and in a thin volume of large type. — Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, a Medley in Prose and Verse (George W. Harlan & Co., New York), is the title which Mr. R. H. Stoddard gives to his contribution to the Longfellow literature. That he should write hastily for the Tribune upon the death of Mr. Longfellow may easily be referred to the exigencies of the hour; that a publisher should wish to make a book on Longfellow with Mr. Stoddard's name on the title-page can be explained; but what necessity was there for a poet of Mr. Stoddard's aims and place to set this half-cooked hash before the public? — In the *Men of Letters Series*, Mr. A. W. Ward has taken Dickens. (Harpers.) We are almost ready to protest against this early condensation of Dickens, and it can hardly be said that Mr. Ward, fair critic as he is, has given the essentials of his subject. Under the circumstances we cannot greatly complain, and the book may be taken as an honest and discriminating one by a warm lover of the novelist. — In the series of *American Men of Letters* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), the latest volume is Mr. F. B. Sanborn's *Thoreau*. At last we have the material from which to form a notion of the strange personality which has so piqued curiosity. Thoreau's books have disclosed something of the man, but the biographical details which Mr. Sanborn has collected in his interesting volume were needed to enable one to get an external view; the subjective portrait of Thoreau to which we have been accustomed can now be compared more closely with the actual original. — In *Pen Pictures of Modern Authors* (Putnam's), Mr. William Shepard's part has been that of a compiler, who has gone to the nearest sources for information regarding the writers who are most on the tongues of men. The book is scarcely more than a scrap-book, and does not even show industry. One

could help himself to the material used in an exceedingly small library. — In *Impostors and Adventurers* (Soule & Bugbee), Mr. H. W. Fuller, a Boston lawyer, has given some clever sketches of distinguished French rogues, the material for which was extracted from the *Causés Célèbres*. A French trial is generally dramatic, it is seldom dull, and a French adventurer is never tiresome. If he chance to be Parisian he even wears his iniquity with a grace. Mr. Fuller's book is very interesting. Arnauld du Till and Cartouche are, as Mr. Carlyle might say, gentlemen of whom the world can never hear enough.

Fiction. The *Stolen White Elephant*, etc., by Mark Twain (Osgood), contains a score of sketches, stories, and papers, most of which have delighted the readers of *The Atlantic*; but one does not exhaust the entertainment by a single reading, although the more extravagant ones, like the first, may sometimes be left longer without a second reading. — *Gypsyie*, by Minnie E. Kenney (Putnam's), is the name of a girl, and not of a horse, and she is the heroine of a silly story which she professes to tell in her own person. — An English "Daisy Miller," by Virginia W. Johnson (Estes & Lauriat), is a feeble tribute to Mr. James's power. It is an inelegant you're another retort. — Another *Roe*. There was A. S. Roe, and there is E. P. Roe, and there may be Richard Roe, and now comes E. R. Roe, with his story *Brought to Bay*, (Estes & Lauriat), the scene of which is laid on the Mississippi early in the century. It is a somewhat angular story, with a formal mystery, and a generally old-fashioned air about it, as if it had lain in manuscript half a century before publication. — The last of the second series of *No Name novels* is *Aschenbroedel*. (Roberts.) It is hardly worth while to guess the author's name; the book has the air of a ninety-five cent store, exasperating in its virtuous cheapness. — Yesterday is the title of the latest of the *Leisure Hour Series* (Holt), and like one of its predecessors, *Democracy*, departs from the custom of the series in being of American origin. We venture to guess that, for all the wickedness, a woman's hand wrote it. There is an awkwardness in the devil-may-care air of the book. — The *Desmond Hundred* is a volume in the *Round Robin Series* (Osgood), which shows the American variety of the English clerical novel. The clergyman is of the same noble type of ritualistic manhood. — *A Paladin of Finances*, by Edward Jenkins (Osgood), bears on its title-page the words *Contemporary Manners*, and in this author's glittering way may represent his idea of one phase of contemporary life, — that which makes the Bourse the central temple of humanity. Mr. Jenkins always seems to us like a man smiling brilliantly with his false teeth. — *Off the Rocks*, by Toler King (Henry A. Sumner & Co., Chicago), is a novel of English life and society, which reads as if written by an American. — In Harper's *Franklin Square Library*, recent numbers are *Our Set*, a collection of a baker's dozen of stories, by Annie Thomas; *Amabel*, or *Amor Omnia Vincit*, by Mrs. Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer; *Geraldine and her Suitors*, by M. C. M. Simpson. — *A Mere Caprice*, by Mary Healy (Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago).

go), is the title of a story which traces the caprice of a Russian baroness in adopting a foundling to the disastrous conclusion of the foundling's life. There is painstaking in the story, which may be called an American one on the European plan. — *Tania's Peril* is one of Henri Gréville's novels, and like others by this author has its scene laid in Russia; it has also her rapid style and her high principle. If we must whirl along the edge of the abyss, it is at least a satisfaction to be finally driven along a solid road. — *A Sane Lunatic*, by Clara Louise Burnham (Henry A. Sumner & Co., Chicago), is a lively novel, with a fictitious plot and fictitious personages, who indulge in fictitious conversation. — In the valuable series of Björnson's works, publishing by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., the latest volume is *The Bridal March and other Stories*, nine in all, one of them being that masterpiece of condensed fiction, *The Father*. The four illustrations by Tidemand add to the interest of the work. But Tidemand is maneuvered where Björnson has the highest art of naturalness. No one should miss this book who is susceptible to the movements of a fine, wild-flower genius.

Science. The forty-first volume of the International Scientific Series is *Diseases of Memory, an Essay in the Positive Psychology*, by Th. Ribot, translated from the French by William Huntington Smith. (Appletons.) The treatise offers an investigation of the phenomena of memory from a pathological stand-point. Its value to the student and its interest for the general reader lie in its liberal collection of cases. — *Taxidermy without a Teacher*, by Walter P. Mantou (Lee & Shepard), is a revised edition of a little hand-book which professes to give instruction for preparing and preserving birds, animals, and fishes; it contains also a chapter on hunting and the care of one's self at such time, and instructions for preserving eggs and making skeletons. It may be commended as a good first book for boys. — The seventh in the useful little series of Guides for Science Teaching, issued under the auspices of the Boston Society of Natural History (Ginn, Heath & Co.), is *Worms and Crustacea*, by Alpheus Hyatt. The directness of the book and its close application to the business in hand render it very serviceable, not to beginners, but to teachers of beginners. — *Geological Sketches at Home and Abroad*, by Archibald Geikie (Macmillan), consists of a collection of fourteen papers, which are chiefly records of a geologist's rambles, illustrated by such slight drawings as his note-book would show. The rambles take one about Scotland, into the far West of America, to Norway, and to Central France; and it is not only a geologist, but a bright, entertaining, and good-natured traveling companion to whom we cheerfully commend the reader. — *The Psychology of the Salem Witchcraft of 1692*, and its Practical Application to our own Time (Putnam's), is a little volume in which the ready Dr. George M. Beard discusses the historical question from a psychologist's point of view, and illustrates it by the case of Guitau.

Literature and Criticism. *Essays at Home and Elsewhere* is the loose title of a baker's dozen of papers by E. S. Nadal (Macmillan), an Amer-

ican who has been for some time domiciled in England. The subjects of the essays are about equally divided between the two countries, and the unity of the book is secured chiefly by the direct use of the personal pronoun. It cannot be said that a very positive personality pervades the book. It is a thin I which moves about among the topics, so that it never really gets very much in the way, nor does it afford a colored medium through which one may look. A lightly serious strain and a well-bred air make one content to read on, and content also to lay aside the unfished book. — *Demosthenes*, by S. H. Butcher (Appletons), is a volume in the series of Classical Writers, edited by J. R. Green. The plan of the volume is to furnish a literary and historical criticism of the orator, with so much of general historical statement as becomes necessary in accounting for the man; the speeches are skeletonized, and the reader gets a compact report of a leading mind in a great period. Mr. Butcher's learning has a good accompaniment in his power of realizing ancient scenes without making drafts upon a pictorial imagination.

Medicine and Hygiene. Dr. Seth Pancoast, of Philadelphia, issues a little volume under the title *What is Bright's Disease?* Its curability is maintained by the author as against the general judgment of the profession. We leave him in the hands of his patients and brother doctors. — *Health Aphorisms* is the title of a little volume by the well-known surgeon Dr. Frank H. Hamilton (Birmingham & Co., New York), in which medical wisdom and common sense are offered in pellets which may be taken dry by the patient. Certainly if one has swallowed and digested the forty pages of *Health Aphorisms*, he ought to be cured of much folly. The book contains also an address by Dr. Hamilton on the Struggle for Life against civilization, luxury, and aestheticism.

Language. The interest in correct English continues unabated. Errors in the Use of English by the late William B. Hodgson, LL. D. (Appletons), presents a vast collection of criminals among English and American authors, with their offenses against grammar. We regret that the index does not furnish the names of authors cited. It would be agreeable to see how our friends fared. A survey of this curious book renders one doubtful if he ever wrote a piece of correct English, or if any one else ever did. — *Hints and Helps for those who Write, Print, or Read*, by Benjamin Drew (Lee & Shepard), is a reissue of a sensible little book first printed ten years ago, and may be commended to tyros in literature. It contains such advice as an experienced proof-reader might give to a young author.

Fine Arts. The Metropolitan Museum of Art, edited by L. P. Di Cesnola, with illustrations by George Gibson (Appletons), is a quarto of thirty-two pages, which serves rather as a souvenir of the Museum than as a hand-book. It makes no reference to the picture gallery, but gives a running sketch of the collections of pottery, sculpture, and bricabrac.

Poetry and the Drama. A mystery hangs about the little volume entitled *The Life of a Love*

in *Songs and Sonnets*. It is said on the title-page to be by N. M. Sedarté; no publisher's name is given, but a fly leaf gives the author's address as P. O. Box 912, New York; the copyright is by H. E. Nesmith, Jr., and the Preface, in elaborate quaintness of diction and spelling, is by Thomas Watson, Gent. Under these several aliases the poet sings about eighty lyrics, divided into sections corresponding to the seasons of the year. The enigma is carried forward into the poetry, where the personality of singer and subject are elusive and wayward. As we read we are half inclined to think the riddle worth guessing. Certainly there are poetic thoughts to be found by searching, and if one had the key to the volume he might possibly read with intelligence what otherwise is confused and stumbling. It is a cloudy sky that overhangs the book, but a star now and then shines through. — In *The Harbor* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is the title given to the collection of Mr. Longfellow's scattered poems, which follows the latest collection made in his life-time, *Ultima Thule*, and it receives the sub-title thus of *Ultima Thule, Part II*. The preface gives the pleasing intelligence that there is yet to come a dramatic poem, *Michael Angelo*. Meanwhile, we can think of no volume of Mr. Longfellow's which carries in it so much of personal association. The pen seems to be laid aside once and again, but always taken up for one more verse, and the fine poem with which the volume concludes was admirably chosen as the latest word of this master to those who were to come after him.

Travel. A Summer in the Azores, with a Glimpse of Madeira, by C. Alice Baker (Lee & Shepard), will give readers some fragmentary glimpses of islands which lie just enough on one side to make them unvisited by travelers across the Atlantic. Miss Baker's sketches will whet the appetite, and they have not spoiled the subject for some traveler with better art. — Charles Waterton's *Wanderings in South Africa* has been brought out anew by Routledge in one of the three-column cheap paper editions which have suddenly become the rage of publishers. The Rev. J. G. Wood furnishes a brief biographical sketch of Waterton and an explanatory index. It will be pleasant if a new class of readers thus makes Mr. Waterton's acquaintance. — Mr. Charles Nordhoff has issued a new edition of his *California for Health, Pleasure, and Residence*. (Harpers.) The first edition was published nine years ago, and the author has been obliged almost to rewrite the book in order to make it jump with the time. That he has done this is in itself a guarantee of the faithfulness of the work. His book, when originally published, was accepted as a clear report, and a writer who takes such pains with a new edition confirms the confidence of his readers. This edition gives detailed accounts of the culture of the wine and raisin grape, the orange, lemon, olive, and other semi-tropical fruits, colony settlements and methods of irrigation, and is a book both for travelers and for settlers. — Three

in Norway by *Two of Them* (Porter & Coates) is a reprint of an English book of travel, which is good-natured and lively, but of no special value in a literature which already counts some good narratives. — Mr. Drake's *The Heart of the White Mountains*, which appeared as a Christmas book, has been reissued by the Harpers in a *Tourist's Edition*, which means that it has been printed on thin paper, the margins cut down, and an appendix added giving some convenient facts and data for the traveler. It is thus made a little more convenient to the hand than the original edition, and the tourist is still provided with a good deal of sentiment in addition to information.

Philosophy and Religion. *Studies in Science and Religion*, by G. Frederick Wright (Draper, Andover), is a vigorous examination of some of the questions supposed to be at issue between biblical theology and science, with a view to establishing the ground on which each really proceeds; the chapter on some analogies between Calvinism and Darwinism is a curious one, but the whole work is somewhat fragmentary, and lacking in consecutive argument, nor is the writer fully equipped for his task. A firmer knowledge would assume a less dogmatic tone. — *The Faiths of the World* is the title of a volume of a dozen lectures (Scribners), by different Scottish divines, Principal Caird leading off with two on Brahmanism and Buddhism. It is an indication of how firm a hold upon modern theological thought has been obtained by the comparatively new subject of ethnic religions. — *The Order of the Sciences* is an essay on the philosophical classification and organization of human knowledge, by Charles W. Shields. (Scribners.) Professor Shields is not so bold as to think he has reached a final system of classification, but he recognizes the importance of a deliberate essay toward this end. The concluding sentence partially sums the author's conception: "Bringing all together into one view, we may picture the tree of knowledge as having its roots in logic and mathematics, its trunk ascending through the physical and the psychical sciences, with their several empirical and metaphysical branches, and its flower in philosophy as the science of the sciences, while its fruitage would appear in their corresponding arts." — President W. F. Warren, of Boston University, offers a little tract (Ginn, Heath & Co.), in which he professes to have found the true key to ancient cosmology and mythical geography. The key, for one thing, interprets the voyage of *Odysseus* as "an imaginary circumnavigation of the mythical earth in the upper or northern hemisphere, including a trip to the southern or under hemisphere, and a visit to the North Pole." — *The Science of Ethics*, by Leslie Stephen (Putnam), is an attempt to lay down an ethical doctrine in harmony with the doctrine of evolution, and, however some may believe that Mr. Stephen has suffered his mind to revolve within too narrow bounds of time and space, none can fail to perceive the gentleness of his spirit and the grace of his style.

